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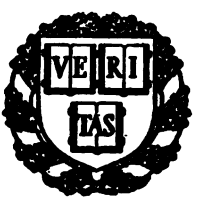

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MISCELLANIES, ÆSTHETIC AND LITERARY,

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MISCELLANIES, ÆSTHETIC AND LITERARY:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE THEORY OF LIFE.

BY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

T. ASHE, B.A.,

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

Editor of Coleridge's "Table Talk and Omniana," etc.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

OUR volume collects together a variety of scattered Essays, Notes, and Articles, by Coleridge, covering a period of more than thirty years. It contains, along with other matter, some Marginalia not hitherto printed; the prose pieces originally included in his "Poetical Works;" and the "Essays on the Fine Arts," which he so often regretted the loss of. Anything wholly of a theological or political nature has been reserved. Our best acknowledgments are due to Dr. Seth Watson, for permission to reprint "The Theory of Life."

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ESSAYS ON THE FINE ARTS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

IN Coleridge's *Table Talk*, under the date Jan. 1, 1834, we find the following remark:—"I exceedingly regret the loss of those essays on beauty, which I wrote in a Bristol newspaper. I would give much to recover them."

Coleridge's son-in-law and editor, Henry Nelson Coleridge, appends a note to this passage in his first edition, of 1835:—"I preserve the conclusion of this passage, in the hope of its attracting the attention of some person who may have local or personal advantages in making a search for these essays, upon which Mr. C. set a high value. He had an indistinct recollection of the subject, but told me that, to the best of his belief, the Essays were published in the *Bristol Mercury*, a paper belonging to Mr. Gutch. The years in which the inquiry should be made, would be, I presume, 1807 and 1808."

As Coleridge was in Bristol in 1807, his nephew's guess is reasonable; but it is strange that Coleridge himself should have been so oblivious, even though now in a dying condition, of 1813-14, when he stayed so long in Bristol, and delivered so many lectures.

However, Cottle of Bristol evidently took the hint. He found the Essays in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, for 1814,

and reprinted them, in 1837, in his book—"Early Recollections, chiefly relating to S. T. Coleridge."

The editor of the *Bristol Journal* thus announced the appearance of the Essays, Aug. 6, 1814:—

"The termination of the calamities of war having at length furnished us with more vacant room than we have been accustomed to find unoccupied, it is our intention next week to diversify our columns by the commencement of a series of Essays on the Fine Arts; particularly on that of Painting: illustrated by criticisms upon the pictures now exhibited by Mr. Allston, in this city, as well as on other works of merit, in the possession of several gentlemen well known in our vicinity. The pleasure to be derived from the perusal of these Essays will readily be anticipated, when we inform our readers, that they are furnished us by the pen of Mr. Coleridge."

We have added to this division of our volume two fragments of Essays on Taste and Beauty, one of an earlier, and one of a later date than the Bristol Essays. We have also judged it appropriate to place here the valuable lecture of 1818, "On Poesy or Art."

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF SOUND CRITICISM

CONCERNING THE FINE ARTS, DEDUCED FROM THOSE WHICH ANIMATE AND GUIDE THE TRUE ARTIST IN THE PRODUCTION OF HIS WORKS.

PRELIMINARY ESSAY.

"Unus ergo idemque perpetuo Sol perseverans atque manens aliis atque aliis, aliter atque aliter dispositis, alius efficitur atque alius. Haud secus de hac solari arte varii varie sentiunt, diversi diversa dicunt: quot capita, tot sententiae—et tot voces. Hinc corvi crocitant, cuculi cuculant, lupi ululant, sues grundiunt, oves balant, hinniunt equi, mugiunt boves, rudunt asini. Turpe est, dixit Aristoteles, solicitum esse ad quemlibet interrogantem respondere. Boves bobus admugiant, equi equis adhinniant, asinis adrudant asini! Nostrum est hominibus aliquid circa hominum excellentissimorum inventiones pertentare."—JORDAN: BRUNUS *de Umbris Idearum.*

IT will not appear complimentary to liken the Editors of Newspapers, in one respect, to galley-slaves; but the likeness is not the less apt on that account, and a simile is not expected to go on all fours. When storms blow high in the political atmosphere, the events of the day fill the sails, and the writer may draw in his oars, and let his brain rest; but when calm weather returns, then comes too "the tug of toil," hard work and little speed. Yet he not only sympathizes with the public joy, as a man and a citizen, but will seek to derive some advantages even for his editorial functions, from the cessation of battles and revolutions. He cannot indeed hope to excite the same keen and

promiscuous sensation as when he had to announce events, which by the mere bond of interest brought home the movements of monarchs and empires to every individual's counting-house and fire-side; but he consoles himself by the reflection, that these troublesome times occasioned thousands to acquire a habit, and almost a necessity, of reading, which it now becomes his object to retain by the gradual substitution of a milder stimulant, which though less intense is more permanent, and by its greater divergency no less than duration, even more pleasurable.—And how can he hail and celebrate the return of peace more worthily or more appropriately, than by exerting his best faculties to direct the taste and affections of his readers to the noblest works of peace? The tranquillity of nations permits our patriotism to repose. We are now allowed to think and feel as men, for all that may confer honour on human nature; not ignorant, meantime, that the greatness of a nation is by no distant links connected with the celebrity of its individual citizens—that whatever raises our country in the eyes of the civilized world, will make that country dearer and more venerable to its inhabitants, and thence actually more powerful, and more worthy of love and veneration. Add to (what in a great commercial city will not be deemed trifling or inappertinent) the certain reaction of the Fine Arts on the more immediate utilities of life. The transfusion of the fairest forms of Greece and Rome into the articles of hourly domestic use by Mr. Wedgwood; the impulse given to our engravings by Boydell; the superior beauty of our patterns in the cotton manufactory, of our furniture and musical instruments, hold as honourable a rank in our archives of trade, as in those of taste.

Regarded from these points of view, painting and statuary call on our attention with superior claims. All the fine arts are different species of poetry. The same spirit

speaks to the mind through different senses by manifestations of itself, appropriate to each. They admit therefore of a natural division into poetry of language (poetry in the emphatic sense, because less subject to the accidents and limitations of time and space); poetry of the ear, or music; and poetry of the eye, which is again subdivided into plastic poetry, or statuary, and graphic poetry, or painting. The common essence of all consists in the excitement of emotion for the immediate purpose of pleasure through the medium of beauty; herein contra-distinguishing poetry from science, the immediate object and primary purpose of which is truth and possible utility. (The sciences indeed may and will give a high and pure pleasure; and the Fine Arts may lead to important truth, and be in various ways useful in the ordinary meaning of the word; but these are not the direct and characteristic ends, and we define things by their peculiar, not their common properties.)

Of the three sorts of poetry each possesses both exclusive and comparative advantages. The last (i. e. the plastic and graphic) is more permanent, and incomparably less dependent, than the second, i. e. music; and though yielding in both these respects to the first, yet it regains its balance and equality of rank by the universality of its language. Michael Angelo and Raphael are for all beholders; Dante and Ariosto only for the readers of Italian. Hence though the title of these essays proposes, as their subject, the Fine Arts in general, which as far as the main principles are in question, will be realized, in proportion to the writer's ability; yet the application and illustration of them will be confined to those of Painting and Statuary, and of these, chiefly to the former,

> "Which like a second and more lovely nature,
> Turns the blank canvas to a magic mirror;
> That makes the absent present, and to shadows
> Gives light, depth, substance, bloom, yea thought, and motion."

To this disquisition two obstacles suggest themselves—enough has been already written on the subject, (this we may suppose an objection on the part of the reader,) and the writer's own feeling concerning the grandeur and delicacy of the subject itself. As to the first, he would consider himself as having grossly failed in his duty to the public, if he had not carefully perused all the works on the Fine Arts known to him; and let it not be rashly attributed to self-conceit, if he dares avow his conviction that much remains to be done; a conviction indeed, which every author must entertain, who, whether from disqualifying ignorance or utter want of thought, does not act with the full consciousness of acting to a wise purpose. The works that have hitherto appeared, have been either technical, and useful only to the Artist himself (if indeed useful at all), or employed in explaining by the laws of association the effects produced on the spectator by such and such impressions. In the latter, as in Alison, &c., much has been said well and truly; but the principle itself is too vague for practical guidance.—Association in philosophy is like the term stimulus in medicine; explaining every thing, it explains nothing; and above all, leaves itself unexplained. It is an excellent charm to enable a man to talk about and about any thing he likes, and to make himself and his hearers as wise as before. Besides, the specific object of the present attempt is to enable the spectator to judge in the same spirit in which the Artist produced, or ought to have produced.

To the second objection, derived from the author's own feelings, he would find himself embarrassed in the attempt to answer, if the peculiar advantages of the subject itself did not aid him. His illustrations of his principles do not here depend on his own ingenuity—he writes for those, who can consult their own eyes and judgments. The various collections, as of Mr. Acraman (the father of the

Fine Arts in this city), of Mr. Davies, Mr. Gibbons, &c.; to which many of our readers either will have had, or may procure, access; and the admirable works exhibiting now by Allston; whose great picture, with his Hebe, landscape, and sea-piece, would of themselves[1] suffice to elucidate the fundamental doctrines of colour, ideal form, and grouping; assist the reasoner in the same way as the diagrams aid the geometrician, but far more and more vividly. The writer therefore concludes this his preparatory Essay by two postulates, the only ones, he deems necessary for his complete intelligibility: the first, that the reader would steadily look into his own mind to know whether the principles stated are ideally true; the second, to look at the works or parts of the works mentioned, as illustrating or exemplifying the principle, to judge whether or how far it has been realized.

[1] For "themselves" read "itself."

ESSAY SECOND.

IN Mathematics the definitions, of necessity, precede not only the demonstrations, but likewise the postulates and axioms: they are the rock, which at once forms the foundation and supplies the materials of the edifice. Philosophy, on the contrary, concludes with the definition: it is the result, the compendium, the remembrancer of all the preceding facts and inferences. Whenever, therefore, it appears in the front, it ought to be considered as a faint outline, which answers all its intended purposes, if only it circumscribe the subject, and direct the reader's anticipation toward the one road, on which he is to travel.

Examined from this point of view, the definition[1] of poetry, in the preliminary Essay, as the regulative idea of all the Fine Arts, appears to me after many experimental applications of it to general illustrations and to individual instances, liable to no just logical reversion, or complaint: "the excitement[1] of emotion for the purpose of immediate pleasure, through the medium of beauty."—But like all previous statements in Philosophy (as distinguished from Mathematics) it has the inconvenience of presuming conceptions which do not perhaps consciously or distinctly exist. Thus, the former part of my definition might appear equally applicable to any object of our animal appetites, till by after-reasonings the attention has been directed to the full force of the word "immediate;" and

[1] Compare with this definition Coleridge's earlier attempt to define poetry, in his second Lecture, in the Course of 1811-12.—See *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere*, &c., p. 47.

till the mind, by being led to refer discriminatingly to its own experience, has become conscious that all objects of mere desire constitute an interest, (i. e. *aliquid quod est inter hoc et aliud*, or that which is between the agent and his motive,) and which is therefore valued only as the means to the end. To take a trivial but unexceptionable instance, the venison is agreeable because it gives pleasure; while the Apollo Belvidere is not beautiful because it pleases, but it pleases us because it is beautiful. The term, pleasure, is unfortunately so comprehensive, as frequently to become equivocal: and yet it is hard to discover a substitute. Complacency, which would indeed better express the intellectual nature of the enjoyment essentially involved in the sense of the beautiful, yet seems to preclude all emotion: and delight, on the other hand, conveys a comparative degree of pleasurable emotion, and is therefore unfit for a general definition, the object of which is to abstract the kind. For this reason, we added the words "through the medium of beauty." But here the same difficulty recurs from the promiscuous use of the term, Beauty. Many years ago[1] the writer, in company with an accidental party of travellers, was gazing on a cataract of great height, breadth, and impetuosity, the summit of which appeared to blend with the sky and clouds, while the lower part was hidden by rocks and trees; and on his observing, that it was, in the strictest sense of the word, a sublime object, a lady present assented with warmth to the remark, adding—"Yes! and it is not only sublime, but beautiful and absolutely pretty."

And let not these distinctions be charged on the writer, as obscurity and needless subtlety; for it is in the nature

[1] One of Coleridge's stock anecdotes. He visited the falls of the Clyde, with Wordsworth and his sister, in the summer of 1803. See Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere*, &c., p. 41, for a more elaborate version.

of all disquisitions on matters of taste, that the reasoner must appeal for his very premises to facts of feeling and of inner sense, which all men do not possess, and which many, who do possess and even act upon them, yet have never reflectively adverted to, have never made them objects of a full and distinct consciousness. The geometrician refers to certain figures in space, and to the power of describing certain lines, which are intuitive to all men, as men; and therefore his demonstrations are throughout compulsory. The Moralist and the philosophic critic lay claim to no positive, but only to a conditional necessity. It is not necessary, that A or B should judge at all concerning poetry; but if he does, in order to a just taste, such and such faculties must have been developed in his mind. If a man upon questioning his own experience, can detect no difference in kind between the enjoyment derived from the eating of turtle, and that from the perception of a new truth; if in his feelings a taste for Milton is essentially the same as the taste of mutton, he may still be a sensible and a valuable member of society; but it would be desecration to argue with him on the Fine Arts; and should he himself dispute on them, or even publish a book (and such books have been perpetrated within the memory of man), we can answer him only by silence, or a courteous waiving of the subject. To tell a blind man, declaiming concerning light and color, "you should wait till you have got eyes to see with," would indeed be telling the truth, but at the same time be acting a useless as well as an inhuman part. An English critic, who assumes and proceeds on the identity in kind of the pleasures derived from the palate and from the intellect, and who literally considers taste to mean one and the same thing, whether it be the taste of venison, or a taste for Virgil, and who, in strict consistence with his principles, passes sentence on Milton as a tiresome poet, because he finds nothing amusing in the Paradise Lost

(i. e. *damnat Musas, quia animum a musis non divertunt*)—this taste-meter to the fashionable world, gives a ludicrous portrait of an African belle, and concludes with a triumphant exclamation, "such is the ideal of beauty in Dahoma!" Now it is curious, that a very intelligent traveller, describing the low state of the human mind in this very country, gives as an instance, that in their whole language they have no word for beauty, or the beautiful; but say either it is nice, or it is good; doubtless, says he, because this very sense is as yet dormant, and the idea of beauty as little developed in their minds, as in that of an infant.—I give the substance of the meaning, not the words; as I quote both writers from memory.

There are few mental exertions more instructive, or which are capable of being rendered more entertaining, than the attempt to establish and exemplify the distinct meaning of terms, often confounded in common use, and considered as mere synonyms. Such are the words, agreeable, beautiful, picturesque, grand, sublime: and to attach a distinct and separate sense to each of these, is a previous step of indispensable necessity to a writer, who would reason intelligibly, either to himself or to his readers, concerning the works of poetic genius, and the sources and the nature of the pleasure derived from them. But more especially on the essential difference of the beautiful and the agreeable, rests fundamentally the whole question, which assuredly must possess no vulgar or feeble interest for all who regard the dignity of their own nature: whether the noblest productions of human genius (such as the Iliad, the works of Shakspere and Milton, the Pantheon, Raphael's Gallery, and Michael Angelo's Sistine Chapel, the Venus de Medici and the Apollo Belvidere, involving of course the human forms that approximate to them in actual life,) delight us merely by chance, from accidents of local associations—in short, please us because

they please us (in which case it would be impossible either to praise or to condemn any man's taste, however opposite to our own, and we could be no more justified in assigning a corruption or absence of just taste to a man, who should prefer Blackmore to Homer or Milton, or the Castle Spectre to Othello, than to the same man for preferring a black-pudding to a sirloin of beef;) or whether there exists in the constitution of the human soul a sense, and a regulative principle, which may indeed be stifled and latent in some, and be perverted and denaturalized in others, yet is nevertheless universal in a given state of intellectual and moral culture; which is independent of local and temporary circumstances, and dependent only on the degree in which the faculties of the mind are developed; and which, consequently, it is our duty to cultivate and improve, as soon as the sense of its actual existence dawns upon us.

The space allotted to these Essays obliges me to defer this attempt to the following week: and I will now conclude by requesting the candid reader not altogether to condemn this second Essay, without having considered, that the ground-works of an edifice cannot be as sightly as the superstructure, and that the philosopher, unlike the architect, must lay his foundations in sight; unlike the musician, must tune his instruments in the hearing of his audience. Taste is the intermediate faculty which connects the active with the passive powers of our nature, the intellect with the senses; and its appointed function is to elevate the images of the latter, while it realizes the ideas of the former. We must therefore have learned what is peculiar to each, before we can understand that "third something," which is formed by a harmony of both.

ESSAY THIRD.

"Sat vero, in hac vitae brevitate et naturae obscuritate, rerum est, quibus cognoscendis tempus impendatur, ut confusis et multivocis sermonibus intellegendis illud consumere non opus est. Eheu! quantas strages paravere verba nubila, quae tot dicunt, ut nihil dicant—nubes potius, e quibus et in rebus politicis et in ecclesia turbines et tonitrua erumpunt! Et proinde recte dictum putamus a Platone in Gorgia: ὃς ἂν τὰ ὀνόματα εἰδῇ εἴσεται καὶ τὰ πράγματα: et ab Epicteto—ἀρχὴ παιδεύσεως ἡ τῶν ὀνομάτων ἐπίσκεψις: et prudentissime Galenus scribit—ἡ τῶν ὀνομάτων χρῆσις παραχθεῖσα καὶ τὴν τῶν πραγμάτων ἐπιταράττει γνῶσιν. Egregie vero J. C. Scaliger in Lib. I. de Plantis: Est primum, inquit, sapientis officium, *bene sentire*, ut sibi vivat: proximum, *bene loqui*, ut patriae vivat."

SENNERTUS *de Puls. Different.*

"Animadverte, quám sit ab improprietate verborum pronum hominibus prolabi in errores circa res."

HOBBES: *Exam. et Emend. hod. Math.*

"Si tenebris sibilet Criticus sine dente malignus,
Stultorum adrudat si invidiosa Cohors;
Fac, fugias! Si nulla tibi sit Copia eundi,
Contemnas tacitè, scommata quæque ferens.
Frendeat, allatret, vacuas gannitibus aures
Impleat, haud cures: his placuisse nefas!"

BURTON, *Anat. of Melanch.*

PEDANTRY consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be as pedantic in the schools as that of the schools in the market. The mere man of the world, who

insists that in a philosophic investigation of principles and general laws, no other terms should be used, than occur in common conversation, and with no greater definiteness, is at least as much a pedant, as the man of learning, who, perhaps overrating the acquirements of his auditors, or deceived by his own familiarity with technical phrases, talks at the wine-table with his eye fixed on his study or laboratory; or even though instead of desiring his wife to make the tea, he should bid her add to the usual quantum sufficit of Thea Simensis the Oxyd of Hydrogen, saturated with Calorique. If (to use the old metaphor) both smell of the shop, yet the odour from the Russia-leather bindings of the good old authentic-looking folios and quartos is less annoying, than the steams from the tavern or tallow-vat. Nay, though the pedantry should originate in vanity, yet a good natured man would more easily tolerate the fox-brush of ostentatious erudition ("the fable is somewhat musty") than the Sans-culotterie of a contemptuous ignorance, that assumes a merit from mutilation by a self-consoling grin at the pompous incumbrance of tails.

In a philosophic disquisition, besides the necessity of confining many words of ordinary use to one definite sense, the writer has to make his choice between two difficulties, whenever his purpose requires him to wean his reader's attention from the degrees of things, which alone form the dictionary of common life, to the kind, independent of degree: as when, for instance, a chemist discourses on the heat in ice, or of latent or fixed light. In this case, he must either use old words with new meanings, the plan adopted by Dr. Darwin[1] in his Zoonomia; or he must

[1] This is Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the poet, the father of Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, who married a sister of the Wedgwoods, Coleridge's patrons, and was himself the father of the Darwin all the world knows; —three men unique in their way, if only as proving that genius *does* at times descend from father to son.

borrow from the schools, or himself coin a nomenclature exclusively appropriated to his subject, after the example of the French chemists, and indeed of all eminent natural philosophers and historians in all countries. There seems to me little ground for hesitation as to which of the two shall be preferred: it being clear, that the former is a two-fold exertion of mind in one and the same act. The reader is obliged, not only to recollect the new definition, but—which is incomparably more difficult and perplexing—to unlearn and keep out of view, the old and habitual meaning: an evil, for which the semblance of eschewing pedantry, is a very poor and inadequate compensation. I have, therefore, in two or three instances ventured on a disused or scholastic term, where without it I could not have avoided confusion or ambiguity. Thus, to express in one word what belongs to the senses or the recipient and more passive faculty of the soul, I have re-introduced the word *sensuous*, used among many others of our elder writers, by Milton, in his exquisite definition of poetry, as "simple, sensuous, passionat·:" because the term, *sensual*, is seldom used at present, except in a bad sense, and *sensitive* would convey a different meaning. Thus too I have restored the words, *intuition* and *intuitive*, to their original sense—"an intuition," says Hooker, "that is, a direct and immediate beholding or presentation of an object to the mind through the senses or the imagination."—Thus geometrical truths are all intuitive, or accompanied by an intuition. Nay, in order to express "the many," as simply contra-distinguished from "the one," I have hazarded the smile of the reader, by introducing to his acquaintance, from the forgotten terminology of the old schoolmen, the phrase, *multëity*, because I felt that I could not substitute *multitude*, without more or less connecting with it the notion of "a great many." Thus the philosopher of the later Platonic, or Alexandrine school, named the triangle the first-born of

beauty, it being the first and simplest symbol of multëity in unity. These are, I believe, the only liberties of this kind which I have found it necessary to attempt in the present essay: partly, because its object will be attained sufficiently for my present purpose, by attaching a clear and distinct meaning to the different terms used by us, in our appreciation of works of art, and partly because I am about to put to the press a large volume on the Logos,[1] or the communicative intelligence in nature and in man, together with, and as preliminary to, a Commentary[1] on the Gospel of St. John; and in this work I have laboured to give real and adequate definitions of all the component faculties of our moral and intellectual being, exhibiting constructively the origin, development, and destined functions of each. And now with silent wishes, that these explanatory pre-notices may be attributed to their true cause, a sense of respect for the understanding of my reflecting readers, I proceed to my promised and more amusing task, that of establishing, illustrating, and exemplifying the distinct powers of the different modes of pleasure excited by the works of nature or of human genius with their exponent and appropriable terms. "Harum indagatio subtilitatum etsi non est utilis ad machinas farinarias conficiendas, exuit animum tamen inscitiæ rubigine, acuitque ad alia."—*Scaliger, Exerc.* 307. § 3.

AGREEABLE.—We use this word in two senses; in the first for whatever agrees with our nature, for that which is congruous with the primary constitution of our senses. Thus green is naturally agreeable to the eye. In this sense the word expresses, at least involves, a pre-established harmony between the organs and their appointed objects. In the second sense, we convey by the word *agreeable*, that the

[1] The manuscript of neither of these extensive and important works has been found.

thing has by force of habit (thence called a second nature) been made to agree with us; or that it has become agreeable to us by its recalling to our minds some one or more things that were dear and pleasing to us; or lastly, on account of some after pleasure or advantage, of which it has been the constant cause or occasion. Thus by force of custom men make the taste of tobacco, which was at first hateful to the palate, agreeable to them; thus too, as our Shakspere observes,

> "Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
> Love can transpose to form and dignity—"

the crutch that had supported a revered parent, after the first anguish of regret, becomes agreeable to the affectionate child; and I once knew a very sensible and accomplished Dutch gentleman, who, spite of his own sense of the ludicrous nature of the feeling, was more delighted by the first grand concert of frogs he heard in this country, than he had been by Catalina singing in the compositions of Cimarosa. The last clause needs no illustrations, as it comprises all the objects that are agreeable to us, only because they are the means by which we gratify our smell, touch, palate, and mere bodily feeling.

The BEAUTIFUL, contemplated in its essentials, that is, in kind and not in degree, is that in which the many, still seen as many, becomes one. Take a familiar instance, one of a thousand. The frost on a window-pane has by accident crystallized into a striking resemblance of a tree or a sea-weed. With what pleasure we trace the parts, and their relations to each other, and to the whole! Here is the stalk or trunk, and here the branches or sprays—sometimes even the buds or flowers. Nor will our pleasure be less, should the caprice of the crystallization represent some object disagreeable to us, provided only we can see or fancy the

component parts each in relation to each, and all forming a whole. A lady would see an admirably painted tiger with pleasure, and at once pronounce it beautiful,—nay, an owl, a frog, or a toad, who would have shrieked or shuddered at the sight of the things themselves. So far is the Beautiful from depending wholly on association, that it is frequently produced by the mere removal of associations. Many a sincere convert to the beauty of various insects, as of the dragon-fly, the fangless snake, &c., has Natural History made, by exploding the terror or aversion that had been connected with them.

The most general definition of beauty, therefore, is—that I may fulfil my threat of plaguing my readers with hard words—Multëity in Unity. Now it will be always found, that whatever is the definition of the kind, independent of degree, becomes likewise the definition of the highest degree of that kind. An old coach-wheel lies in the coachmaker's yard, disfigured with tar and dirt (I purposely take the most trivial instances):—if I turn away my attention from these, and regard the figure abstractly, "still," I might say to my companion, "there is beauty in that wheel, and you yourself would not only admit, but would feel it, had you never seen a wheel before. See how the rays proceed from the centre to the circumferences, and how many different images are distinctly comprehended at one glance, as forming one whole, and each part in some harmonious relation to each and to all." But imagine the polished golden wheel of the chariot of the Sun, as the poets have described it: then the figure, and the real thing so figured, exactly coincide. There is nothing heterogeneous, nothing to abstract from: by its perfect smoothness and circularity in width, each part is (if I may borrow a metaphor from a sister sense) as perfect a melody, as the whole is a complete harmony. This, we should say, is beautiful throughout. Of all "the many,"

which I actually see, each and all are really reconciled into unity: while the effulgence from the whole coincides with, and seems to represent, the effluence of delight from my own mind in the intuition of it.

It seems evident then, first, that beauty is harmony, and subsists only in composition, and secondly, that the first species of the Agreeable can alone be a component part of the beautiful, that namely which is naturally consonant with our senses by the pre-established harmony between nature and the human mind; and thirdly, that even of this species, those objects only can be admitted (according to rule the first) which belong to the eye and ear, because they alone are susceptible of distinction of parts. Should an Englishman gazing on a mass of cloud rich with the rays of the rising sun exclaim, even without distinction of, or reference to its form, or its relation to other objects, how beautiful! I should have no quarrel with him. First, because by the law of association there is in all visual beholdings at least an indistinct subsumption of form and relation: and secondly, because even in the coincidence between the sight and the object there is an approximation to the reduction of the many into one. But who, that heard a Frenchman call the flavour of a leg of mutton a beautiful taste, would not immediately recognize him for a Frenchman, even though there should be neither grimace or characteristic nasal twang?[1] The result, then, of the whole is that the shapely (i. e. *formosus*) joined with the naturally agreeable, constitutes what, speaking accurately, we mean by the word beautiful (i. e. *pulcher*).

But we are conscious of faculties far superior to the highest impressions of sense; we have life and free-will.—What then will be the result, when the beautiful, arising from regular form, is so modified by the perception of life and spontaneous action, as that the latter only shall be the

[1] We have erased the note we had at first made on this sentence.

object of our conscious perception, while the former merely acts, and yet does effectively act, on our feelings? With pride and pleasure I reply by referring my reader to the group in Mr. Allston's grand picture of the "Dead Man reviving from the touch of the bones of the Prophet Elisha," beginning with the slave at the head of the reviving body, then proceeding to the daughter clasping her swooning mother; to the mother, the wife of the reviving man; then to the soldier behind who supports her; to the two figures eagerly conversing: and lastly, to the exquisitely graceful girl who is bending downward, and whose hand nearly touches the thumb of the slave! You will find, what you had not suspected, that you have here before you a circular group. But by what variety of life, motion, and passion is all the stiffness, that would result from an obvious regular figure, swallowed up, and the figure of the group as much concealed by the action and passion, as the skeleton which gives the form of the human body, is hidden by the flesh and its endless outlines!

In Raphael's admirable Galatea, (the print of which is doubtless familiar to most of my readers,) the circle is perceived at first sight; but with what multiplicity of rays and chords within the area of the circular group, with what elevations and depressions of the cirumference, with what an endless variety, and sportive wildness in the component figure, and in the junctions of the figures, is the balance, the perfect reconciliation, effected between these two conflicting principles of the FREE LIFE, and of the confining FORM! How entirely is the stiffness that would have resulted from the obvious regularity of the latter, fused and (if I may hazard so bold a metaphor) almost volatilized by the interpenetration and electrical flashes of the former.

But I shall recur to this consummate work for more specific illustrations hereafter: and have indeed in some measure offended already against the laws of method, by anticipating

materials which rather belong to a more advanced stage of the disquisition. It is time to recapitulate, as briefly as possible, the arguments already advanced, and having summed up the result, to leave behind me this, the only portion of these essays, which, as far as the subject itself is concerned, will demand any effort of attention from a reflecting and intelligent reader. And let me be permitted to remind him, that the distinctions which it is my object to prove and elucidate, have not merely a foundation in nature and the noblest faculties of the human mind, but are likewise the very ground-work, nay, an indispensable condition, of all rational enquiry concerning the arts. For it is self-evident, that whatever may be judged of differently by different persons, in the very same degree of moral and intellectual cultivation, extolled by one and condemned by another, without any error being assignable to either, can never be an object of general principles: and *vice versâ*, that whatever can be brought to the test of general principles, pre-supposes a distinct origin from these pleasures and tastes, which, for the wisest purposes, are made to depend on local and transitory fashions, accidental associations, and the peculiarities of individual temperament: to all which the philosopher, equally with the well-bred man of the world, applies the old adage, *de gustibus non est disputandum*. Be it, however, observed, that "*de gustibus*" is by no means the same as "*de gustu*," nor will it escape the scholar's recollection, that taste, in its metaphorical use, was first adopted by the Romans, and unknown to the less luxurious Greeks, who designated this faculty, sometimes by the word αἴσθησις, and sometimes by φιλοκαλία—'ἀνδρῶν τῶν καθ' ἡμᾶς φιλοκαλώτατος γεγονώς—i. e. endowed by nature with the most exquisite taste of any man of our age,' says Porphyry of his friend, Castricius. Still, this metaphor, borrowed from the pre-gustatores of the old Roman banquets, is singularly happy and appropriate. In the

palate, the perception of the object and its qualities is involved in the sensation, in the mental taste it is involved in the sense. We have a sensation of sweetness, in a healthy palate, from honey; a sense of beauty, in an uncorrupted taste, from the view of the rising or setting sun.

RECAPITULATION. *Principle the First.* That which has become, or which has been made agreeable to us, from causes not contained in its own nature, or in its original conformity to the human organs and faculties; that which is not pleasing for its own sake, but by connection or association with some other thing, separate or separable from it, is neither beautiful, nor capable of being a component part of beauty: though it may greatly increase the sum of our pleasure, when it does not interfere with the beauty of the object, nay, even when it detracts from it. A moss-rose, with a sprig of myrtle and jasmine, is not more beautiful from having been plucked from the garden, or presented to us by the hand of the woman we love, but is abundantly more delightful. The total pleasure received from one of Mr. Bird's finest pictures may, without any impeachment of our taste, be the greater from his having introduced into it the portrait of one of our friends, or from our pride in him as our townsman, or from our knowledge of his personal qualities; but the amiable artist would rightly consider it a coarse compliment, were it affirmed, that the beauty of the piece, or its merit as a work of genius, was the more perfect on this account. I am conscious that I look with a stronger and more pleasurable emotion at Mr. Allston's large landscape, in the spirit of Swiss scenery, from its having been the occasion of my first acquaintance[1] with him in Rome. This may or may not be a compliment to him; but the true compliment to the picture was made by a lady of high rank and cultivated taste, who declared, in my hearing, that she never stood before that landscape with-

[1] In 1806.

out seeming to feel the breeze blow out of it upon her. But the most striking instance is afforded by the portrait of a departed or absent friend or parent; which is endeared to us, and more delightful, from some awkward position of the limbs, which had defied the contrivances of art to render it picturesque, but which was the characteristic habit of the original.

Principle the Second.—That which is naturally agreeable and consonant to human nature, so that the exception may be attributed to disease or defect; that, the pleasure from which is contained in the immediate impression; cannot indeed, with strict propriety, be called beautiful, exclusive of its relations, but one among the component parts of beauty, in whatever instance it is susceptible of existing as a part of a whole. This of course excludes the mere objects of the taste, smell, and feeling, though the sensation from these, especially from the latter when organized into touch, may secretly and without our consciousness, enrich and vivify the perceptions and images of the eye and ear; which alone are true organs of sense, their sensations in a healthy or uninjured state being too faint to be noticed by the mind. We may, indeed, in common conversation, call purple a beautiful color, or the tone of a single note on an excellent piano-forte a beautiful tone; but if we were questioned, we should agree that a rich or delightful color; a rich, or sweet, or clear tone; would have been more appropriate—and this with less hesitation in the latter instance than in the former, because the single tone is more manifestly of the nature of a *sensation*, while color is the medium which seems to blend sensation and perception, so as to hide, as it were, the former in the latter; the direct opposite of which takes place in the lower senses of feeling, smell, and taste. (In strictness, there is even in these an ascending scale. The smell is less sensual and more sentient, than mere feeling, the taste than the smell, and the eye than the ear: but

between the ear and the taste exist the chasm or break, which divides the beautiful and the elements of beauty from the merely agreeable.) When I reflect on the manner in which smoothess, richness of sound, &c., enter into the formation of the beautiful, I am induced to suspect that they act negatively rather than positively. Something there must be to realize the form, something in and by which the *forma informans* reveals itself: and these, less than any that could be substituted, and in the least possible degree, distract the attention, in the least possible degree obscure the idea, of which they (composed into outline and surface) are the symbol. An illustrative hint may be taken from a pure crystal, as compared with an opaque, semi-opaque, or clouded mass, on the one hand, and with a perfectly transparent body, such as the air, on the other. The crystal is lost in the light, which yet it contains, embodies, and gives a shape to; but which passes shapeless through the air, and in the ruder body, is either quenched or dissipated.

Principle the Third. The safest definition, then, of Beauty, as well as the oldest, is that of Pythagoras: THE REDUCTION OF MANY TO ONE—or, as finely expressed by the sublime disciple of Ammonius, *τὸ ἄμερες ὄν, ἐν πολλοῖς φανταζόμενον*, of which the following may be offered as both paraphrase and corollary. *The sense of beauty subsists in simultaneous intuitive of the relation of parts, each to each, and of all to a whole: exciting an immediate and absolute complacency, without intervenence, therefore, of any interest, sensual or intellectual.* The Beautiful is thus at once distinguished both from the agreeable, which is beneath it, and from the GOOD, which is above it: for both these have an interest necessarily attached to them: both act on the Will, and excite a desire for the actual existence of the image or idea contemplated: while the sense of beauty rests gratified in the mere contemplation or intuitive, regardless whether it be a fictitious Apollo, or a real Antinous.

The Mystics meant the same, when they define beauty, as the subjection of matter to spirit so as to be transformed into a symbol, in and through which the spirit reveals itself; and declare that the most beautiful, where the most obstacles to a full manifestation have been most perfectly overcome. I would that the readers, for whom alone I write (*intelligibilia enim, non intellectum adfero,*) had Raphael's Galatea, or his School of Athens, before them! or that the Essay might be read by some imaginative student, warm from admiration of the King's College Chapel at Cambridge, or of the exterior and interior of York Cathedral! I deem the sneers of a host of petty critics, unalphabeted in the life and truth of things, and as devoid of sound learning as of intuitive taste, well and wisely hazarded for the prospect of communicating the pleasure, which to such minds the following passage of Plotinus will not fail to give—Plotinus, a name venerable even to religion with the great Cosmus, Lorenzo de Medicis, Ficinis, Politian, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, but now known only as a name to the majority even of our most learned Scholars!—Plotinus, difficult indeed, but under a rough and austere rind concealing fruit worthy of Paradise; and if obscure, "*at tenet umbra Deum!*" *Ὅταν οὖν καὶ ἡ αἴσθησις τὸ ἐν σώμασιν εἶδος ἴδῃ συνδησάμενον καὶ κρατῆσαν τῆς φύσεως τῆς ἐναντίας, καὶ μορφὴν ἐπ' ἄλλαις μορφαῖς ἐκπρεπῶς ἐποχουμένην, συνελοῦσα ἀθρόον αὐτὸ τὸ πολλαχῆ, ἀνήνεγκέ τε καὶ ἔδωκε τῷ ἔνδον σύμφωνον καὶ συναρμόττον καὶ φίλον.* A divine passage, faintly represented in the following lines, written many years ago by the writer, though without reference to, or recollection of, the above.

"O lady![1] we *receive* but what we *give*,
And in *our* life alone does nature live!

[1] The quotation, as well as the following one, is from Coleridge's poem, *Dejection: an Ode.* The poem is dated by Sara Coleridge "Keswick:

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd:
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth!
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and powerful voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me,
What this strong music in the soul may be;
What and wherein it doth subsist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful, and beauty-making power!
Joy, O beloved! joy, that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure and in their purest hour,
Life of our life, the parent and the birth,
Which, wedding nature, to us gives in dower
A new heaven and new earth,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—

Aug. 4, 1802." It was published in 1817, in *Sibylline Leaves*, which volume was in type some two years before it appeared. We leave the earlier version in the text, but note the later variations. The lines from

"O lady! we receive but what we give,"

to "element," now form Stanza IV. The lines which follow, to

"All colours a suffusion from that light,"

constitute Stanza V.; but we read

"Joy, *virtuous lady*, joy" . . .

This would be Dora Wordsworth, the poet's sister;—

. . . "purest hour,
Life, *and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,*
Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power,
Which, wedding" . . .
"*Joy* is the *sweet* voice, *joy* the luminous cloud!
We in ourselves rejoice."

The remainder of the first quotation now follows the second, as Stanza

This is the strong voice, this the luminous cloud!
Our inmost selves rejoice:
And thence flows all that glads or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light,
And its celestial tint of yellow-green:
And still I gaze—and with how black an eye!
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen;
Yon crescent moon, that seems as if it grew
In its own starless, cloudless lake of blue—
I see them all, so excellently fair!
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

S. T. C. MS. Poem.

Scholium. We have sufficiently distinguished the beautiful from the agreeable, by the sure criterion, that when we find an object agreeable, the *sensation* of pleasure always precedes the judgment, and is its determining cause. We find it agreeable. But when we declare an object beautiful, the contemplation or intuition of its beauty precedes the *feeling* of complacency, in order of nature at least: nay, in great depression of spirits may even exist without sensibly producing it.—

"A grief without a pang, void, dark, and dear!
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
That finds no natural outlet, no relief
In word, or sigh, or tear!
O dearest lady! in this heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yon sweet throstle woo'd!
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing at the western sky."

II.; with "*peculiar* tint," "*blank*" for "black" (probably a misprint), "*as fixed* as if it grew," "*cloudless, starless*," and

"*O Lady, in this wan and heartless mood.*"

Now[1] the least reflection convinces us, that our sensations, whether of pleasure or of pain, are the incommunicable parts of our nature; such as can be reduced to no universal rule; and in which therefore we have no right to expect that others should agree with us, or to blame them for disagreement. That the Greenlander prefers train oil to olive oil, and even to wine, we explain at once by our knowledge of the climate and productions to which he has been habituated. Were the man as enlightened as Plato, his palate would still find that most agreeable to which it had been most accustomed. But when the Iroquois Sachem, after having been led to the most perfect specimens of architecture in Paris, said that he saw nothing so beautiful as the cook's shops, we attribute this without hesitation to savagery of intellect, and infer with certainty that the sense of the beautiful was either altogether dormant in his mind, or at best very imperfect. The Beautif., therefore, not originating in the sensations, must belong to the intellect: and therefore we declare an object beautiful, and feel an inward right to expect that others should coincide with us. But we feel no right to demand it: and this leads us to that, which hitherto we have barely touched upon, and which we shall now attempt to illustrate more fully, namely, to the distinction of the Beautiful from the Good.

Let us suppose Milton in company with some stern and prejudiced Puritan, contemplating the front of York Cathedral, and at length expressing his admiration of its beauty. We will suppose it too at that time of his life, when his religious opinions, feelings, and prejudices most nearly coincided with those of the rigid Anti-prelatists.—P. Beauty; I am sure, it is not the beauty of holiness. M. True; but yet it is beautiful.—P. It delights not me. What is it

[1] This passage, to the end of the Essay, will be found in T. Allsop's *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, 1837.

good for? Is it of any use but to be stared at?—M. Perhaps not! but still it is beautiful.—P. But call to mind the pride and wanton vanity of those cruel shavelings, that wasted the labour and substance of so many thousand poor creatures in the erection of this haughty pile.—M. I do. But still it is very beautiful.—P. Think how many score of places of worship, incomparably better suited both for prayer and preaching, and how many faithful ministers might have been maintained, to the blessing of tens of thousands, to them and their children's children, with the treasures lavished on this worthless mass of stone and cement.—M. Too true! but nevertheless it is very beautiful.—P. And it is not merely useless; but it feeds the pride of the prelates, and keeps alive the popish and carnal spirit among the people.—M. Even so! and I presume not to question the wisdom, nor detract from the pious zeal, of the first reformers of Scotland, who for these reasons destroyed so many fabrics, scarce inferior in beauty to this now before our eyes. But I did not call it *good*, nor have I told thee, brother! that if this were levelled with the ground, and existed only in the works of the modeller or engraver, that I should desire to reconstruct it. The GOOD consists in the congruity of a thing with the laws of the reason and the nature of the will, and in its fitness to determine the latter to actualize the former: and it is always discursive. The Beautiful arises from the perceived harmony of an object, whether sight or sound, with the inborn and constitutive rules of the judgment and imagination: and it is always intuitive. As light to the eye, even such is beauty to the mind, which cannot but have complacency in whatever is perceived as pre-configured to its living faculties. Hence the Greeks called a beautiful object *καλόν*, quasi *καλοῦν*, i. e. *calling on* the soul, which receives instantly, and welcomes it as something connatural. *Πάλιν οὖν ἀναλαβόντες, λέγωμεν τί ὄῆτα ἐστὶ τὸ ἐν τοῖς Σώμασι καλόν.*

Πρῶτον ἔστι μὲν γάρ τι καὶ βυλῇ τῇ πρώτῃ αἰσθητὸν γινόμενον, καὶ ἡ ψυχὴ ὥσπερ συνεῖσα λέγει, καὶ ἐπιγνοῦσα ἀποδέχεται, καὶ οἷον συναρμόττεται. Πρὸς δὲ τὸ αἰσχρὸν προσβαλοῦσα ἀνέλλεται, καὶ ἀρνεῖται καὶ ἀνανεύει ἐπ' αὐτοῦ οὐ συμφωνοῦσα, καὶ ἀλλοτριουμένη.—PLOTIN: Ennead. I. Lib. 6.

APPENDIX.

"He, (Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk) knowing that learning hath no enemy but ignorance, did suspect always the want of it in those men who derided the habit of it in others, like the fox in the fable, who being, by mischance or degeneracy, without a tail, persuaded others to cut theirs off as a burden. But he liked well the philosopher's division of men into three ranks; some who knew good and were willing to teach others.—These he said, were like gods among men; others who though they knew not much, yet were willing to learn and thankful for instruction.—These, he said, were like men among beasts; and some who knew not truth or good, and yet despised and maligned such as would teach them.—These he esteemed as beasts among men."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, p. 33.

THUS then let us at once sum up and exemplify the whole. "Its ambrosial odour renders the rose more agreeable to us, but it is not by this addition, that nature wrests the palm of beauty from the flower.—Pieres of Van Huysan. The patient strength and laboriousness of the ox and the ass, invaluable as we rightly deem them, can yet by no influence of association, bribe us to compare them in charm of form, and disposition of colours, with the fierce and untameable zebra. The rough sheep-dog is almost indispensable to the civilization of the human race. He appears to possess not valuableness only, but even worth!

His various moral qualities, which seem above the effects of mere instinct devoid of will, compel our respect and regard, and excite our gratitude to him, as well as for him. Yet neither his paramount utility, no, nor even his incorruptible fidelity and disinterested affection, enable us to equal him, in outward beauty, with the cruel and cowardly panther, or leopard, or tiger, the hate and horror of the flock and of the shepherd.

But may not the sense of beauty originate in our perception of the fitness of the means to the end in and for the animal itself? Or may it not depend on a law of proportion? No! The shell of the oyster, rough and unshapely, is its habitation and strong hold, its defence and organ of locomotion: the pearl, the beautiful ornament of the beautiful, is its disease. How charming the moss rose with its luxuriancy of petals! That moss, that luxuriancy, are the effects of degeneracy, and unfit the flower for the multiplication of its kind. Disproportion indeed may in certain cases preclude the sense of beauty, and will do so wherever it destroys or greatly disturbs the wholeness and simultaneousness of the impression. But still proportion is not the positive cause, or the universal and necessary condition of beauty, were it only that proportion implies the perception of the coincidence of quantities with a pre-established rule of measurement, and is therefore always accompanied with an act of discursive thought. We declare at first sight the swan beautiful, as it floats on with its long arching neck and protruding breast, which uniting to their reflected image in the watery mirror, present to our delighted eye the stringless bow of dazzling silver, which the poets and painters assign to the God of Love. We ask not what proportion the neck bears to the body;—through all the changes of graceful motion it brings itself into unity, as an harmonious part of an harmonious whole. The very word "part" imperfectly conveys what we see and feel;

for the moment we look at it in division, the charm ceases. In this spirit the lover describing the incidents of a walk on the river-banks by moonlight is made by the poet to exclaim,

> "The pairing swans have heard my tread,
> And rustle from their reedy bed.
> O beauteous birds! methinks, ye measure
> Your movements to some heavenly tune!
> O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
> To see you move beneath the moon,
> I would it were your true delight
> To rest by day and wake all night." [1]

The long neck of the ostrich is in exact and evident proportion to the height of the animal, and is of manifest utility and necessity to the bird, as it stoops down to graze and still walks on. But not being harmonized with the body by plumage or color, it seems to run along the grass like a serpent before the headless tall body that still stalks after it, inspiring at once the sense of the deformed and the fantastic.

I here close my metaphysical Preliminaries, in which I have confined myself to the beauty of the senses, and by the good have chiefly referred to the relatively good. Of the supersensual beauty, the beauty of virtue and holiness, and of its relation to the absolutely good, distinguishable, not separable (even such relation as that of color to the light of heaven, and as the light itself bears to the knowledge, which it awakens,) I discourse not now, waiting for a loftier mood, a nobler subject, a more appropriate audience, warned from within and from without, that it is profanation to speak of these mysteries. Τοῖς μηδέποτε φαντασθεῖσιν, ὡς καλὸν το τῆς δικαιοσύνης καὶ σωφρο-

[1] From Coleridge's own poem, *Lewti, or the Circassian Love-Chaunt*, printed in 1798. The latest reading is "the river-swans."

σύνης πρόσωπον, καὶ ὡς οὔτε ἕσπερος οὔτε ἑωος οὕτω καλὰ. Τὸν γὰρ ὁρῶντα πρὸς τὸ ὁρώμενον συγγενὲς καὶ ὁμοῖον ποιησάμενον, δεῖ ἐπιβάλλειν τῇ θεᾷ· οὐ γὰρ ἄν πώποτε εἶδεν Ὀφθαλμος ἥλιον, ἡλιοειδης μὴ γεγενημένος, οὐδὲ τὸ καλὸν ἄν ἴδη ψυχὴ μὴ γενομένη.

FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY ON TASTE.[1] 1810.

THE same arguments that decide the question, whether taste has any fixed principles, may probably lead to a determination of what those principles are. First then, what is taste in its metaphorical sense, or, which will be the easiest mode of arriving at the same solution, what is there in the primary sense of the word, which may give to its metaphorical meaning an import different from that of sight or hearing, on the one hand, and of touch or smell on the other? And this question seems the more natural, because in correct language we confine beauty, the main subject of taste, to objects of sight and combinations of sounds, and never, except sportively or by abuse of words, speak of a beautiful flavour or a beautiful scent.

Now the analysis of our senses in the commonest books of anthropology has drawn our attention to the distinction between the perfectly organic, and the mixed senses;—the first presenting objects, as distinct from the perception,—the last as blending the perception with the sense of the object. Our eyes and ears—(I am not now considering what is or is not the case really, but only that of which we are regularly conscious as appearances,) our eyes most often appear to us perfect organs of the sentient principle, and wholly in action, and our hearing so much more so than the three other senses, and in all the ordinary exertions of that sense, perhaps, equally so with the sight, that all languages place them in one class, and express their different modifications by nearly the same metaphors. The

[1] From "The Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge," vol. i., 1836.

three remaining senses appear in part passive, and combine with the perception of the outward object a distinct sense of our own life. Taste, therefore, as opposed to vision and sound, will teach us to expect in its metaphorical use a certain reference of any given object to our own being, and not merely a distinct notion of the object as in itself, or in its independent properties. From the sense of touch, on the other hand, it is distinguishable by adding to this reference to our vital being some degree of enjoyment, or—the contrary,—some perceptible impulse from pleasure or pain to complacency or dislike. The sense of smell, indeed, might perhaps have furnished a metaphor of the same import with that of taste; but the latter was naturally chosen by the majority of civilized nations on account of the greater frequency, importance, and dignity of its employment or exertion in human nature.

By taste, therefore, as applied to the fine arts, we must be supposed to mean an intellectual perception of any object blended with a distinct reference to our own sensibility of pain or pleasure, or *vice versa*, a sense of enjoyment or dislike co-instantaneously combined with, and appearing to proceed from, some intellectual perception of the object;—intellectual perception, I say; for otherwise it would be a definition of taste in its primary rather than in its metaphorical sense. Briefly, taste is a metaphor taken from one of our mixed senses, and applied to objects of the more purely organic senses, and of our moral sense, when we would imply the co-existence of immediate personal dislike or complacency. In this definition of taste, therefore, is involved, the definition of fine arts, namely, as being such, the chief and discriminative purpose of which it is to gratify the taste,—that is, not merely to connect, but to combine and unite, a sense of immediate pleasure in ourselves, with the perception of external arrangement.

The great question, therefore, whether taste in any one

of the fine arts has any fixed principle or ideal, will find its solution in the ascertainment of two facts :—first, whether in every determination of the taste concerning any work of the fine arts, the individual does not, with or even against the approbation of his general judgment, involuntarily claim that all other minds ought to think and feel the same; whether the common expressions, 'I dare say I may be wrong, but that is my particular taste,' are uttered as an offering of courtesy, as a sacrifice to the undoubted fact of our individual fallibility, or are spoken with perfect sincerity, not only of the reason but of the whole feeling, with the same entireness of mind and heart, with which we concede a right to every person to differ from another in his preference of bodily tastes and flavours. If we should find ourselves compelled to deny this, and to admit that, notwithstanding the consciousness of our liability to error, and in spite of all those many individual experiences which may have strengthened the consciousness, each man does at the moment so far legislate for all men, as to believe of necessity that he is either right or wrong, and that if it be right for him, it is universally right,—we must then proceed to ascertain :—secondly, whether the source of these phenomena is at all to be found in those parts of our nature, in which each intellect is representative of all,—and whether wholly or partially. No person of common reflection demands even in feeling, that what tastes pleasant to him ought to produce the same effect on all living beings; but every man does and must expect and demand the universal acquiescence of all intelligent beings in every conviction of his understanding.

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FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY ON BEAUTY.[1] 1818.

THE only necessary, but this the absolutely necessary, pre-requisite to a full insight into the grounds of the beauty in the objects of sight, is—the directing of the attention to the action of those thoughts in our own mind which are not consciously distinguished. Every man may understand this, if he will but recall the state of his feelings in endeavouring to recollect a name, which he is quite sure that he remembers, though he cannot force it back into consciousness. This region of unconscious thoughts, oftentimes the more working the more indistinct they are, may, in reference to this subject, be conceived as forming an ascending scale from the most universal associations of motion with the functions and passions of life,—as when, on passing out of a crowded city into the fields on a day in June, we describe the grass and king-cups as nodding their heads and dancing in the breeze,—up to the half perceived, yet not fixable, resemblance of a form to some particular object of a diverse class, which resemblance we need only increase but a little, to destroy, or at least injure, its beauty-enhancing effect, and to make it a fantastic intrusion of the accidental and the arbitrary, and consequently a disturbance of the beautiful. This might be abundantly exemplified and illustrated from the paintings of Salvator Rosa.

I am now using the term beauty in its most comprehensive sense, as including expression and artistic interest,—that is, I consider not only the living balance, but likewise

[1] Also from vol. i. of the "Remains."

all the accompaniments that even by disturbing are necessary to the renewal and continuance of the balance. And in this sense I proceed to show, that the beautiful in the object may be referred to two elements,—lines and colours; the first belonging to the shapely (*forma, formalis, formosus*), and in this, to the law, and the reason; and the second, to the lively, the free, the spontaneous, and the self-justifying. As to lines, the rectilineal are in themselves the lifeless, the determined *ab extra*, but still in immediate union with the cycloidal, which are expressive of function. The curve line is a modification of the force from without by the force from within, or the spontaneous. These are not arbitrary symbols, but the language of nature, universal and intuitive, by virtue of the law by which man is impelled to explain visible motions by imaginary causative powers analogous to his own acts, as the Dryads, Hamadryads, Naiads, &c.

The better way of applying these principles will be by a brief and rapid sketch of the history of the fine arts,—in which it will be found, that the beautiful in nature has been appropriated to the works of man, just in proportion as the state of the mind in the artists themselves approached to the subjective beauty. Determine what predominance in the minds of the men is preventive of the living balance of excited faculties, and you will discover the exact counterpart in the outward products. Egypt is an illustration of this. Shapeliness is intellect without freedom; but colours are significant. The introduction of the arch is not less an epoch in the fine than in the useful arts.

Order is beautiful arrangement without any purpose *ad extra*;—therefore there is a beauty of order, or order may be contemplated exclusively as beauty.

The form given in every empirical intuition,—the stuff, that is, the quality of the stuff, determines the agreeable: but when a thing excites us to receive it in such and such a mould, so that its exact correspondence to that mould is

what occupies the mind,—this is taste or the sense of beauty. Whether dishes full of painted wood or exquisite viands were laid out on a table in the same arrangement, would be indifferent to the taste, as in ladies' patterns; but surely the one is far more agreeable than the other. Hence observe the disinterestedness of all taste; and hence also a sensual perfection with intellect is occasionally possible without moral feeling. So it may be in music and painting, but not in poetry. How far it is a real preference of the refined to the gross pleasures, is another question, upon the supposition that pleasure, in some form or other, is that alone which determines men to the objects of the former;—whether experience does not show that if the latter were equally in our power, occasioned no more trouble to enjoy, and caused no more exhaustion of the power of enjoying them by the enjoyment itself, we should in real practice prefer the grosser pleasure. It is not, therefore, any excellence in the quality of the refined pleasures themselves, but the advantages and facilities in the means of enjoying them, that give them the pre-eminence.

This is, of course, on the supposition of the absence of all moral feeling. Suppose its presence, and then there will accrue an excellence even to the quality of the pleasures themselves; not only, however, of the refined, but also of the grosser kinds,—inasmuch as a larger sweep of thoughts will be associated with each enjoyment, and with each thought will be associated a number of sensations; and so, consequently, each pleasure will become more the pleasure of the whole being. This is one of the earthly rewards of our being what we ought to be, but which would be annihilated, if we attempted to be it for the sake of this increased enjoyment. Indeed it is a contradiction to suppose it. Yet this is the common *argumentum in circulo*, in which the eudæmonists flee and pursue.

* * * * *

ON POESY OR ART.[1]

MAN communicates by articulation of sounds, and paramountly by the memory in the ear; nature, by the impression of bounds and surfaces on the eye, and through the eye it gives significance and appropriation, and thus the conditions of memory, or the capability of being remembered, to sounds, smells, &c. Now Art, used collectively for painting, sculpture, architecture and music, is the mediatress between, and reconciler of, nature and man. It is, therefore, the power of humanizing nature, of infusing the thoughts and passions of man into every thing which is the object of his contemplation; colour, form, motion, and sound, are the elements which it combines, and it stamps them into unity in the mould of a moral idea.

The primary art is writing;—primary, if we regard the purpose abstracted from the different modes of realizing it, those steps of progression of which the instances are still visible in the lower degrees of civilization. First, there is mere gesticulation; then rosaries or *wampun;* then picture-language; then hieroglyphics, and finally alphabetic letters. These all consist of a translation of man into nature, of a substitution of the visible for the audible.

[1] From vol. i. of the "Remains," where it represents the XIIIth Lecture of the Course of 1818. See the Introductory Note to our Third Division.

We see that Coleridge's ideas have at length become matured, and are more adequately set forth in this paper. In fact, however tentative they may be, in some respects, the subtle genius of Coleridge is nowhere more finely exhibited than in these art-essays.

The so called music of savage tribes as little deserves the name of art for the understanding as the ear warrants it for music. Its lowest state is a mere expression of passion by sounds which the passion itself necessitates;—the highest amounts to no more than a voluntary reproduction of these sounds in the absence of the occasioning causes, so as to give the pleasure of contrast,—for example, by the various outcries of battle in the song of security and triumph. Poetry also is purely human; for all its materials are from the mind, and all its products are for the mind. But it is the apotheosis of the former state, in which by excitement of the associative power passion itself imitates order, and the order resulting produces a pleasurable passion, and thus it elevates the mind by making its feelings the object of its reflexion. So likewise, whilst it recalls the sights and sounds that had accompanied the occasions of the original passions, poetry impregnates them with an interest not their own by means of the passions, and yet tempers the passion by the calming power which all distinct images exert on the human soul. In this way poetry is the preparation for art, inasmuch as it avails itself of the forms of nature to recall, to express, and to modify the thoughts and feelings of the mind. Still, however, poetry can only act through the intervention of articulate speech, which is so peculiarly human, that in all languages it constitutes the ordinary phrase by which man and nature are contradistinguished. It is the original force of the word 'brute,' and even 'mute,' and 'dumb', do not convey the absence of sound, but the absence of articulated sounds.

As soon as the human mind is intelligibly addressed by an outward image exclusively of articulate speech, so soon does art commence. But please to observe that I have laid particular stress on the words 'human mind,'—meaning to exclude thereby all results common to man and all

other sentient creatures, and consequently confining myself to the effect produced by the congruity of the animal impression with the reflective powers of the mind; so that not the thing presented, but that which is re-presented by the thing, shall be the source of the pleasure. In this sense nature itself is to a religious observer the art of God; and for the same cause art itself might be defined as of a middle quality between a thought and a thing, or as I said before, the union and reconciliation of that which is nature with that which is exclusively human. It is the figured language of thought, and is distinguished from nature by the unity of all the parts in one thought or idea. Hence nature itself would give us the impression of a work of art, if we could see the thought which is present at once in the whole and in every part; and a work of art will be just in proportion as it adequately conveys the thought, and rich in proportion to the variety of parts which it holds in unity.

If, therefore, the term 'mute' be taken as opposed not to sound but to articulate speech, the old definition of painting will in fact be the true and best definition of the Fine Arts in general, that is, *muta poesis*, mute poesy, and so of course poesy. And, as all languages perfect themselves by a gradual process of desynonymizing words originally equivalent, I have cherished the wish to use the word 'poesy' as the generic or common term, and to distinguish that species of poesy which is not *muta poesis* by its usual name 'poetry;' while of all the other species which collectively form the Fine Arts, there would remain this as the common definition,—that they all, like poetry, are to express intellectual purposes, thoughts, conceptions, and sentiments which have their origin in the human mind,—not, however, as poetry does, by means of articulate speech, but as nature or the divine art does, by form, colour, magnitude, proportion, or by sound, that is, silently or musically.

Well! it may be said—but who has ever thought otherwise? We all know that art is the imitatress of nature. And, doubtless, the truths which I hope to convey would be barren truisms, if all men meant the same by the words 'imitate' and 'nature.' But it would be flattering mankind at large, to presume that such is the fact. First, to imitate. The impression on the wax is not an imitation, but a copy, of the seal; the seal itself is an imitation. But, further, in order to form a philosophic conception, we must seek for the kind, as the heat in ice, invisible light, &c., whilst, for practical purposes, we must have reference to the degree. It is sufficient that philosophically we understand that in all imitation two elements must coexist, and not only coexist, but must be perceived as coexisting. These two constituent elements are likeness and unlikeness, or sameness and difference, and in all genuine creations of art there must be a union of these disparates. The artist may take his point of view where he pleases, provided that the desired effect be perceptibly produced,—that there be likeness in the difference, difference in the likeness, and a reconcilement of both in one. If there be likeness to nature without any check of difference, the result is disgusting, and the more complete the delusion, the more loathsome the effect. Why are such simulations of nature, as wax-work figures of men and women, so disagreeable? Because, not finding the motion and the life which we expected, we are shocked as by a falsehood, every circumstance of detail, which before induced us to be interested, making the distance from truth more palpable. You set out with a supposed reality and are disappointed and disgusted with the deception; whilst, in respect to a work of genuine imitation, you begin with an acknowledged total difference, and then every touch of nature gives you the pleasure of an approximation to truth. The fundamental principle of all this is undoubtedly the horror of falsehood

and the love of truth inherent in the human breast. The Greek tragic dance rested on these principles, and I can deeply sympathize in imagination with the Greeks in this favourite part of their theatrical exhibitions, when I call to mind the pleasure I felt in beholding the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii most exquisitely danced in Italy to the music of Cimarosa.

Secondly, as to nature. We must imitate nature! yes, but what in nature,—all and every thing? No, the beautiful in nature. And what then is the beautiful? What is beauty? It is, in the abstract, the unity of the manifold, the coalescence of the diverse; in the concrete, it is the union of the shapely (*formosum*) with the vital. In the dead organic it depends on regularity of form, the first and lowest species of which is the triangle with all its modifications, as in crystals, architecture, &c.; in the living organic it is not mere regularity of form, which would produce a sense of formality; neither is it subservient to any thing beside itself. It may be present in a disagreeable object, in which the proportion of the parts constitutes a whole; it does not arise from association, as the agreeable does, but sometimes lies in the rupture of association; it is not different to different individuals and nations, as has been said, nor is it connected with the ideas of the good, or the fit, or the useful. The sense of beauty is intuitive, and beauty itself is all that inspires pleasure without, and aloof from, and even contrarily to, interest.

If the artist copies the mere nature, the *natura naturata*, what idle rivalry! If he proceeds only from a given form, which is supposed to answer to the notion of beauty, what an emptiness, what an unreality there always is in his productions, as in Cipriani's pictures! Believe me, you must master the essence, the *natura naturans*, which presupposes a bond between nature in the higher sense and the soul of man.

The wisdom in nature is distinguished from that in man by the co-instantaneity of the plan and the execution; the thought and the product are one, or are given at once; but there is no reflex act, and hence there is no moral responsibility. In man there is reflexion, freedom, and choice; he is, therefore, the head of the visible creation. In the objects of nature are presented, as in a mirror, all the possible elements, steps, and processes of intellect antecedent to consciousness, and therefore to the full development of the intelligential act; and man's mind is the very focus of all the rays of intellect which are scattered throughout the images of nature. Now so to place these images, totalized, and fitted to the limits of the human mind, as to elicit from, and to superinduce upon, the forms themselves the moral reflexions to which they approximate, to make the external internal, the internal external, to make nature thought, and thought nature,—this is the mystery of genius in the Fine Arts. Dare I add that the genius must act on the feeling, that body is but a striving to become mind,—that it is mind in its essence!

In every work of art there is a reconcilement of the external with the internal; the conscious is so impressed on the unconscious as to appear in it; as compare mere letters inscribed on a tomb with figures themselves constituting the tomb. He who combines the two is the man of genius; and for that reason he must partake of both. Hence there is in genius itself an unconscious activity; nay, that is the genius in the man of genius. And this is the true exposition of the rule that the artist must first eloign himself from nature in order to return to her with full effect. Why this? Because if he were to begin by mere painful copying, he would produce masks only, not forms breathing life. He must out of his own mind create forms according to the severe laws of the intellect, in order to generate in himself that co-ordination of freedom and law,

that involution of obedience in the prescript, and of the prescript in the impulse to obey, which assimilates him to nature, and enables him to understand her. He merely absents himself for a season from her, that his own spirit, which has the same ground with nature, may learn her unspoken language in its main radicals, before he approaches to her endless compositions of them. Yes, not to acquire cold notions—lifeless technical rules—but living and life-producing ideas, which shall contain their own evidence, the certainty that they are essentially one with the germinal causes in nature,—his consciousness being the focus and mirror of both,—for this does the artist for a time abandon the external real in order to return to it with a complete sympathy with its internal and actual. For of all we see, hear, feel and touch the substance is and must be in ourselves; and therefore there is no alternative in reason between the dreary (and thank heaven! almost impossible) belief that every thing around us is but a phantom, or that the life which is in us is in them likewise; and that to know is to resemble, when we speak of objects out of ourselves, even as within ourselves to learn is, according to Plato, only to recollect;—the only effective answer to which, that I have been fortunate to meet with, is that which Pope has consecrated for future use in the line—

"And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin!"

The artist must imitate that which is within the thing, that which is active through form and figure, and discourses to us by symbols—the *Natur-geist*, or spirit of nature, as we unconsciously imitate those whom we love; for so only can he hope to produce any work truly natural in the object and truly human in the effect. The idea which puts the form together cannot itself be the form. It is above form, and is its essence, the universal in the individual, or

the individuality itself,—the glance and the exponent of the indwelling power.

Each thing that lives has its moment of self-exposition, and so has each period of each thing, if we remove the disturbing forces of accident. To do this is the business of ideal art, whether in images of childhood, youth, or age, in man or in woman. Hence a good portrait is the abstract of the personal; it is not the likeness for actual comparison, but for recollection. This explains why the likeness of a very good portrait is not always recognized; because some persons never abstract, and amongst these are especially to be numbered the near relations and friends of the subject, in consequence of the constant pressure and check exercised on their minds by the actual presence of the original. And each thing that only appears to live has also its possible position of relation to life, as nature herself testifies, who, where she cannot be, prophesies her being in the crystallized metal, or the inhaling plant.

The charm, the indispensable requisite, of sculpture is unity of effect. But painting rests in a material remoter from nature, and its compass is therefore greater. Light and shade give external, as well internal, being even with all its accidents, whilst sculpture is confined to the latter. And here I may observe that the subjects chosen for works of art, whether in sculpture or painting, should be such as really are capable of being expressed and conveyed within the limits of those arts. Moreover they ought to be such as will affect the spectator by their truth, their beauty, or their sublimity, and therefore they may be addressed to the judgment, the senses, or the reason. The peculiarity of the impression which they may make, may be derived either from colour and form, or from proportion and fitness, or from the excitement of the moral feelings; or all these may be combined. Such works as do combine these sources of effect must have the preference in dignity.

Imitation of the antique may be too exclusive, and may produce an injurious effect on modern sculpture;—1st, generally, because such an imitation cannot fail to have a tendency to keep the attention fixed on externals rather than on the thought within;—2ndly, because, accordingly, it leads the artist to rest satisfied with that which is always imperfect, namely, bodily form, and circumscribes his views of mental expression to the ideas of power and grandeur only;—3rdly, because it induces an effort to combine together two incongruous things, that is to say, modern feelings in antique forms;—4thly, because it speaks in a language, as it were, learned and dead, the tones of which, being unfamiliar, leave the common spectator cold and unimpressed;—and lastly, because it necessarily causes a neglect of thoughts, emotions and images of profounder interest and more exalted dignity, as motherly, sisterly, and brotherly love, piety, devotion, the divine become human,—the Virgin, the Apostle, the Christ. The artist's principle in the statue of a great man should be the illustration of departed merit; and I cannot but think that a skilful adoption of modern habiliments would, in many instances, give a variety and force of effect which a bigoted adherence to Greek or Roman costume precludes. It is, I believe, from artists finding Greek models unfit for several important modern purposes, that we see so many allegorical figures on monuments and elsewhere. Painting was, as it were, a new art, and being unshackled by old models it chose its own subjects, and took an eagle's flight. And a new field seems opened for modern sculpture in the symbolical expression of the ends of life, as in Guy's monument, Chantrey's children in Worcester Cathedral, &c.

Architecture exhibits the greatest extent of the difference from nature which may exist in works of art. It involves all the powers of design, and is sculpture and painting

inclusively. It shews the greatness of man, and should at the same time teach him humility.

Music is the most entirely human of the fine arts, and has the fewest *analoga* in nature. Its first delightfulness is simple accordance with the ear; but it is an associated thing, and recalls the deep emotions of the past with an intellectual sense of proportion. Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause,—a proof, I think, that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.

With regard to works in all the branches of the fine arts, I may remark that the pleasure arising from novelty must of course be allowed its due place and weight. This pleasure consists in the identity of two opposite elements, that is to say—sameness and variety. If in the midst of the variety there be not some fixed object for the attention, the unceasing succession of the variety will prevent the mind from observing the difference of the individual objects; and the only thing remaining will be the succession, which will then produce precisely the same effect as sameness. This we experience when we let the trees or hedges pass before the fixed eye during a rapid movement in a carriage, or on the other hand, when we suffer a file of soldiers or ranks of men in procession to go on before us without resting the eye on any one in particular. In order to derive pleasure from the occupation of the mind, the principle of unity must always be present, so that in the midst of the multeity the centripetal force be never suspended, nor the sense be fatigued by the predominance of the centrifugal force. This unity in multeity I have elsewhere stated as the principle of beauty. It is equally the source of pleasure in variety, and in fact a higher term including both. What is the seclusive or distinguishing term between them?

Remember that there is a difference between form as proceeding, and shape as superinduced;—the latter is either the death or the imprisonment of the thing;—the former is its self-witnessing and self-effected sphere of agency. Art would or should be the abridgment of nature. Now the fulness of nature is without character, as water is purest when without taste, smell, or colour; but this is the highest, the apex only,—it is not the whole. The object of art is to give the whole *ad hominem;* hence each step of nature hath its ideal, and hence the possibility of a climax up to the perfect form of a harmonized chaos.

To the idea of life victory or strife is necessary; as virtue consists not simply in the absence of vices, but in the overcoming of them. So it is in beauty. The sight of what is subordinated and conquered heightens the strength and the pleasure; and this should be exhibited by the artist either inclusively in his figure, or else out of it, and beside it to act by way of supplement and contrast. And with a view to this, remark the seeming identity of body and mind in infants, and thence the loveliness of the former; the commencing separation in boyhood, and the struggle of equilibrium in youth: thence onward the body is first simply indifferent; then demanding the translucency of the mind not to be worse than indifferent; and finally all that presents the body as body becoming almost of an excremental nature.[1]

[1] Even this Essay, it would seem, is incomplete. It is, however, unmistakably, Coleridge's own writing, and in his best vein.

ON THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

ON THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS:

An Essay, preparatory to a series of disquisitions[1] respecting the Egyptian, in connection with the sacerdotal, theology, and in contrast with the mysteries of ancient Greece. Read at the Royal Society of Literature,[2] May 18, 1825.

THE French *savans* who went to Egypt in the train of Buonaparte, Denon, Fourrier, and Dupuis, (it has been asserted), triumphantly vindicated the chronology of Herodotus, on the authority of documents that cannot lie;—namely, the inscriptions and sculptures on those enormous masses of architecture, that might seem to have been built in the wish of rivalling the mountains, and at some unknown future to answer the same purpose, that is, to stand the gigantic tombstones of an elder world. It is decided, say the critics, whose words I have before cited, that the present division of the zodiac had been already arranged by the Egyptians fifteen thousand years before the Christian era, and according to an inscription 'which cannot lie' the temple of Esne is of eight thousand years standing.

Now, in the first place, among a people who had placed

[1] This "series of disquisitions" is heard no more of.

[2] "In 1821 or 1822," says H. N. Coleridge, in a note in the first edition only of the *Table Talk* (1835),—"George the Fourth founded the Royal Society of Literature, which was incorporated by charter in 1825. The King gave a thousand guineas a year out of his own private pocket, to be distributed amongst ten literary men, to be called Royal Associates, and to be selected at the discretion of the Council." Coleridge was one of the ten selected, and received £105 a year, up to the date of George IVth's death, in 1830.

their national pride in their antiquity, I do not see the impossibility of an inscription lying; and, secondly, as little can I see the improbability of a modern interpreter misunderstanding it; and lastly, the incredibility of a French infidel's partaking of both defects, is still less evident to my understanding. The inscriptions may be, and in some instances, very probably are, of later date than the temples themselves,—the offspring of vanity or priestly rivalry, or of certain astrological theories; or the temples themselves may have been built in the place of former and ruder structures, of an earlier and ruder period, and not impossibly under a different scheme of hieroglyphic or significant characters; and these may have been intentionally, or ignorantly, miscopied or mistranslated.

But more than all the preceding,—I cannot but persuade myself, that for a man of sound judgment and enlightened common sense—a man with whom the demonstrable laws of the human mind, and the rules generalized from the great mass of facts respecting human nature, weigh more than any two or three detached documents or narrations, of whatever authority the narrator may be, and however difficult it may be to bring positive proofs against the antiquity of the documents—I cannot but persuade myself, I say, that for such a man, the relation preserved in the first book of the Pentateuch,—and which, in perfect accordance with all analogous experience, with all the facts of history, and all that the principles of political economy would lead us to anticipate, conveys to us the rapid progress in civilization and splendour from Abraham and Abimelech to Joseph and Pharaoh,—will be worth a whole library of such inferences.

I am aware that it is almost universal to speak of the gross idolatry of Egypt; nay, that arguments have been grounded on this assumption in proof of the divine origin of the Mosaic monotheism. But first, if by this we are to

understand that the great doctrine of the one Supreme Being was first revealed to the Hebrew legislator, his own inspired writings supply abundant and direct confutation of the position. Of certain astrological superstitions,—of certain talismans connected with star-magic,—plates and images constructed in supposed harmony with the movements and influences of celestial bodies,—there doubtless exist hints, if not direct proofs, both in the Mosaic writings, and those next to these in antiquity. But of plain idolatry in Egypt, or the existence of a polytheistic religion, represented by various idols, each signifying a several deity, I can find no decisive proof in the Pentateuch, and when I collate these with the books of the prophets, and the other inspired writings subsequent to the Mosaic, I cannot but regard the absence of any such proof in the latter, compared with the numerous and powerful assertions, or evident implications, of Egyptian idolatry in the former, both as an argument of incomparably greater value in support of the age and authenticity of the Pentateuch, and as a strong presumption in favour of the hypothesis on which I shall in part ground the theory which will pervade this series of disquisitions;—namely, that the sacerdotal religion of Egypt had, during the interval from Abimelech to Moses, degenerated from the patriarchal monotheism into a pantheism, cosmotheism, or worship of the world as God.

The reason, or pretext, assigned by the Hebrew legislator to Pharaoh for leading his countrymen into the wilderness to join with their brethren, the tribes who still sojourned in the nomadic state, namely, that their sacrifices would be an abomination to the Egyptians, may be urged as inconsistent with, nay, as confuting this hypothesis. But to this I reply, first, that the worship of the ox and cow was not, in and of itself, and necessarily, a contravention of the first commandment, though a very gross breach of the second;—for it is most certain that the ten tribes wor-

shipped the Jehovah, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, under the same or similar symbols:—secondly, that the cow, or Isis, and the Io of the Greeks, truly represented, in the first instance, the earth or productive nature, and afterwards the mundane religion grounded on the worship of nature, or the τὸ πᾶν, as God. In after times, the ox or bull was added, representing the sun, or generative force of nature, according to the habit of male and female deities, which spread almost over the whole world,—the positive and negative forces in the science of superstition;—for the pantheism of the sage necessarily engenders polytheism as the popular creed. But lastly, a very sufficient reason may, I think, be assigned for the choice of the ox or cow, as representing the very life of nature, by the first legislators of Egypt, and for the similar sacred character in the Brachmanic tribes of Hindostan. The progress from savagery to civilization is evidently first from the hunting to the pastoral state, a process which even now is going on, within our own times, among the South American Indians in the vast tracts between Buenos Ayres and the Andes: but the second and the most important step, is from the pastoral, or wandering, to the agricultural, or fixed, state. Now, if even for men born and reared under European civilization, the charms of a wandering life have been found so great a temptation, that few who have taken to it have been induced to return, (see the confession in the preamble to the statute respecting the gipsies);[1]—how much greater must have been the danger of relapse in the first formation of fixed states with a condensed population? And what stronger prevention could the ingenuity of the priestly

[1] "The Act meant is probably the 5. Eliz. c. 20, enforcing the two previous Acts of Henry VIII., and Philip and Mary, and reciting that natural born Englishmen had 'become of the fellowship of the said vagabonds, by transforming or disguising themselves in their apparel,' &c."—H. N. C.

kings—(for the priestly is ever the first form of government)—devise, than to have made the ox or cow the representatives of the divine principle in the world, and, as such, an object of adoration, the wilful destruction of which was sacrilege?—For this rendered a return to the pastoral state impossible; in which the flesh of these animals and the milk formed almost the exclusive food[1] of mankind; while, in the meantime, by once compelling and habituating men to the use of a vegetable diet, it enforced the laborious cultivation of the soil, and both produced and permitted a vast and condensed population. In the process and continued subdivisions of polytheism, this great sacred Word,—for so the consecrated animals were called ἱεροὶ λόγοι,[2]—became multiplied, till almost every power and supposed attribute of nature had its symbol in some consecrated animal from the beetle to the hawk. Wherever the powers of nature had found a cycle for themselves, in which the powers still produced the same phenomenon during a given period, whether in the motions of the heavenly orbs, or in the smallest living organic body, there the Egyptian sages predicated life and mind. Time, cyclical time, was their abstraction of the deity, and their holidays were their gods.

The diversity between theism and pantheism may be most simply and generally expressed in the following *formula*, in which the material universe is expressed by W, and the deity by G.

$$W - G = 0;$$

or the World without God is an impossible conception. This position is common to theist and pantheist. But the pantheist adds the converse—

$$G - W = 0;$$

[1] Has not Coleridge forgotten the sheep?

[2] The Logos is Coleridge's fetish.

for which the theist substitutes—

$$G - W = G;$$

or that—

$\overline{G = G}$, anterior and irrelative to the existence of the world, is equal to $\overline{G + W}$.[1]

Before the mountains were, Thou art.—I am not about to lead the society beyond the bounds of my subject into divinity or theology in the professional sense. But without a precise definition of pantheism, without a clear insight into the essential distinction between it and the theism of the Scriptures, it appears to me impossible to understand either the import or the history of the polytheism of the great historical nations. I beg leave, therefore, to repeat, and to carry on my former position, that the religion of Egypt, at the time of the Exodus of the Hebrews, was a pantheism, on the point of passing into that polytheism, of which it afterwards afforded a specimen, gross and distasteful even to polytheists themselves of other nations.

The objects which, on my appointment as Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, I proposed to myself were, 1st. The elucidation of the purpose of the Greek drama, and the relations in which it stood to the mysteries on the one hand, and to the state or sacerdotal religion on the other:—2nd. The connection of the Greek tragic poets with philosophy as the peculiar offspring of Greek genius:—3rd. The connection of the Homeric and

[1] "Mr. Coleridge was in the constant habit of expressing himself on paper by the algebraic symbols. They have an uncouth look in the text of an ordinary essay, and I have sometimes ventured to render them by the equivalent words. But most of the readers of these volumes will know that — means *less by*, or *without*; + *more by*, or *in addition to*; = *equal to*, or, *the same as*."—H. N. C.

The paragraph, somewhat differently put, will be found in the *Table Talk*, May 10, 1827.

cyclical poets with the popular religion of the Greeks: and, lastly, from all these,—namely, the mysteries, the sacerdotal religion, their philosophy before and after Socrates, the stage, the Homeric poetry and the legendary belief of the people, and from the sources and productive causes in the derivation and confluence of the tribes that finally shaped themselves into a nation of Greeks—to give a juster and more distinct view of this singular people, and of the place which they occupied in the history of the world, and the great scheme of divine providence, than I have hitherto seen,—or rather let me say, than it appears to me possible to give by any other process.

The present Essay, however, I devote to the purpose of removing, or at least invalidating, one objection that I may reasonably anticipate, and which may be conveyed in the following question :—What proof have you of the fact of any connection between the Greek drama, and either the mysteries, or the philosophy, of Greece? What proof that it was the office of the tragic poet, under a disguise of the sacerdotal religion, mixed with the legendary or popular belief, to reveal as much of the mysteries interpreted by philosophy, as would counteract the demoralizing effects of the state religion, without compromising the tranquillity of the state itself, or weakening that paramount reverence, without which a republic (such, I mean, as the republics of ancient Greece were) could not exist?

I know no better way in which I can reply to this objection, than by giving, as my proof and instance, the Prometheus of Æschylus, accompanied with an exposition of what I believe to be the intention of the poet, and the mythic import of the work; of which it may be truly said, that it is more properly tragedy itself in the plenitude of the idea, than a particular tragic poem; and as a preface to this exposition, and for the twin purpose of rendering it intelligible, and of explaining its connexion with the whole

scheme of my Essays, I entreat permission to insert a quotation from a work of my own, which has indeed been in print for many years, but which few of my auditors will probably have heard of, and still fewer, if any, have read.

"As the representative of the youth and approaching manhood of the human intellect we have ancient Greece, from Orpheus, Linus, Musæus, and the other mythological bards, or, perhaps, the brotherhoods impersonated under those names, to the time when the republics lost their independence, and their learned men sank into copyists of, and commentators on, the works of their forefathers. That we include these as educated under a distinct providential, though not miraculous, dispensation will surprise no one, who reflects, that in whatever has a permanent operation on the destinies and intellectual condition of mankind at large,—that in all which has been manifestly employed as a co-agent in the mightiest revolution of the moral world, the propagation of the Gospel, and in the intellectual progress of mankind in the restoration of philosophy, science, and the ingenuous arts—it were irreligion not to acknowledge the hand of divine providence. The periods, too, join on to each other. The earliest Greeks took up the religious and lyrical poetry of the Hebrews; and the schools of the prophets were, however partially and imperfectly, represented by the mysteries derived through the corrupt channel of the Phœnicians. With these secret schools of physiological theology, the mythical poets were doubtless in connexion, and it was these schools which prevented polytheism from producing all its natural barbarizing effects. The mysteries and the mythical hymns and pæans shaped themselves gradually into epic poetry and history on the one hand, and into the ethical tragedy and philosophy on the other. Under their protection, and that of a youthful liberty, secretly controlled by a species of internal theo-

cracy, the sciences, and the sterner kinds of the fine arts, that is, architecture and statuary, grew up together, followed, indeed, by painting, but a statuesque, and austerely idealized, painting, which did not degenerate into mere copies of the sense, till the process for which Greece existed had been completed."[1]

The Greeks alone brought forth philosophy in the proper and contra-distinguishable sense of the term, which we may compare to the coronation medal with its symbolic characters, as contrasted with the coins, issued under the same sovereign, current in the market. In the primary sense, philosophy had for its aim and proper subject the τὰ περὶ ἀρχῶν, *de originibus rerum*, as far as man proposes to discover the same in and by the pure reason alone. This, I say, was the offspring of Greece, and elsewhere adopted only. The predisposition appears in their earliest poetry.

The first object, (or subject matter) of Greek philosophizing was in some measure philosophy itself;—not, indeed, as the product, but as the producing power—the productivity. Great minds turned inward on the fact of the diversity between man and beast; a superiority of kind in addition to that of degree; the latter, that is, the difference in degree comprehending the more enlarged sphere and the multifold application of faculties common to man and brute animals;—even this being in great measure a transfusion from the former, namely, from the superiority in kind;—for only by its co-existence with reason, free will, self-consciousness, the contra-distinguishing attributes of man, does the instinctive intelligence manifested in the ant, the dog, the elephant, &c. become human understanding. It is a truth with which Heraclitus, the senior, but yet contemporary, of Æschylus, appears, from the few genuine fragments of his writings

[1] Friend, III. Essay, 9.—H. N. C.

that are yet extant, to have been deeply impressed,—that the mere understanding in man, considered as the power of adapting means to immediate purposes, differs, indeed, from the intelligence displayed by other animals, and not in degree only; but yet does not differ by any excellence which it derives from itself, or by any inherent diversity, but solely in consequence of a combination with far higher powers of a diverse kind in one and the same subject.

Long before the entire separation of metaphysics from poetry, that is, while yet poesy, in all its several species of verse, music, statuary, &c. continued mythic;—while yet poetry remained the union of the sensuous and the philosophic mind;—the efficient presence of the latter in the *synthesis* of the two, had manifested itself in the sublime *mythus* περὶ γενέσεως τοῦ νοῦ ἐν ἀνθρωποῖς concerning the *genesis*, or birth of the νοῦς or reason in man. This the most venerable, and perhaps the most ancient, of Grecian *myth*, is a philosopheme, the very same in subject matter with the earliest record of the Hebrews, but most characteristically different in tone and conception;—for the patriarchal religion, as the antithesis of pantheism, was necessarily personal; and the doctrines of a faith, the first ground of which and the primary enunciation, is the eternal I AM, must be in part historic and must assume the historic form. Hence the Hebrew record is a narrative, and the first instance of the fact is given as the origin of the fact.

That a profound truth—a truth that is, indeed, the grand and indispensable condition of all moral responsibility—is involved in this characteristic of the sacred narrative, I am not alone persuaded, but distinctly aware. This, however, does not preclude us from seeing, nay, as an additional mark of the wisdom that inspired the sacred historian, it rather supplies a motive to us, impels and authorizes us, to see, in the form of the vehicle of the truth, an accommoda-

tion to the then childhood of the human race. Under this impression we may, I trust, safely consider the narration,—introduced, as it is here introduced, for the purpose of explaining a mere work of the unaided mind of man by comparison,—as an ἔπος ἱερογλυφικὸν,—and as such (apparently, I mean, not actually,) a *synthesis* of poesy and philosophy, characteristic of the childhood of nations.

In the Greek we see already the dawn of approaching manhood. The substance, the stuff, is philosophy: the form only is poetry. The Prometheus is a *philosophema* ταυτηγορικὸν,—the tree of knowledge of good and evil,—an allegory, a προπαίδευμα, though the noblest and the most pregnant of its kind.

The generation of the νοῦς, or pure reason in man. 1. It was superadded or infused, *a supra* to mark that it was no mere evolution of the animal basis;—that it could not have grown out of the other faculties of man, his life, sense, understanding, as the flower grows out of the stem, having pre-existed potentially in the seed: 2. The νοῦς, or fire, was 'stolen,'—to mark its *hetero*—or rather its *allo*-geneity, that is, its diversity, its difference in kind, from the faculties which are common to man with the nobler animals: 3. And stolen 'from Heaven,'—to mark its superiority in kind, as well as its essential diversity: 4. And it was a 'spark,'—to mark that it is not subject to any modifying reaction from that on which it immediately acts; that it suffers no change, and receives no accession, from the inferior, but multiplies itself by conversion, without being alloyed by, or amalgamated with, that which it potentiates, ennobles, and transmutes: 5. And lastly, (in order to imply the homogeneity of the donor and of the gift,) it was stolen by a 'god,' and a god of the race before the dynasty of Jove,—Jove the binder of reluctant powers, the coercer and entrancer of free spirits under the fetters of shape, and mass, and passive mobility; but likewise by

a god of the same race and essence with Jove, and linked of yore in closest and friendliest intimacy with him. This, to mark the pre-existence, in order of thought, of the *nous*, as spiritual, both to the objects of sense, and to their products, formed as it were, by the precipitation, or, if I may dare adopt the bold language of Leibnitz, by a coagulation of spirit. In other words this derivation of the spark from above, and from a god anterior to the Jovial dynasty—(that is, to the submersion of spirits in material forms,)—was intended to mark the transcendency of the *nous*, the contra-distinctive faculty of man, as timeless, ἄχρονόν τι, and, in this negative sense, eternal. It signified, I say, its superiority to, and its diversity from, all things that subsist in space and time, nay, even those which, though spaceless, yet partake of time, namely, souls or understandings. For the soul, or understanding, if it be defined physiologically as the principle of sensibility, irritability, and growth, together with the functions of the organs, which are at once the representatives and the instruments of these, must be considered *in genere*, though not in degree or dignity, common to man and the inferior animals. It was the spirit, the *nous*, which man alone possessed. And I must be permitted to suggest that this notion deserves some respect, were it only that it can shew a semblance, at least, of sanction from a far higher authority.

The Greeks agreed with the cosmogonies of the East in deriving all sensible forms from the indistinguishable. The latter we find designated as the τὸ ἄμορφον, the ὕδωρ προκοσμικὸν, the χάος, as the essentially unintelligible, yet necessarily presumed, basis or sub-position of all positions. That it is, scientifically considered, an indispensable idea for the human mind, just as the mathematical point, &c. for the geometrician;—of this the various systems of our geologists and cosmogonists, from Burnet to La Place,

afford strong presumption. As an idea, it must be interpreted as a striving of the mind to distinguish being from existence,—or potential being, the ground of being containing the possibility of existence, from being actualized. In the language of the mysteries, it was the *esurience*, the πόθος or *desideratum*, the unfuelled fire, the Ceres, the ever-seeking maternal goddess, the origin and interpretation of whose name is found in the Hebrew root signifying hunger, and thence capacity. It was, in short, an effort to represent the universal ground of all differences distinct or opposite, but in relation to which all *antithesis* as well as all *antitheta*, existed only potentially. This was the container and withholder, (such is the primitive sense of the Hebrew word rendered *darkness* (Gen. 1. 2.)) out of which *light*, that is, the *lux lucifica*, as distinguished from *lumen seu lux phœnomenalis*, was produced;—say, rather, that which, producing itself into light as the one pole or antagonist power, remained in the other pole as darkness, that is, gravity, or the principle of mass, or wholeness without distinction of parts.

And here the peculiar, the philosophic, genius of Greece began its fœtal throb. Here it individualized itself in contra-distinction from the Hebrew archology, on the one side, and from the Phœnician, on the other. The Phœnician confounded the indistinguishable with the absolute, the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the ineffable *causa sui*. It confounded, I say, the multeity below intellect, that is, unintelligible from defect of the subject, with the absolute identity above all intellect, that is, transcending comprehension by the plenitude of its excellence. With the Phœnician sages the cosmogony was their theogony and *vice versa*. Hence, too, flowed their theurgic rites, their magic, their worship *(cultus et apotheosis)* of the plastic forces, chemical and vital, and these, or their notions respecting these, formed the hidden meaning, the soul, as it were, of

which the popular and civil worship was the body with its drapery.

The Hebrew wisdom imperatively asserts an unbeginning creative One, who neither became the world; nor is the world eternally; nor made the world out of himself by emanation, or evolution;—but who willed it, and it was! Τὰ ἄθεα ἐγένετο, καὶ ἐγένετο χάος,—and this chaos, the eternal will, by the spirit and the word, or express *fiat*,—again acting as the impregnant, distinctive, and ordonnant power,—enabled to become a world—κοσμεῖσθαι. So must it be when a religion, that shall preclude superstition on the one hand, and brute indifference on the other, is to be true for the meditative sage, yet intelligible, or at least apprehensible, for all but the fools in heart.

The Greek philosopheme, preserved for us in the Æschylean Prometheus, stands midway betwixt both, yet is distinct in kind from either. With the Hebrew or purer Semitic, it assumes an X Y Z,[1]—(I take these letters in their algebraic application)—an indeterminate *Elohim*, antecedent to the matter of the world, ὕλη ἄκοσμος—no less than to the ὕλη κεκοσμημένη. In this point, likewise, the Greek accorded with the Semitic, and differed from the Phœnician—that it held the antecedent X Y Z to be super-sensuous and divine. But on the other hand, it coincides with the Phœnician in considering this antecedent ground of corporeal matter,—τῶν σωμάτων καὶ τοῦ σωματικοῦ,—not so properly the cause of the latter, as the occasion and the still continuing substance. *Materia substat adhuc.* The corporeal was supposed co-essential with the antecedent of its corporeity. Matter, as distinguished from body, was a *non ens*, a simple apparition, *id quod mere videtur*; but to body the elder physico-theology of the Greeks allowed a participation in entity. It was *spiritus ipse, oppressus, dor-*

[1] This trinity of algebraic symbols for the unknown would seem, from the conclusion of the paragraph, to be intentional.

which the component parts are so far from explaining, that they necessarily pre-suppose it as the cause and condition of their existing as those parts, or even of their existing at all. This antecedent unity, or cause and principle of each union, it has since the time of Bacon and Kepler been customary to call a law. This crocus, for instance, or any flower the reader may have in sight or choose to bring before his fancy;—that the root, stem, leaves, petals, &c. cohere as one plant, is owing to an antecedent power or principle in the seed, which existed before a single particle of the matters that constitute the size and visibility of the crocus had been attracted from the surrounding soil, air, and moisture. Shall we turn to the seed? Here too the same necessity meets us, an antecedent unity (I speak not of the parent plant, but of an agency antecedent in order of operance, yet remaining present as the conservative and reproductive power,) must here too be supposed. Analyze the seed with the finest tools, and let the solar microscope come in aid of your senses,—what do you find?—means and instrumer+s, a wondrous fairy-tale of nature, magazines of food, stores of various sorts, pipes, spiracles, defences,—a house of many chambers, and the owner and inhabitant invisible."[1] Now, compare a plant, thus contemplated, with an animal. In the former, the productive energy exhausts itself, and as it were, sleeps in the product or *organismus*—in its root, stem, foliage, blossoms, seed. Its balsams, gums, resins, *aromata*, and all other bases of its sensible qualities, are, it is well known, mere excretions from the vegetable, eliminated, as lifeless, from the actual plant. The qualities are not its properties, but the properties, or far rather, the dispersion and volatilization of these extruded and rejected bases. But in the animal it is otherwise. Here the ante-

[1] "Aids to Reflection. Moral and Religious Aphorisms. Aphorism VI."—H. N. C.

cedent unity—the productive and self-realizing idea—strives, with partial success to re-emancipate itself from its product, and seeks once again to become *idea*: vainly, indeed: for in order to this, it must be retrogressive, and it hath subjected itself to the fates, the evolvers of the endless thread—to the stern necessity of progression. *Idea* itself it cannot become, but it may in long and graduated process become an image, an ANALOGON, an anti-type of IDEA. And this *εἴδωλον* may approximate to a perfect likeness. *Quod est simile, nequit esse idem.* Thus, in the lower animals, we see this process of emancipation commence with the intermediate link, or that which forms the transition from properties to faculties, namely, with sensation. Then the faculties of sense, locomotion, construction, as, for instance, webs, hives, nests, &c. Then the functions; as of instinct, memory, fancy, instinctive intelligence, or understanding, as it exists in the most intelligent animals. Thus the *idea* (henceforward no mere *idea*, but irrecoverable by its own fatal act,) commences the process of its own transmutation, as *substans in substantiato*, as the *enteleche*, or the *vis formatrix*, and it finishes the process as *substans e substantiato*, that is, as the understanding.

If, for the purpose of elucidating this process, I might be allowed to imitate the symbolic language of the algebraists, and thus to regard the successive steps of the process as so many powers and dignities of the *nomos* or law, the scheme would be represented thus :—

$$\text{Nomos}^1 = \text{Product} : N^2 = \text{Property} : N^3 = \text{Faculty} : N^4 = \text{Function} : N^5 = \text{Understanding};$$

which is, indeed, in one sense, itself a *nomos*, inasmuch as it is the index of the *nomos*, as well as its highest function; but, like the hand of a watch, it is likewise a *nomizomenon*. It is a verb, but still a verb passive.

On the other hand, *idea* is so far co-essential with *nomos*, that by its co-existence—(not confluence)—with the *nomos*

ἐν νομιζομένοις (with the *organismus* and its faculties and functions in the man,) it becomes itself a *nomos*. But, observe, a *nomos autonomos*, or containing its law in itself likewise;—even as the *nomos* produces for its highest product the understanding, so the *idea*, in its opposition and, of course, its correspondence to the *nomos*, begets in itself an *analogon* to product; and this is self-consciousness. But as the product can never become *idea*, so neither can the *idea* (if it is to remain *idea*) become or generate a distinct product. This *analogon* of product is to be itself; but were it indeed and substantially a product, it would cease to be self. It would be an object for a subject, not, (as it is and must be) an object that is its own subject, and *vice versa*; a conception which, if the uncombining and infusile genius of our language allowed it, might be expressed by the term subject-object. Now, *idea*, taken in indissoluble connection with this *analogon* of product, is mind, that which knows itself, and the existence of which may be inferred, but cannot appear or become a *phenomenen*.

By the benignity of Providence, the truths of most importance in themselves, and which it most concerns us to know, are familiar to us, even from childhood. Well for us if we do not abuse this privilege, and mistake the familiarity of words which convey these truths for a clear understanding of the truths themselves! If the preceding disquisition, with all its subtlety and all its obscurity, should answer no other purpose, it will still have been neither purposeless, nor devoid of utility, should it only lead us to sympathize with the strivings of the human intellect, awakened to the infinite importance of the inward oracle γνῶθι σεαυτόν—and almost instinctively shaping its course of search in conformity with the Platonic intimation:—ψυχῆς φύσιν ἀξίως λόγου καταvοῆσαι οἴεῖ δυνατὸν εἶναι, ἄνευ τῆς τοῦ ὅλου φύσεως; but be this as it may, the ground work of the Æschylean *mythus* is laid in the definition of

idea and law, as correlatives that mutually interpret each the other;—an idea, with the adequate power of realizing itself being a law, and a law considered abstractedly from, or in the absence of, the power of manifesting itself in its appropriate product, being an idea. Whether this be true philosophy, is not the question. The school of Aristotle would, of course, deny, the Platonic affirm it; for in this consists the difference of the two schools. Both acknowledge ideas as distinct from the mere generalizations from objects of sense: both would define an idea as an *ens rationale*, to which there can be no adequate correspondent in sensible experience. But, according to Aristotle, ideas are regulative only, and exist only as functions of the mind:—according to Plato, they are constitutive likewise, and one in essence with the power and life of nature;—*ἐν λόγῳ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.* And this I assert, was the philosophy of the mythic poets, who, like Æschylus, adapted the secret doctrines of the mysteries as the (not always safely disguised) antidote to the debasing influences of the religion of the state.

But to return and conclude this preliminary explanation. We have only to substitute the term will, and the term constitutive power, for *nomos* or law, and the process is the same. Permit me to represent the identity or *prothesis* by the letter Z and the *thesis* and *antithesis* by X and Y respectively. Then I say X by not being Y, but in consequence of being the correlative opposite of Y, is will; and Y, by not being X, but the correlative and opposite of X, is nature,—*natura naturans*, *νόμος φυσικός*. Hence we may see the necessity of contemplating the idea now as identical with the reason, and now as one with the will, and now as both in one, in which last case I shall, for convenience sake, employ the term *Nous*, the rational will, the practical reason.

We are now out of the holy jungle of transcendental

metaphysics: if indeed, the reader's patience shall have had strength and persistency enough to allow me to exclaim—

"Ivimus ambo
Per densas umbras: at tenet umbra Deum."

Not that I regard the foregoing as articles of faith, or as all true;—I have implied the contrary by contrasting it with, at least, by shewing, its disparateness from, the Mosaic, which, *bona fide*, I do regard as the truth. But I believe there is much, and profound, truth in it, *supra captum φιλοσόφων, qui non agnoscunt divinum, ideoque nec naturam, nisi nomine, agnoscunt; sed res cunctas ex sensuali corporeo cogitant, quibus hac ex causa interiora clausa manent, et simul cum illis exteriora quæ proxima interioribus sunt!* And with no less confidence do I believe that the positions above given, true or false, are contained in the Promethean *mythus*.

In this *mythus*, Jove is the impersonated representation or symbol of the *nomos—Jupiter est quodcunque vides*. He is the *mei agitans molem*, but at the same time, the *molem corpoream ponens et constituens*. And so far the Greek philosopheme does not differ essentially from the cosmotheism, or identification of God with the universe, in which consisted the first apostacy of mankind after the flood, when they combined to raise a temple to the heavens, and which is still the favored religion of the Chinese. Prometheus, in like manner, is the impersonated representative of Idea, or of the same power as Jove, but contemplated as independent and not immersed in the product,—as law *minus* the productive energy. As such it is next to be seen what the several significances of each must or may be, according to the philosophic conception; and of which significances, therefore, should we find in the philosopheme a correspondent to each, we shall be entitled to assert that such are the meanings of the fable. And first of Jove:—

Jove represents 1. *Nomos* generally, as opposed to Idea or *Nous*: 2. *Nomos archinomos*, now as the father, now as the sovereign, and now as the includer and representative of the *νόμοι οὐράνιοι κοσμικοί*, or *dii majores*, who, had joined or come over to Jove in the first schism: 3. *Nomos δαμνητής*—the subjugator of the spirits, of the *ἰδέαι πρόνομοι*, who, thus subjugated, became *νόμοι ὑπονόμιοι ὑποπόνδοι*, *Titanes pacati*, *dii minores*, that is, the elements considered as powers reduced to obedience under yet higher powers than themselves: 4. *Nomos πολιτικός*, law in the Pauline sense, *νόμος ἀλλοτριόνομος* in antithesis to *νόμος αὐτόνομος*.

COROLLARY.

It is in this sense that Jove's jealous, ever-quarrelsome, spouse represents the political sacerdotal *cultus*, the church, in short, of republican paganism;—a church by law established for the mere purposes of the particular state, unennobled by the consciousness of instrumentality to higher purposes;—at once unenlightened and unchecked by revelation. Most gratefully ought we to acknowledge that since the completion of our constitution in 1688, we may, with unflattering truth, elucidate the spirit and character of such a church by the contrast of the institution, to which England owes the larger portion of its superiority in that, in which alone superiority is an unmixed blessing,—the diffused cultivation of its inhabitants. But, previously to this period, I shall offend no enlightened man if I say without distinction of parties—*intra muros peccatur et extra*;—that the history of Christendom presents us with too many illustrations of this Junonian jealousy, this factious harassing of the sovereign power as soon as the latter betrayed any symptoms of a disposition to its true policy, namely, to privilege and perpetuate that which is best,—to

tolerate the tolerable,—and to restrain none but those who would restrain all, and subjugate even the state itself. But while truth extorts this confession, it, at the same time, requires that it should be accompanied by an avowal of the fact, that the spirit is a relic of Paganism; and with a bitter smile would an Æschylus or a Plato in the shades, listen to a Gibbon or a Hume vaunting the mild and tolerant spirit of the state religions of ancient Greece or Rome. Here we have the sense of Jove's intrigues with Europa, Io, &c. whom the god, in his own nature a general lover, had successively taken under his protection. And here, too, see the full appropriateness of this part of the *mythus*, in which symbol fades away into allegory, but yet in reference to the working cause, as grounded in humanity, and always existing either actually or potentially, and thus never ceases wholly to be a symbol or tautegory.

Prometheus represents, 1. *sensu generali*, Idea *πρόνομος*, and in this sense he is a *θεὸς ὁμόφυλος*, a fellow-tribesman both of the *dii majores*, with Jove at their head, and of the Titans or *dii pacati:* 2. He represents Idea *φιλόνομος*, *νομοδείκτης*; and in this sense the former friend and counsellor of Jove or *Nous uranius:* 3. *Λόγος φιλάνθρωπος*, the divine humanity, the humane God, who retained unseen, kept back, or (in the *catachresis* characteristic of the Phœnicio-Grecian mythology) stole, a portion or *ignicula* from the living spirit of law, which remained with the celestial gods unexpended *ἐν τῳ νομίζεσθαι*. He gave that which, according to the whole analogy of things, should have existed either as pure divinity, the sole property and birthright of the *Dii Joviales*, the *Uranions*, or was conceded to inferior beings as a *substans in substantiato*. This spark divine Prometheus gave to an elect, a favored animal, not as a *substans* or understanding, commensurate with, and confined by, the constitution and conditions of this particular organism, but as *aliquid superstans, liberum, non*

subactum, invictum, impacatum, μὴ νομιζόμενον. This gift, by which we are to understand reason theoretical and practical, was therefore a *νόμος αὐτόνομος*—unapproachable and unmodifiable by the animal basis—that is, by the pre-existing *substans* with its products, the animal *organismus* with its faculties and functions; but yet endowed with the power of potentiating, ennobling, and prescribing to, the substance; and hence, therefore, a *νόμος νομοπείθης, lex legisuada:* 4. By a transition, ordinary even in allegory, and appropriate to mythic symbol, but especially significant in the present case—the transition, I mean, from the giver to the gift—the giver, in very truth, being the gift, 'whence the soul receives reason; and reason is her being,' says our Milton. Reason is from God, and God is reason, *mens ipsissima.*

5. Prometheus represents, *Nous ἐν ἀνθρώπῳ—νοῦς ἀγωνιστὴς.* Thus contemplated, the *Nous* is of necessity, powerless; for, all power, that is, productivity, or productive energy, is in Law, that is, *νόμος ἀλλοτριόνομος*:[1] still, however, the Idea in the Law the *numerus numerans* become *νόμος*, is the principle of the Law; and if with Law dwells power, so with the knowledge or the Idea *scientialis* of the Law, dwells prophecy and foresight. A perfect astronomical time-piece in relation to the motions of the heavenly bodies, or the magnet in the mariner's compass in relation to the magnetism of the earth, is a sufficient illustration.

6. Both *νόμος* and Idea (or *Nous*) are the *verbum;* but, as in the former, it is *verbum fiat* 'the Word of the Lord,' —in the latter it must be the *verbum fiet*, or, 'the Word of the Lord in the mouth of the prophet.' *Pari argumento*, as the knowledge is therefore not power, the power is not

[1] "I scarcely need say, that I use the word *ἀλλοτριόνομος* as a participle active, as exercising law on another, not as receiving law from another, though the latter is the classical force (I suppose) of the word.—C."

knowledge. The *νόμος*, the *Ζεὺς παντοκράτωρ*, seeks to learn, and, as it were, to wrest the secret, the hateful secret, of his own fate, namely, the transitoriness adherent to all antithesis; for the identity or the absolute is alone eternal. This secret Jove would extort from the *Nous*, or Prometheus, which is the sixth representment of Prometheus.

7. Introduce but the least of real as opposed to *ideal*, the least speck of positive existence, even though it were but the mote in a sunbeam, into the sciential *contemplamen* or theorem, and it ceases to be science. *Ratio desinit esse pura ratio et fit discursus, stat subter et fit ὑποθετικὸν:—non superstat.* The *Nous* is bound to a rock, the immovable firmness of which is indissolubly connected with its barrenness, its non-productivity. Were it productive it would be *Nomos;* but it is *Nous*, because it is not *Nomos*.

8. Solitary *ἀβάτῳ ἐν ἐρημίᾳ*. Now I say that the *Nous*, notwithstanding its diversity from the *Nomizomeni*, is yet, relatively to their supposed original essence, *πᾶσι τοῖς νομιζομένοις ταυτογενὴς*, of the same race or *radix:* though in another sense, namely, in relation to the *πᾶν θεῖον*—the pantheistic *Elohim*, it is conceived anterior to the schism, and to the conquest, and enthronization of Jove who succeeded. Hence the Prometheus of the great tragedian is *θεὸς συγγενής*. The kindred deities come to him, some to soothe, to condole; others to give weak, yet friendly, counsels of submission; others to tempt, or insult. The most prominent of the latter, and the most odious to the imprisoned and insulated *Nous*, is Hermes, the impersonation of interest with the entrancing and serpentine *Caduceus*, and, as interest or motives intervening between the reason and its immediate self-determinations, with the antipathies to the *νόμος αὐτονόμος*. The Hermes impersonates the eloquence of cupidity, the cajolement of power regnant; and in a larger sense, custom, the irrational in language, *ῥήματα τὰ ῥητόρικα*, the fluent from *ῥέω*—the rhetorical in

opposition to λόγοι, τὰ νοητά. But, primarily, the Hermes is the symbol of interest. He is the messenger, the internuncio, in the low but expressive phrase, the go-between, to beguile or insult. And for the other visitors of Prometheus, the elementary powers, or spirits of the elements, *Titanes pacati*, θεοὶ ὁπονόμιοι, vassal potentates, and their solicitations, the noblest interpretation will be given, if I repeat the lines of our great contemporary poet:—

> "Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own:
> Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
> And even with something of a mother's mind.
> And no unworthy aim,
> The homely nurse doth all she can
> To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
> Forget the glories he hath known,
> And that imperial palace whence he came:"—
>
> WORDSWORTH.[1]

which exquisite passage is prefigured in coarser clay, indeed, and with a less lofty spirit, but yet excellently in their kind, and even more fortunately for the illustration and ornament of the present commentary, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas of Dr. Henry More's poem on the Preexistence of the Soul:—

> "Thus groping after our own center's near
> And proper substance, we grew dark, contract,
> Swallow'd up of earthly life! Ne what we were
> Of old, thro' ignorance can we detect.
> Like noble babe, by fate or friends' neglect
> Left to the care of sorry salvage wight,
> Grown up to manly years cannot conject
> His own true parentage, nor read aright
> What father him begot, what womb him brought to light.
>
> So we, as stranger infants elsewhere born,
> Cannot divine from what spring we did flow;

[1] From the Ode "Intimations of Immortality," &c.

Ne dare these base alliances to scorn,
Nor lift ourselves a whit from hence below;
Ne strive our parentage again to know,
Ne dream we once of any other stock,
Since foster'd upon Rhea's [1] knees we grow
In Satyrs' arms with many a mow and mock
Oft danced; and hairy Pan our cradle oft hath rock'd!

But Pan nor Rhea be our parentage!
We been the offspring of the all seeing Nous, &c."

To express the supersensual character of reason, its abstraction from sensation, we find the Prometheus *ἀτερπῆ*,—while in the yearnings accompanied with the remorse incident to, and only possible in consequence of the Nous being, the rational, self-conscious, and therefore responsible will, he is *γυπὶ διακναιόμενος*.

If to these contemplations we add the control and despotism exercised on the free reason by Jupiter in his symbolical character, as *νόμος πολιτικὸς*;—by custom (Hermes); by necessity, *βία καὶ κρατὸς*; by the mechanic arts and powers, *συγγενεῖς τῷ Νοῷ* though they are, and which are symbolized in Hephaistos,—we shall see at once the propriety of the title, Prometheus, *δεσμώτης*.

9. Nature, or *Zeus* as the *νόμος ἐν νομιζομένοις*, knows herself only, can only come to a knowledge of herself, in man! And even in man, only as man is supernatural, above nature, noetic. But this knowledge man refuses to communicate; that is, the human understanding alone is at once self-conscious and conscious of nature. And this high prerogative it owes exclusively to its being an assessor

[1] "Rhea (from *ῥέω*, *fluo*), that is, the earth as the transitory, the ever-flowing nature, the flux and sum of *phenomena*, or objects of the outward sense, in contradistinction from the earth as Vesta, as the firmamental law that sustains and disposes the apparent world! The Sátyrs represent the sports and appetences of the sensuous nature (*φρόνημα σαρκὸς*)—Pan, or the total life of the earth, the presence of all in each, the universal *organismus* of bodies and bodily energy."—C.

of the reason. Yet even the human understanding in its height of place seeks vainly to appropriate the ideas of the pure reason, which it can only represent by *idola*. Here, then, the *Nous* stands as Prometheus *ἀντίπαλος renuens*—in hostile opposition to Jupiter *Inquisitor*.

10. Yet finally, against the obstacles and even under the fostering influences of the *Nomos*, *τοῦ νομίμου*, a son of Jove himself, but a descendant from Io, the mundane religion, as contra-distinguished from the sacerdotal *cultus*, or religion of the state, an Alcides *Liberator* will arise, and the *Nous*, or divine principle in man, will be Prometheus *ἐλευθερώμενος*.

Did my limits or time permit me to trace the persecutions, wanderings, and migrations of the Io, the mundane religion, through the whole map marked out by the tragic poet, the coincidences would bring the truth, the unarbitrariness, of the preceding exposition as near to demonstration as can rationally be required on a question of history, that must, for the greater part, be answered by combination of scattered facts. But this part of my subject, together with a particular exemplification of the light which my theory throws both on the sense and the beauty of numerous passages of this stupendous poem, I must reserve for a future communication.

NOTES.[1]

v. 15. *φάραγγι*:—'in a coomb, or combe.'

v. 17.

ἐξωριάζειν γὰρ πατρὸς λόγους βαρύ.

εὐωριάξειν, as the editor confesses, is a word introduced

[1] These two notes, which H. N. C. appends, have no connection with the essay. They are merely marginal notes found in Coleridge's copy of Æschylus,—"Bp. Blomfield's Edition."

into the text against the authority of all editions and manuscripts. I should prefer ἐξωριάζειν, notwithstanding its being a ἅπαξ λεγόμενον. The εὐ—seems to my tact[1] too free and easy a word;—and yet our 'to trifle with' appears the exact meaning.

[1] Would seem to be a misprint for "taste."

FRAGMENTS AND NOTES, MAINLY FROM THE LECTURES OF 1818.

FRAGMENTS AND NOTES, MAINLY FROM THE LECTURES OF 1818.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A FULL account of Coleridge's Lectures of 1818 is given in our earlier volume, *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere, and other English Poets.* There will be found the Prospectus and the Syllabus of the Course, as well as all the fragments and notes which relate to Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Jonson, Beaumo ', Fletcher, Massinger, and Shakspere. Our present Division supplies the remainder.

We showed, in the former volume, that the lectures and notes on Shakspere, produced by H. N. Coleridge in the "Remains," had no necessary connection with the three lectures on Shakspere, in the Course of 1818:—nor, for that matter, does he say that they have.

It is much the same with the remaining portion of H. N. Coleridge's materials. Under the head of Lecture I., Lecture II., &c., he displays—for we cannot say, arranges, —all the matter he has found on the subject each lecture handled.

So that we may have an essay, or fragment of an essay, by Coleridge, used—or not used—in 1818, written before,

or written after; we may have mere memoranda, by him, made for—or not made for—the lectures, or reports, or memoranda, made by others, who heard them; or, lastly, marginal notes, collected out of books, by the editor or his friends.

Under these circumstances we have not hesitated to discard the division into Lectures for a more convenient arrangement.

SECTION I.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

General Character of the Gothic Mind in the Middle Ages.[1]

MR. COLERIDGE began by treating of the races of mankind as descended from Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and therein of the early condition of man in his antique form. He then dwelt on the pre-eminence of the Greeks in Art and Philosophy, and noticed the suitableness of polytheism to small insulated states, in which patriotism acted as a substitute for religion, in destroying or suspending self. Afterwards, in consequence of the extension of the Roman empire, some universal or common spirit became necessary for the conservation of the vast body, and this common spirit was, in fact, produced in Christianity. The causes of the decline of the Roman empire were in operation long before the time of the actual overthrow; that overthrow had been foreseen by many eminent Romans, especially by Seneca. In fact, there was under the empire an Italian and a German party in Rome, and in the end the latter prevailed.

He then proceeded to describe the generic character of the

[1] Report of Lecture I., by Professor Green,—"Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, the approved Friend of Coleridge," as the Dedication of the "Remains" to him describes him,—and Coleridge's executor.

Northern nations, and defined it as an independence of the whole in the freedom of the individual, noticing their respect for women, and their consequent chivalrous spirit in war; and how evidently the participation in the general council laid the foundation of the representative form of government, the only rational mode of preserving individual liberty in opposition to the licentious democracy of the ancient republics.

He called our attention to the peculiarity of their art, and showed how it entirely depended on a symbolical expression of the infinite,—which is not vastness, nor immensity, nor perfection, but whatever cannot be circumscribed within the limits of actual sensuous being. In the ancient art, on the contrary, every thing was finite and material. Accordingly, sculpture was not attempted by the Gothic races till the ancient specimens were discovered, whilst painting and architecture were of native growth amongst them. In the earliest specimens of the paintings of modern ages, as in those of Giotto and his associates in the cemetery at Pisa, this complexity, variety, and symbolical character are evident, and are more fully developed in the mightier works of Michel Angelo and Raffael. The contemplation of the works of antique art excites a feeling of elevated beauty, and exalted notions of the human self; but the Gothic architecture impresses the beholder with a sense of self-annihilation; he becomes, as it were, a part of the work contemplated. An endless complexity and variety are united into one whole, the plan of which is not distinct from the execution. A Gothic cathedral is the petrefaction of our religion. The only work of truly modern sculpture is the Moses of Michel Angelo.

The Northern nations were prepared by their own previous religion for Christianity; they, for the most part, received it gladly, and it took root as in a native soil. The deference to woman, characteristic of the Gothic races,

combined itself with devotion in the idea of the Virgin Mother, and gave rise to many beautiful associations.

Mr. C. remarked how Gothic an instrument in origin and character the organ was.

He also enlarged on the influence of female character on our education, the first impressions of our childhood being derived from women. Amongst oriental nations, he said, the only distinction was between lord and slave. With the antique Greeks, the will of every one conflicting with the will of all, produced licentiousness; with the modern descendants from the northern stocks, both these extremes were shut out, to reappear mixed and condensed into this principle or temper;—submission, but with free choice,—illustrated in chivalrous devotion to women as such, in attachment to the sovereign, &c.

General Character of the Gothic Literature and Art.[1]

In my last lecture I stated that the descendants of Japhet and Shem peopled Europe and Asia, fulfilling in their distribution the prophecies of Scripture, while the descendants of Ham passed into Africa, there also actually verifying the interdiction pronounced against them. The Keltic and Teutonic nations occupied that part of Europe, which is now France, Britain, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, &c. They were in general a hardy race, possessing great fortitude, and capable of great endurance. The Romans slowly conquered the more southerly portion of their tribes, and succeeded only by their superior arts, their policy, and better discipline. After a time, when the Goths,—to use the name of the noblest and most historical of the Teutonic tribes,—had acquired some knowledge of

[1] Report of Lecture II., by Mr. William Hammond.

these arts from mixing with their conquerors, they invaded the Roman territories. The hardy habits, the steady perseverance, the better faith of the enduring Goth, rendered him too formidable an enemy for the corrupt Roman, who was more inclined to purchase the subjection of his enemy, than to go through the suffering necessary to secure it. The conquest of the Romans gave to the Goths the Christian religion as it was then existing in Italy; and the light and graceful building of Grecian, or Roman-Greek order, became singularly combined with the massy architecture of the Goths, as wild and varied as the forest vegetation which it resembled. The Greek art is beautiful. When I enter a Greek church, my eye is charmed, and my mind elated; I feel exalted, and proud that I am a man. But the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left, is, 'that I am nothing!' This religion, while it tended to soften the manners of the Northern tribes, was at the same time highly congenial to their nature. The Goths are free from the stain of hero worship. Gazing on their rugged mountains, surrounded by impassable forests, accustomed to gloomy seasons, they lived in the bosom of nature, and worshipped an invisible and unknown deity. Firm in his faith, domestic in his habits, the life of the Goth was simple and dignified, yet tender and affectionate.

The Greeks were remarkable for complacency and completion; they delighted in whatever pleased the eye; to them it was not enough to have merely the idea of a divinity, they must have it placed before them, shaped in the most perfect symmetry, and presented with the nicest judgment; and if we look upon any Greek production of art, the beauty of its parts, and the harmony of their union,

the complete and complacent effect of the whole are the striking characteristics. It is the same in their poetry. In Homer you have a poem perfect in its form, whether originally so, or from the labour of after critics, I know not; his descriptions are pictures brought vividly before you, and as far as the eye and understanding are concerned, I am indeed gratified. But if I wish my feelings to be affected, if I wish my heart to be touched, if I wish to melt into sentiment and tenderness, I must turn to the heroic songs of the Goths, to the poetry of the middle ages. The worship of statues in Greece had, in a civil sense, its advantage, and disadvantage; advantage, in promoting statuary and the arts; disadvantage, in bringing their gods too much on a level with human beings, and thence depriving them of their dignity, and gradually giving rise to scepticism and ridicule. But no statue, no artificial emblem, could satisfy the Northman's mind; the dark wild imagery of nature, which surrounded him, and the freedom of his life, gave his mind a tendency to the infinite, so that he found rest in that which presented no end, and derived satisfaction from that which was indistinct.

We have few and uncertain vestiges of Gothic literature till the time of Theodoric, who encouraged his subjects to write, and who made a collection of their poems. These consisted chiefly of heroic songs, sung at the Court; for at that time this was the custom. Charlemagne, in the beginning of the ninth century, greatly encouraged letters, and made a further collection of the poems of his time, among which were several epic poems of great merit; or rather in strictness there was a vast cycle of heroic poems, or minstrelsies, from and out of which separate poems were composed. The form of poetry was, however, for the most part, the metrical romance and heroic tale. Charlemagne's army, or a large division of it, was utterly destroyed in the

Pyrenees, when returning from a successful attack on the Arabs of Navarre and Arragon; yet the name of Roncesvalles became famous in the songs of the Gothic poets. The Greeks and Romans would not have done this; they would not have recorded in heroic verse the death and defeat of their fellow-countrymen. But the Goths, firm in their faith, with a constancy not to be shaken, celebrated those brave men who died for their religion and their country! What though they had been defeated, they died without fear, as they had lived without reproach; they left no stain on their names, for they fell fighting for their God, their liberty, and their rights; and the song that sang that day's reverse animated them to future victory and certain vengeance.

I must now turn to our great monarch, Alfred, one of the most august characters that any age has ever produced; and when I picture him after the toils of government and the dangers of battle, seated by a solitary lamp, translating the holy scriptures into the Saxon tongue,—when I reflect on his moderation in success, on his fortitude and perseverance in difficulty and defeat, and on the wisdom and extensive nature of his legislation, I am really at a loss which part of this great man's character most to admire. Yet above all, I see the grandeur, the freedom, the mildness, the domestic unity, the universal character of the middle ages, condensed into Alfred's glorious institution of the trial by jury. I gaze upon it as the immortal symbol of that age;—an age called indeed dark;—but how could that age be considered dark, which solved the difficult problem of universal liberty, freed man from the shackles of tyranny, and subjected his actions to the decision of twelve of his fellow countrymen? The liberty of the Greeks was a phenomenon, a meteor, which blazed for a short time, and then sank into eternal darkness. It was a combination of most opposite materials, slavery and liberty.

Such can neither be happy nor lasting. The Goths on the other hand said, You shall be our Emperor; but we must be Princes on our own estates, and over them you shall have no power! The Vassals said to their Prince, We will serve you in your wars, and defend your castle; but we must have liberty in our own circle, our cottage, our cattle, our proportion of land. The Cities said, We acknowledge you for our Emperor; but we must have our walls and our strong holds, and be governed by our own laws. Thus all combined, yet all were separate; all served, yet all were free. Such a government could not exist in a dark age. Our ancestors may not indeed have been deep in the metaphysics of the schools; they may not have shone in the fine arts; but much knowledge of human nature, much practical wisdom, must have existed amongst them, when this admirable constitution was formed; and I believe it is a decided truth, though certainly an awful lesson, that nations are not the most happy at the time when literature and the arts flourish the most among them.

The translations I had promised in my syllabus I shall defer to the end of the course, when I shall give a single lecture of recitations illustrative of the different ages of poetry.[1] There is one Northern tale I will relate, as it is one from which Shakspere derived that strongly marked and extraordinary scene between Richard III. and the Lady Anne. It may not be equal to that in strength and genius, but it is, undoubtedly, superior in decorum and delicacy.

A Knight had slain a Prince, the lord of a strong castle, in combat. He afterwards contrived to get into the castle, where he obtained an interview with the Princess's attendant, whose life he had saved in some encounter; he told her of his love for her mistress, and won her to his interest.

[1] How pleased we should have been to have this lecture!

She then slowly and gradually worked on her mistress's mind, spoke of the beauty of his person, the fire of his eyes, the sweetness of his voice, his valour in the field, his gentleness in the court; in short, by watching her opportunities, she at last filled the Princess's soul with this one image; she became restless; sleep forsook her; her curiosity to see this Knight became strong; but her maid still deferred the interview, till at length she confessed she was in love with him;—the Knight is then introduced, and the nuptials are quickly celebrated.

In this age there was a tendency in writers to the droll and the grotesque, and in the little dramas which at that time existed, there were singular instances of these. It was the disease of the age. It is a remarkable fact that Luther and Melancthon, the great religious reformers of that day, should have strongly recommended for the education of children, dramas, which at present would be considered highly indecorous, if not bordering on a deeper sin. From one which they particularly recommended, I will give a few extracts; more I should not think it right to do. The play opens with Adam and Eve washing and dressing their children to appear before the Lord, who is coming from heaven to hear them repeat the Lord's Prayer, Belief, &c. In the next scene the Lord appears seated like a schoolmaster, with the children standing round, when Cain, who is behindhand, and a sad pickle, comes running in with a bloody nose and his hat on. Adam says, "What, with your hat on!" Cain then goes up to shake hands with the Almighty, when Adam says (giving him a cuff), "Ah, would you give your left hand to the Lord?" At length Cain takes his place in the class, and it becomes his turn to say the Lord's Prayer. At this time the Devil (a constant attendant at that time) makes his appearance, and getting behind Cain, whispers in his ear; instead of the Lord's Prayer, Cain gives it so

changed by the transposition of the words, that the meaning is reversed; yet this is so artfully done by the author, that it is exactly as an obstinate child would answer, who knows his lesson, yet does not choose to say it. In the last scene, horses in rich trappings and carriages covered with gold are introduced, and the good children are to ride in them and be Lord Mayors, Lords, &c.; Cain and the bad ones are to be made cobblers and tinkers, and only to associate with such.

This, with numberless others, was written by Hans Sachs. Our simple ancestors, firm in their faith, and pure in their morals, were only amused by these pleasantries, as they seemed to them, and neither they nor the reformers feared their having any influence hostile to religion. When I was many years back in the north of Germany, there were several innocent superstitions in practice. Among others at Christmas, presents used to be given to the children by the parents, and they were delivered on Christmas day by a person who personated, and was supposed by the children to be, Christ: early on Christmas morning he called, knocking loudly at the door, and (having received his instructions) left presents for the good and a rod for the bad. Those who have since been in Germany have found this custom relinquished; it was considered profane and irrational. Yet they have not found the children better, nor the mothers more careful of their offspring; they have not found their devotion more fervent, their faith more strong, nor their morality more pure.[1]

[1] "See this custom of Knecht Rupert more minutely described in Mr. Coleridge's own letter from Germany, published in the 2nd vol. of the Friend, p. 320."—H. N. C. The reference is to p. 243 of the Standard Library Edition of "The Friend." We have but a fragment of a letter.

The Troubadours.[1]

The last Lecture was allotted to an investigation into the origin and character of a species of poetry, the least influenced of any by the literature of Greece and Rome,—that in which the portion contributed by the Gothic conquerors, the predilections and general tone or habit of thought and feeling, brought by our remote ancestors with them from the forests of Germany, or the deep dells and rocky mountains of Norway, are the most prominent. In the present Lecture I must introduce you to a species of poetry, which had its birth-place near the centre of Roman glory, and in which, as might be anticipated, the influences of the Greek and Roman muse are far more conspicuous,—as great, indeed, as the efforts of intentional imitation on the part of the poets themselves could render them. But happily for us and for their own fame, the intention of the writers as men is often at complete variance with the genius of the same men as poets. To the force of their intention we owe their mythological ornaments, and the greater definiteness of their imagery; and their passion for the beautiful, the voluptuous, and the artificial, we must in part attribute to the same intention, but in part likewise to their natural dispositions and tastes. For the same climate and many of the same circumstances were acting on them, which had acted on the great classics, whom they were endeavouring to imitate. But the love of the marvellous, the deeper sensibility, the higher reverence for womanhood, the characteristic spirit of sentiment and courtesy,—these were the heir-looms of nature, which still regained the ascendant, whenever the use of the living mother-language enabled the inspired poet to appear instead of the toilsome scholar.

[1] The rest of Section I. belongs to the Third Lecture.

miens, et diversis modis somnians. In short, body was the productive power suspended, and as it were, quenched in the product. This may be rendered plainer by reflecting, that, in the pure Semitic scheme there are four terms introduced in the solution of the problem, 1. the beginning, self-sufficing, and immutable Creator; 2. the antecedent night as the identity, or including germ, of the light and darkness, that is, gravity; 3. the chaos; and 4. the material world resulting from the powers communicated by the divine *fiat.* In the Phœnician scheme there are in fact but two—a self-organizing chaos, and the omniform nature as the result. In the Greek scheme we have three terms, 1. the *hyle,* ὕλη, which holds the place of the chaos, or the waters, in the true system; 2. τὰ σώματα, answering to the Mosaic heaven and earth; and 3. the Saturnian χρόνοι ὑπερχρόνιοι,—which answer to the antecedent darkness of the Mosaic scheme, but to which the elder physico-theologists attributed a self-polarizing power—a *natura gemina quæ fit et facit, agit et patitur.* In other words, the *Elohim* of the Greeks were still but a *natura deorum,* τὸ θεῖον, in which a vague plurality adhered; or if any unity was imagined, it was not personal—not a unity of excellence, but simply an expression of the negative—that which was to pass, but which had not yet passed, into distinct form.

All this will seem strange and obscure at first reading,—perhaps fantastic. But it will only seem so. Dry and prolix, indeed, it is to me in the writing, full as much as it can be to others in the attempt to understand it. But I know that, once mastered, the idea will be the key to the whole cypher of the Æschylean mythology. The sum stated in the terms of philosophic logic is this: First, what Moses appropriated to the chaos itself: what Moses made passive and a *materia subjecta et lucis et tenebrarum,* the containing προθέμενον of the *thesis* and *antithesis;*—this the Greek

placed anterior to the chaos;—the chaos itself being the struggle between the *hyperchronia*, the ἰδέαι πρόνομοι, as the unevolved, unproduced, *prothesis*, of which ἰδέα καὶ νόμος—(idea and law)—are the *thesis* and *antithesis*. (I use the word 'produced' in the mathematical sense, as a point elongating itself to a bipolar line.) Secondly, what Moses establishes, not merely as a transcendent *Monas*, but as an individual Ἑνὰς likewise;—this the Greek took as a harmony, θεοὶ ἀθάνατοι, τὸ θεῖον, as distinguished from ὁ θεὸς—or, to adopt the more expressive language of the Pythagoreans and cabalists, *numen numerantis*; and these are to be contemplated as the identity.

Now according to the Greek philosopheme or *mythus*, in these, or in this identity, there arose a war, schism, or division, that is, a polarization into *thesis* and *antithesis*. In consequence of this schism in the το θεῖον, the *thesis* becomes *nomos*, or law, and the *antithesis* becomes *idea*, but so that the *nomos* is *nomos*, because, and only because, the *idea* is *idea*: the *nomos* is not *idea*, only because the *idea* has not become *nomos*. And this *not* must be heedfully borne in mind through the whole interpretation of this most profound and pregnant philosopheme. The *nomos* is essentially *idea*, but existentially it is *idea substans*, that is, *id quod stat subtus*, understanding *sensu generalissimo*. The *idea*, which now is no longer *idea*, has substantiated itself, become real as opposed to *idea*, and is henceforward, therefore, *substans in substantiato*. The first product of its energy is the thing itself: *ipsa se posuit et jam facta est ens positum*. Still, however, its productive energy is not exhausted in this product, but overflows, or is effluent, as the specific forces, properties, faculties, of the product. It reappears, in short, in the body, as the function of the body. As a sufficient illustration, though it cannot be offered as a perfect instance, take the following.

'In the world we see every where evidences of a unity,

From this same union, in which the soul (if I may dare so express myself) was Gothic, while the outward forms and a majority of the words themselves, were the reliques of the Roman, arose the Romance, or romantic language, in which the Troubadours or Love-singers of Provence sang and wrote, and the different dialects of which have been modified into the modern Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; while the language of the Trouveurs, Trouveres, or Norman-French poets, forms the intermediate link between the Romance or modified Roman and the Teutonic, including the Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and the upper and lower German, as being the modified Gothic. And as the northernmost extreme of the Norman-French, or that part of the link in which it formed on the Teutonic, we must take the Norman-English minstrels and metrical romances, from the greater predominance of the Anglo-Saxon Gothic in the derivation of the words. I mean, that the language of the English metrical romance is less romanized, and has fewer words, not originally of a northern origin, than the same romances in the Norman-French; which is the more striking, because the former were for the most part translated from the latter; the authors of which seem to have eminently merited their name of Trouveres, or inventors. Thus then we have a chain with two rings or staples:—at the southern end there is the Roman or Latin; at the northern end the Keltic, Teutonic, or Gothic; and the links beginning with the southern end, are the Romance, including the Provençal, the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, with their different dialects, then the Norman-French, and lastly the English.

Boccaccio.

My object in adverting to the Italian poets, is not so much for their own sakes, in which point of view Dante and

Ariosto alone would have required separate Lectures, but for the elucidation of the merits of our countrymen, as to what extent we must consider them as fortunate imitators of their Italian predecessors, and in what points they have the higher claims of original genius. Of Dante I am to speak elsewhere. Of Boccaccio, who has little interest as a metrical poet in any respect, and none for my present purpose, except, perhaps, as the reputed inventor or introducer of the octave stanza in his Teseide, it will be sufficient to say, that we owe to him the subjects of numerous poems taken from his famous tales, the happy art of narration, and the still greater merit of a depth and fineness in the workings of the passions, in which last excellence, as likewise in the wild and imaginative character of the situations, his almost neglected romances appear to me greatly to excel his far famed Decameron. To him, too, we owe the more doubtful merit of having introduced into the Italian prose, and by the authority of his name and the influence of his example, more or less throughout Europe, the long interwoven periods, and architectural structure which arose from the very nature of their language in the Greek writers, but which already, in the Latin orators and historians, had betrayed a species of effort, a foreign something, which had been superinduced on the language, instead of growing out of it; and which was far too alien from that individualizing and confederating, yet not blending, character of the North, to become permanent, although its magnificence and stateliness were objects of admiration and occasional imitation. This style diminished the control of the writer over the inner feelings of men, and created too great a charm between the body and the life; and hence especially it was abandoned by Luther.

But lastly, to Boccaccio's sanction we must trace a large portion of the mythological pedantry and incongruous paganisms, which for so long a period deformed the poetry,

even of the truest poets. To such an extravagance did Boccaccio himself carry this folly, that in a romance of chivalry, he has uniformly styled God the Father Jupiter, our Saviour Apollo, and the Evil Being Pluto. But for this there might be some excuse pleaded. I dare make none for the gross and disgusting licentiousness, the daring profaneness, which rendered the Decameron of Boccaccio the parent of a hundred worse children, fit to be classed among the enemies of the human race: which poisons Ariosto,—for that I may not speak oftener than necessary of so odious a subject, I mention it here once for all,—which interposes a painful mixture in the humour of Chaucer, and which has once or twice seduced even our pure-minded Spenser into a grossness, as heterogeneous from the spirit of his great poem, as it was alien to the delicacy of his morals.

Petrarch.

Born at Arezzo, 1304.—Died 1374.

Petrarch was the final blossom and perfection of the Troubadours. See Biog. Lit. vol. ii. p. 27, &c.

Notes on Petrarch's[1] *Sonnets, Canzones, &c.*

VOL. I.

Good. SONNET 1. "Voi, ch' ascoltate," &c.
7. "La gola e 'l sonno," &c.
11. "Se la mia vita," &c.
12. "Quando fra l'altre," &c.

[1] "These notes, by Mr. C., are written in a Petrarch in my possession, and are of some date before 1812. It is hoped that they will not seem ill placed here."—H. N. C.

18. "Vergognando talor," &c.
25. "Quanto più m' avvicino," &c.
28. "Solo e pensoso," &c.
29. "S' io credessi," &c.
CANZ. 14. "Sì è debile il filo," &c.

Pleasing. BALL. 1. "Lassare il velo," &c.
CANZ. 1. "Nel dolce tempo," &c.

This poem was imitated by our old Herbert;[1] it is ridiculous in the thoughts, but simple and sweet in diction.

Dignified. CANZ. 2. "O aspettata in ciel," &c.
9. "Gentil mia Donna," &c.

The first half of this ninth canzone is exquisite; and in Canzone 8, the nine lines beginning

"O poggi, o valli," &c.

to *cura*, are expressed with vigour and chastity.

CANZ. 9. "Daquel dì innanzi a me medesmo piacqui,
Empiendo d'un pensier' alto, e soave
Quel core, *ond' hanno i begli occhi la chiave.*"

Note. O that the Pope would take these eternal keys, which so for ever turn the bolts on the finest passages of true passion!

VOL. II.

CANZ. 1. "Che debb' io far?" &c.

Very good; but not equal, I think, to Canzone 2,—

"Amor, se vuoi ch' i' torni," &c.—

though less faulty. With the omission of half-a-dozen conceits and Petrarchisms of *hooks, baits, flames*, and *torches*, this second canzone is a bold and impassioned lyric, and leaves no doubt in my mind of Petrarch's having possessed a true poetic genius. *Utinam deleri possint sequentia:*—

[1] "If George Herbert is meant, I can find nothing like an imitation of this canzone in his poems."—H. N. C.

L. 17—19. ——— "e la soave fiamma
Ch' ancor, lasso! m' infiamma
Essendo spenta, or che fea dunque ardendo?"

L. 54—56. ——— "ov' erano a tutt' ore
Disposti gli ami ov' io fui preso e l'esca
Ch' i' bramo sempre."

L. 76—79. ——— "onde l' accese
Saette uscivan d' invisibil foco,
E ragion temean poco;
Chè contra 'l ciel non val difesa umana."

And the lines

L. 86, 87, "Poser' in dubbio, a cui
Devesse il pregio di più laude darsi,"—

are rather flatly worded.

Luigi Pulci.

Born at Florence, 1431.—Died about 1487.

Pulci was of one of the noblest families in Florence, reported to be one of the Frankish stocks which remained in that city after the departure of Charlemagne:—

"Pulcia Gallorum soboles descendit in urbem,
Clara quidem bello, sacris nec inhospita Musis."
Verino De illustrat. Cort. Flor. III. v. 118.

Members of this family were five times elected to the Priorate, one of the highest honours of the republic. Pulci had[1] two brothers, and one of their wives, Antonia, who were all poets:—

"Carminibus patriis notissima Pulcia proles;
Quis non hanc urbem Musarum dicat amicam,
Si tres producat fratres domus una poetas?"
Ib. II. v. 241.

[1] Let the reader set down the clumsiness of this sentence to the reporter.

Luigi married Lucrezia di Uberto, of the Albizzi family, and was intimate with the great men of his time, but more especially with Angelo Politian, and Lorenzo the Magnificent. His Morgante has been attributed, in part at least,[1] to the assistance of Marsilius Ficinus, and by others the whole has been attributed to Politian. The first conjecture is utterly improbable; the last is possible, indeed, on account of the licentiousness of the poem; but there are no direct grounds for believing it. The Morgante Maggiore is the first proper romance; although, perhaps, Pulci had the Teseide before him. The story is taken from the fabulous history of Turpin; and if the author had any distinct object, it seems to have been that of making himself merry with the absurdities of the old romancers. The Morgante sometimes makes you think of Rabelais. It contains the most remarkable guess or allusion upon the subject of America that can be found in any book published before the discovery.[2] The well known passage in the tragic Seneca is

[1] "Meaning the 25th canto."—H. N. C.

[2] "The reference is, of course, to the following stanzas:—

'Disse Astarotte: un error lungo e fioco
Per molti secol non ben conosciuto,
Fa che si dice d' Ercol le colonne,
E che più là molti periti sonne.

Sappi che questa opinione è vana;
Perchè più oltre navicar si puote,
Però che l' acqua in ogni parte è piana,
Benchè la terra abbi forma di ruote:
Era più grossa allor la gente humana;
Falche potrebbe arrosirne le gote
Ercule ancor d'. aver posti que' segni,
Perchè più oltre passeranno i legni.

E puossi andar giù ne l' altro emisperio,
Però che al centro ogni cosa reprime;
Sì che la terra per divin misterio
Sospesa sta fra le stelle sublime,

not to be compared with it. The *copia verborum* of the mother Florentine tongue, and the easiness of his style, afterwards brought to perfection by Berni, are the chief merits of Pulci; his chief demerit is his heartless spirit of jest and buffoonery, by which sovereigns and their courtiers were flattered by the degradation of nature, and the *impossibilification* of a pretended virtue.[1]

E là giù son città, castella, e imperio;
Ma nol cognobbon quelle genti prime:
Vedi che il sol di camminar s' affretta,
Dove io ti dico che là giù s' aspetta.

E come un segno surge in Oriente,
Un altro cade con mirabil arte,
Come si vede qua ne l' Occidente,
Però che il ciel giustamente comparte;
Antipodi appellata è quella gente;
Adora il sole è Jupiterre e Marte,
E piante e animal come voi hanno,
E spesso insieme gran battaglie fanno.'

C. XXV. st. 228, &c.

"The Morg ate was printed in 1488."—H. N. C.

[1] The notes on Chaucer and Spenser, which follow here in the "Remains," the reader will find in the Appendix to "Lectures and Notes on Shakspere," &c.

SECTION II.

CERVANTES.[1]

Cervantes.

BORN at Madrid, 1547;—Shakspere, 1564; both put off mortality on the same day, the 23rd of April, 1616,—the one in the sixty-ninth, the other in the fifty-second, year of his life. The resemblance in their physiognomies is striking, but with a predominance of acuteness in Cervantes, and of reflection in Shakspere, which is the specific difference between the Spanish and English characters of mind.

I. The nature and eminence of Symbolical writing;—

II. Madness, and its different sorts (considered without pretension to medical science);—

To each of these, or at least to my own notions respecting them, I must devote a few words of explanation, in order to render the after critique on Don Quixote, the master work of Cervantes' and his country's genius, easily and throughout intelligible. This is not the least valuable, though it may most often be felt by us both as the heaviest and least entertaining portion of these critical disquisitions: for without, I must have foregone one at least of the two

[1] Treated of in Lecture VIII. Lectures IV., V., and VI. were on Shakspere, Lecture VII. on Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. See *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere, &c.*

appropriate objects of a Lecture, that of interesting you during its delivery, and of leaving behind in your minds the germs of after-thought, and the materials for future enjoyment. To have been assured by several of my intelligent auditors that they have reperused Hamlet or Othello with increased satisfaction in consequence of the new points of view in which I had placed those characters —is the highest compliment I could receive or desire; and should the address of this evening open out a new source of pleasure, or enlarge the former in your perusal of Don Quixote, it will compensate for the failure of any personal or temporary object.

I. The Symbolical cannot, perhaps, be better defined in distinction from the Allegorical, than that it is always itself a part of that, of the whole of which it is the representative. "Here comes a sail"—that is, a ship,—is a symbolical expression. "Behold our lion!", when we speak of some gallant soldier, is allegorical. Of most importance to our present subject is this point, that the latter (the allegory) cannot be other than spoken consciously;—whereas in the former (the symbol) it is very possible that the general truth represented may be working unconsciously in the writer's mind during the construction of the symbol;—and it proves itself by being produced out of his own mind,—as the Don Quixote out of the perfectly sane mind of Cervantes, and not by outward observation, or historically. The advantage of symbolical writing over allegory is, that it presumes no disjunction of faculties, but simple predominance.

II. Madness may be divided as—

1. hypochondriasis; or, the man is out of his senses.
2. derangement of the understanding; or, the man is out of his wits.
3. loss of reason.
4. frenzy, or derangement of the sensations.

Don Quixote.

Cervantes's own preface to Don Quixote is a perfect model of the gentle, every where intelligible, irony in the best essays of the Tatler and the Spectator. Equally natural and easy, Cervantes is more spirited than Addison; whilst he blends with the terseness of Swift an exquisite flow and music of style, and, above all, contrasts with the latter by the sweet temper of a superior mind, which saw the follies of mankind, and was even at the moment suffering severely under hard mistreatment;[1] and yet seems every where to have but one thought as the undersong—"Brethren! with all your faults I love you still!"—or as a mother that chides the child she loves, with one hand holds up the rod, and with the other wipes off each tear as it drops!

Don Quixote was neither fettered to the earth by want, nor holden in its embraces by wealth;—of which, with the temperance natural to his country, as a Spaniard, he had both far too little, and somewhat too much, to be under any necessity of thinking about it. His age too, fifty, may be well supposed to prevent his mind from being tempted out of itself by any of the lower passions;—while his habits, as a very early riser and a keen sportsman, were such as kept his spare body in serviceable subjection to his will, and yet by the play of hope that accompanies pursuit, not only permitted, but assisted, his fancy in shaping what it would. Nor must we omit his meagreness and entire featureliness, face and frame, which Cervantes

[1] "*Bien como quien se engendrò en una carcel, donde toda incomodidad tiene su assiento, y todo triste ruido hace su habitacion.* Like one you may suppose born in a prison, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Pref. Jarvis's Tr."— H. N. C.

gives us at once: "It is said that his surname was *Quixada* or *Quesada*," &c.—even in this trifle showing an exquisite judgment;—just once insinuating the association of *lantern-jaws* into the reader's mind, yet not retaining it obtrusively like the names in old farces and in the Pilgrim's Progress,—but taking for the regular appellative one which had the no meaning of a proper name in real life, and which yet was capable of recalling a number of very different, but all pertinent, recollections, as old armour, the precious metals hidden in the ore, &c. Don Quixote's leanness and featureliness are happy exponents of the excess of the formative or imaginative in him, contrasted with Sancho's plump rotundity, and recipiency of external impression.

He has no knowledge of the sciences or scientific arts which give to the meanest portions of matter an intellectual interest, and which enable the mind to decipher in the world of the senses the invisible agency,—that alone, of which the world's phenomena are the effects and manifestations,—and thus, as in a mirror, to contemplate its own reflex, its life in the powers, its imagination in the symbolic forms, its moral instincts in the final causes, and its reason in the laws of material nature: but—estranged from all the motives to observation from self-interest—the persons that surround him too few and too familiar to enter into any connection with his thoughts, or to require any adaptation of his conduct to their particular characters or relations to himself—his judgment lies fallow, with nothing to excite, nothing to employ it. Yet,—and here is the point, where genius even of the most perfect kind, allotted but to few in the course of many ages, does not preclude the necessity in part, and in part counterbalance the craving by sanity of judgment, without which genius either cannot be, or cannot at least manifest itself,—the dependency of our nature asks for some confirmation from without, though it be only from the shadows of other men's fictions.

Too uninformed, and with too narrow a sphere of power and opportunity, to rise into the scientific artist, or to be himself a patron of art, and with too deep a principle and too much innocence to become a mere projector, Don Quixote has recourse to romances:—

"His curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived at that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind!" C. 1.

The more remote these romances were from the language of common life, the more akin on that very account were they to the shapeless dreams and strivings of his own mind;—a mind, which possessed not the highest order of genius which lives in an atmosphere of power over mankind, but that minor kind which, in its restlessness, seeks for a vivid representative of its own wishes, and substitutes the movements of that objective puppet for an exercise of actual power in and by itself. The more wild and improbable these romances were, the more were they akin to his will, which had been in the habit of acting as an unlimited monarch over the creations of his fancy! Hence observe how the startling of the remaining common sense, like a glimmering before its death, in the notice of the impossible-improbable of Don Belianis, is dismissed by Don Quixote as impertinent:—

"*He had some doubt*[1] as to the dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received: for he imagined, that notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. *Nevertheless*[2] he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinishable adventure!" C. 1.

Hence also his first intention to turn author; but who,

[1] "*No estaba muy bien con.*"—H. N. C.
[2] "*Pero con todo.*"—H. N. C.

with such a restless struggle within him, could content himself with writing in a remote village among apathists and ignorants? During his colloquies with the village priest and the barber surgeon, in which the fervour of critical controversy feeds the passion and gives reality to its object,—what more natural than that the mental striving should become an eddy? Madness may perhaps be defined as the circling in a stream which should be progressive and adaptive. Don Quixote grows at length to be a man out of his wits; his understanding is deranged; and hence, without the least deviation from the truth of nature, without losing the least trait of personal individuality, he becomes a substantial living allegory, or personification of the reason and the moral sense, divested of the judgment and the understanding. Sancho is the converse. He is the common sense without reason or imagination; and Cervantes not only shows the excellence and power of reason in Don Quixote, but in both him and Sancho the mischiefs resulting from a severance of the two main constituents of sound intellectual and moral action. Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect; but they are separated and without cement; and hence each having a need of the other for its own completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other. For the common sense, although it may see the practical inapplicability of the dictates of the imagination or abstract reason, yet cannot help submitting to them. These two characters possess the world, alternately and interchangeably the cheater and the cheated. To impersonate them, and to combine the permanent with the individual, is one of the highest creations of genius, and has been achieved by Cervantes and Shakspere, almost alone.

Observations on Particular Passages of Don Quixote.

B. I. c. 1. "But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within, in such a manner, *that he rested satisfied of its strength; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.*"

His not trying his improved scull-cap is an exquisite trait of human character, founded on the oppugnancy of the soul in such a state to any disturbance by doubt of its own broodings. Even the long deliberation about his horse's name is full of meaning;—for in these day-dreams the greater part of the history passes and is carried on in words, which look forward to other words as what will be said of them.

Ib. "Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; though, as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it."

The nascent love for the country lass, but without any attempt at utterance, or an opportunity of knowing her, except as the hint—the ὅτι ἔστι—of the inward imagination, is happily conceived in both parts;—first, as confirmative of the shrinking back of the mind on itself, and its dread of having a cherished image destroyed by its own judgment; and secondly, as showing how necessarily love is the passion of novels. Novels are to love as fairy tales to dreams. I never knew but two men of taste and feeling who could not understand why I was delighted with the Arabian Nights' Tales, and they were likewise the only persons in my knowledge who scarcely remembered having ever dreamed.

Magic and war—itself a magic—are the day-dreams of childhood; love is the day-dream of youth and early manhood.

C. 2. "Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarcely had the little painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, who, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, disclosed herself to mortals through the gates of the Mauchegan horizon; when the renowned Don Quixote," &c.

How happily already is the abstraction from the senses, from observation, and the consequent confusion of the judgment, marked in this description! The knight is describing objects immediate to his senses and sensations without borrowing a single trait from either. Would it be difficult to find parallel descriptions in Dryden's plays and in those of his successors?

C. 3. The host is here happily conceived as one who from his past life as a sharper, was capable of entering into and humouring the knight, and so perfectly in character, that he precludes a considerable source of improbability in the future narrative, by enforcing upon Don Quixote the necessity of taking money with him.

C. 3. "Ho, there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword," &c.

Don Quixote's high eulogiums on himself—"the most valorous adventurer!"—but it is not himself that he has before him, but the idol of his imagination, the imaginary being whom he is acting. And this, that it is entirely a third person, excuses his heart from the otherwise inevitable charge of selfish vanity; and so by madness itself he preserves our esteem, and renders those actions natural by which he, the first person, deserves it.

C. 4. Andres and his master.

The manner in which Don Quixote redressed this wrong, is a picture of the true revolutionary passion in its first honest state, while it is yet only a bewilderment of the understanding. You have a benevolence limitless in its prayers, which are in fact aspirations towards omnipotence: but between it and beneficence the bridge of judgment—that is, of measurement of personal power—intervenes, and must be passed. Otherwise you will be bruised by the leap into the chasm, or be drowned in the revolutionary river, and drag others with you to the same fate.

C. 4. Merchants of Toledo.

"When they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and with arrogant air cried out: 'Let the whole world stand; if the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than,'" &c.

Now mark the presumption which follows the self-complacency of the last act! That was an honest attempt to redress a real wrong; this is an arbitrary determination to enforce a Brissotine or Rousseau's ideal on all his fellow creatures.

"Let the whole world stand!"

'If there had been any experience in proof of the excellence of our code, where would be our superiority in this enlightened age?'

"No! the business is that without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; *and if not, I challenge you all to battle.*"[1]

Next see the persecution and fury excited by opposition

[1] "*Donde no, conmigo sois en batalla, gente descomunal!*"—H. N. C.

however moderate! The only words listened to are those, that without their context and their conditionals, and transformed into positive assertions, might give some shadow of excuse for the violence shown! This rich story ends, to the compassion of the men in their senses, in a sound rib-roasting of the idealist by the muleteer, the mob. And happy for thee, poor knight! that the mob were against thee! For had they been with thee, by the change of the moon and of them, thy head would have been off.

C. 5. first part—The idealist recollects the causes that had been necessary to the reverse and attempts to remove them—too late. He is beaten and disgraced.

C. 6. This chapter on Don Quixote's library proves that the author did not wish to destroy the romances, but to cause them to be read as romances—that is, for their merits as poetry.

C. 7. "Among other things, Don Quixote told him, he should dispose himself to go with him willingly;—for some time or other such an adventure might present, that an island might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof."

At length the promises of the imaginative reason begin to act on the plump, sensual, honest common sense accomplice,—but unhappily not in the same person, and without the *copula* of the judgment,—in hopes of the substantial good things, of which the former contemplated only the glory and the colours.

C. 7. "Sancho Panza went riding upon his ass, like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him."

The first relief from regular labour is so pleasant to poor Sancho!

C. 8. "'I no gentleman'! I swear by the great God, thou liest, as I am a Christian. Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then if thou hast any thing else to say.'"

This Biscainer is an excellent image of the prejudices and bigotry provoked by the idealism of a speculator. This story happily detects the trick which our imagination plays in the description of single combats: only change the preconception of the magnificence of the combatants, and all is gone.

B. II. c. 2. "'Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island,'" &c.

Sancho's eagerness for his government, the nascent lust of actual democracy, or isocracy!

C. 2. "'But tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in story of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?'—'The truth is,' answered Sancho, 'that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read nor write; but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master,'" &c.

This appeal to Sancho, and Sancho's answer, are exquisitely humorous. It is impossible not to think of the French bulletins and proclamations. Remark the necessity under which we are of being sympathized with, fly as high into abstraction as we may, and how constantly the imagination is recalled to the ground of our common humanity! And note a little further on, the knight's easy vaunting of his balsam, and his quietly deferring the making and application of it.

C. 3. The speech before the goatherds:

"'Happy times and happy ages,'"[1] &c.

[1] "*Dichosa edad y siglos dichosos aquellos, &c.*"—H. N. C.

Note the rhythm of this, and the admirable beauty and wisdom of the thoughts in themselves, but the total want of judgment in Don Quixote's addressing them to such an audience.

B. III. c. 3. Don Quixote's balsam, and the vomiting and consequent relief; an excellent hit at *panacea nostrums*, which cure the patient by his being himself cured of the medicine by revolting nature.

C. 4. "'Peace! and have patience; the day will come,'" &c.

The perpetual promises of the imagination!

Ib. "'Your Worship,' said Sancho, 'would make a better preacher than knight errant!'"

Exactly so. This is the true moral.

C. 6. The uncommon beauty of the description in the commencement of this chapter. In truth, the whole of it seems to put all nature in its heights and its humiliations, before us.

Ib. Sancho's story of the goats:

"'Make account, he carried them all over,' said Don Quixote, 'and do not be going and coming in this manner; for at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth.' 'How many are passed already?' said Sancho," &c.

Observe the happy contrast between the all-generalizing mind of the mad knight, and Sancho's all-particularizing memory. How admirable a symbol of the dependence of all *copula* on the higher powers of the mind, with the single exception of the succession in time and the accidental relations of space. Men of mere common sense have no theory or means of making one fact more important or prominent than the rest; if they lose one link, all is lost. Compare Mrs. Quickly and the Tapster.[1] And note also Sancho's

[1] "See the Friend, vol. iii. p. 138."—H. N. C.

good heart when his master is about to leave him. Don Quixote's conduct upon discovering the fulling-hammers, proves he was meant to be in his senses. Nothing can be better conceived than his fit of passion at Sancho's laughing, and his sophism of self-justification by the courage he had shown.

Sancho is by this time cured, through experience, as far as his own errors are concerned; yet still is he lured on by the unconquerable awe of his master's superiority, even when he is cheating him.

C. 8. The adventure of the Galley-slaves. I think this is the only passage of moment in which Cervantes slips the mask of his hero, and speaks for himself.

C. 9. "Don Quixote desired to have it, and bade him take the money, and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour," &c.

Observe Sancho's eagerness to avail himself of the permission of his master, who, in the war sports of knight-errantry, had, without any selfish dishonesty, overlooked the *meum* and *tuum*. Sancho's selfishness is modified by his involuntary goodness of heart, and Don Quixote's flighty goodness is debased by the involuntary or unconscious selfishness of his vanity and self-applause.

C. 10. Cardenio is the madman of passion, who meets and easily overthrows for the moment the madman of imagination. And note the contagion of madness of any kind, upon Don Quixote's interruption of Cardenio's story.

C. 11. Perhaps the best specimen of Sancho's proverbializing is this:

"'And I (Don Q.) say again, they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who say, or think her so.' 'I neither say, nor think so,' answered Sancho; 'let those who say it, eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread: whether they were guilty or no, they have given an account to God before now: I come from my

vineyard, I know nothing; I am no friend to inquiring into other men's lives; *for* he that buys and lies shall find the lie left in his purse behind; *besides*, naked was I born, and naked I remain: I neither win nor lose; if they were guilty, what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on: *but* who can hedge in the cuckoo? *Especially*, do they spare God himself?'"

Ib. "'And it is no great matter, if it be in another hand: for by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read,'" &c.

The wonderful twilight of the mind! and mark Cervantes's courage in daring to present it, and trust to a distant posterity for an appreciation of its truth to nature.

P. II. B. III. c. 9. Sancho's account of what he had seen on Clavileno is a counterpart in his style to Don Quixote's adventures in the cave of Montesinos. This last is the only impeachment of the knight's moral character; Cervantes just gives one instance of the veracity failing before the strong cravings of the imagination for something real and external; the picture would not have been complete without this; and yet it is so well managed, that the reader has no unpleasant sense of Don Quixote having told a lie. It is evident that he hardly knows whether it was a dream or not; and goes to the enchanter to inquire the real nature of the adventure.

Summary on Cervantes.

A Castilian of refined manners; a gentleman, true to religion, and true to honour.

A scholar and a soldier, and fought under the banners of Don John of Austria, at Lepanto, lost his arm and was captured.

Endured slavery not only with fortitude, but with mirth;

and by the superiority of nature, mastered and overawed his barbarian owner.

Finally ransomed, he resumed his native destiny, the awful task of achieving fame; and for that reason died poor and a prisoner, while nobles and kings over their goblets of gold gave relish to their pleasures by the charms of his divine genius. He was the inventor of novels for the Spaniards, and in his Persilis and Sigismunda, the English may find the germ of their Robinson Crusoe.

The world was a drama to him. His own thoughts, in spite of poverty and sickness, perpetuated for him the feelings of youth. He painted only what he knew and had looked into, but he knew and had looked into much indeed; and his imagination was ever at hand to adapt and modify the world of his experience. Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue.

SECTION III.

WIT AND HUMOUR.[1]

On the Distinctions of the Witty, the Droll, the Odd, and the Humourous. The Nature and Constituents of Humour.

I.

PERHAPS the most important of our intellectual operations are those of detecting the difference in similar, and the identity in dissimilar, things. Out of the latter operation it is that wit arises; and it, generically regarded, consists in presenting thoughts or images in an unusual connection with each other, for the purpose of exciting pleasure by the surprise. This connection may be real; and there is, in fact, a scientific wit; though where the object, consciously entertained, is truth, and not amusement, we commonly give it some higher name. But in wit popularly understood, the connection may be, and for the most part is, apparent only, and transitory; and this connection may be by thoughts, or by words, or by images. The first is our Butler's especial eminence; the second, Voltaire's; the third, which we oftener call fancy, constitutes the larger and more peculiar part of the wit of Shakspere.

[1] This Third Section covers Lecture IX. "Donne" ran over into Lecture X.

You can scarcely turn to a single speech of Falstaff's, without finding instances of it. Nor does wit always cease to deserve the name by being transient, or incapable of analysis. I may add that the wit of thoughts belongs eminently to the Italians, that of words to the French, and that of images to the English.

II. Where the laughable is its own end, and neither inference nor moral is intended, or where at least the writer would wish it so to appear, there arises what we call drollery. The pure, unmixed, ludicrous or laughable belongs exclusively to the understanding, and must be presented under the form of the senses; it lies within the spheres of the eye and the ear, and hence is allied to the fancy. It does not appertain to the reason or the moral sense, and accordingly is alien to the imagination I think Aristotle has already excellently defined the laughable, τὸ γελοῖον, as consisting of, or depending on, what is out of its proper time and place, y without danger or pain. Here the *impropriety*—τὸ ἄτοπον—is the positive qualification; the *dangerlessness*—τὸ ἀκίνδυνον—the negative. Neither the understanding without an object of the senses, as for example, a mere notional error, or idiocy; —nor any external object, unless attributed to the understanding, can produce the poetically laughable. Nay, even in ridiculous positions of the body laughed at by the vulgar, there is a subtle personification always going on, which acts on the, perhaps, unconscious mind of the spectator as a symbol of intellectual character. And hence arises the imperfect and awkward effect of comic stories of animals; because although the understanding is satisfied in them, the senses are not. Hence too, it is, that the true ludicrous is its own end. When serious satire commences, or satire that is felt as serious, however comically drest, free and genuine laughter ceases; it becomes sardonic. This you experience in reading Young, and also not unfrequently in Butler. The true comic is the blossom of the nettle.

III. When words or images are placed in unusual juxta-position rather than connection, and are so placed merely because the juxta-position is unusual, we have the odd or the grotesque; the occasional use of which in the minor ornaments of architecture, is an interesting problem for a student in the psychology of the Fine Arts.

IV. In the simply laughable there is a mere disproportion between a definite act and a definite purpose or end, or a disproportion of the end itself to the rank or circumstances of the definite person; but humour is of more difficult description. I must try to define it in the first place by its points of diversity from the former species. Humour does not, like the different kinds of wit, which is impersonal, consist wholly in the understanding and the senses. No combination of thoughts, words, or images will of itself constitute humour, unless some peculiarity of individual temperament and character be indicated thereby, as the cause of the same. Compare the comedies of Congreve with the Falstaff in Henry IV., or with Sterne's Corporal Trim, Uncle Toby, and Mr. Shandy, or with some of Steele's charming papers in the Tatler, and you will feel the difference better than I can express it. Thus, again, (to take an instance from the different works of the same writer), in Smollett's Strap, his Lieutenaut Bowling, his Morgan the honest Welshman, and his Matthew Bramble, we have exquisite humour,—while in his Peregrine Pickle we find an abundance of drollery, which too often degenerates into mere oddity; in short, we feel that a number of things are put together to counterfeit humour, but that there is no growth from within. And this indeed is the origin of the word, derived from the humoral pathology, and excellently described by Ben Jonson:

"So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,

> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and are not continent,
> Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
> It may, by metaphor, apply itself
> Unto the general disposition:
> As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluctions, all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humour." [1]

Hence we may explain the congeniality of humour with pathos, so exquisite in Sterne and Smollett, and hence also the tender feeling which we always have for, and associate with, the humours or hobby-horses of a man. First, we respect a humourist, because absence of interested motive is the ground-work of the character, although the imagination of an interest may exist in the individual himself, as if a remarkably simple-hearted man should pride himself on his knowledge of the world, and how well he can manage it:—and secondly, there always is in a genuine humour an acknowledgment of the hollowness and farce of the world, and its disproportion to the godlike within us. And it follows immediately from this, that whenever particular acts have reference to particular selfish motives, the humourous bursts into the indignant and abhorring; whilst all follies not selfish are pardoned or palliated. The danger of this habit, in respect of pure morality, is strongly exemplified in Sterne.

This would be enough, and indeed less than this has passed, for a sufficient account of humour, if we did not recollect that not every predominance of character, even where not precluded by the moral sense, as in criminal dispositions, constitutes what we mean by a humourist, or the presentation of its produce, humour. What then is it?

[1] "Every Man Out Of His Humour." *Prologue.*—H. N. C.

Is it manifold? Or is there some one humorific point common to all that can be called humourous?—I am not prepared to answer this fully, even if my time permitted; but I think there is;—and that it consists in a certain reference to the general and the universal, by which the finite great is brought into identity with the little, or the little with the finite great, so as to make both nothing in comparison with the infinite. The little is made great, and the great little, in order to destroy both; because all is equal in contrast with the infinite. "It is not without reason, brother Toby, that learned men write dialogues on long noses."[1] I would suggest, therefore, that whenever a finite is contemplated in reference to the infinite, whether consciously or unconsciously, humour essentially arises. In the highest humour, at least, there is always a reference to, and a connection with, some general power not finite, in the form of some finite ridiculously disproportionate in our feelings to that of which it is, nevertheless, the representative, or by which it is to be displayed. Humourous writers, therefore, as Sterne in particular, delight, after much preparation, to end in nothing, or in a direct contradiction.

That there is some truth in this definition, or origination of humour, is evident; for you cannot conceive a humourous man who does not give some disproportionate generality, or even a universality to his hobby-horse, as is the case with Mr. Shandy; or at least there is an absence of any interest but what arises from the humour itself, as in my Uncle Toby, and it is the idea of the soul, of its undefined capacity and dignity, that gives the sting to any absorption of it by any one pursuit, and this not in respect of the humourist as a mere member of society for a particular, however mistaken, interest, but as a man.

The English humour is the most thoughtful, the Spanish

[1] "Trist. Sh. vol. iii. c. 37."—H. N. C.

the most etherial—the most ideal—of modern literature. Amongst the classic ancients there was little or no humour in the foregoing sense of the term. Socrates, or Plato under his name, gives some notion of humour in the Banquet, when he argues that tragedy and comedy rest upon the same ground. But humour properly took its rise in the middle ages; and the Devil, the Vice of the mysteries, incorporates the modern humour in its elements. It is a spirit measured by disproportionate finites. The Devil is not, indeed, perfectly humourous; but that is only because he is the extreme of all humour.

Rabelais.[1]

Born at Chinon, 1483-4.—Died 1553.

One cannot help regretting that no friend of Rabelais, (and surely friends he must have had), has left an authentic account of him. His buffoonery was not merely Brutus' rough stick, which contained a rod of gold; it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and bigots. Beyond a doubt, he was among the deepest, as well as boldest, thinkers of his age. Never was a more plausible, and seldom, I am persuaded, a less appropriate line, than the thousand times quoted,

"Rabelais laughing in his easy chair"—

of Mr. Pope. The caricature of his filth and zanyism proves how fully he both knew and felt the danger in which

[1] "No note remains of that part of this Lecture which treated of Rabelais. This seems, therefore, a convenient place for the reception of some remarks written by Mr. C. in Mr. Gillman's copy of Rabelais, about the year 1825. See Table Talk, vol. i. p. 177."—H. N. C. The passage in the Table Talk here alluded to, will be found under date, *June* 15, 1830.

he stood. I could write a treatise in proof and praise of the morality and moral elevation of Rabelais' work, which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet should be the truth and nothing but the truth. I class Rabelais with the creative minds of the world, Shakspere, Dante, Cervantes, &c.

All Rabelais' personages are phantasmagoric allegories, but Panurge above all. He is throughout the *πανουργία*,—the wisdom, that is, the cunning of the human animal,—the understanding, as the faculty of means to purposes without ultimate ends, in the most comprehensive sense, and including art, sensuous fancy, and all the passions of the understanding. It is impossible to read Rabelais without an admiration mixed with wonder, at the depth and extent of his learning, his multifarious knowledge, and original observation beyond what books could in that age have supplied him with.

B. III. c. 9. "How Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel, whether he should marry, yea or no."

Note this incomparable chapter. Pantagruel stands for the reason as contradistinguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge; and the humour consists in the latter asking advice of the former on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premises provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to predetermine the verdict thereon. This chapter, independently of the allegory, is an exquisite satire on the spirit in which people commonly ask advice.

Swift.[1]

Born in Dublin, 1667.—Died 1745.

In Swift's writings there is a false misanthropy, grounded upon an exclusive contemplation of the vices and follies of mankind, and this misanthropic tone is also disfigured or brutalized by his obtrusion of physical dirt and coarseness. I think Gulliver's Travels the great work of Swift. In the voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag he displays the littleness and moral contemptibility of human nature; in that to the Houyhnhnms he represents the disgusting spectacle of man with the understanding only, without the reason or the moral feeling, and in his horse he gives the misanthropic ideal of man—that is, a being virtuous from rule and duty, but untouched by the principle of love.

Sterne.

Born at Clonmel, 1713.—Died 1768.

With regard to Sterne, and the charge of licentiousness which presses so seriously upon his character as a writer, I would remark that there is a sort of knowingness, the wit of which depends—1st, on the modesty it gives pain to; or, 2dly, on the innocence and innocent ignorance over which it triumphs; or, 3dly, on a certain oscillation in the individual's own mind between the remaining good and the encroaching evil of his nature—a sort of dallying with the devil—a fluxionary act of combining courage and cowardice, as when a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time, or better still, perhaps, like that trembling daring

[1] "From Mr. Green's note."—H. N. C.

with which a child touches a hot tea urn, because it has been forbidden; so that the mind has in its own white and black angel the same or similar amusement, as may be supposed to take place between an old debauchee and a prude, —she feeling resentment, on the one hand, from a prudential anxiety to preserve appearances and have a character, and, on the other, an inward sympathy with the enemy. We have only to suppose society innocent, and then nine-tenths of this sort of wit would be like a stone that falls in snow, making no sound because exciting no resistance; the remainder rests on its being an offence against the good manners of human nature itself.

This source, unworthy as it is, may doubtless be combined with wit, drollery, fancy, and even humour, and we have only to regret the misalliance; but that the latter are quite distinct from the former, may be made evident by abstracting in our imagination the morality of the characters of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, and Trim, which are all antagonists to this spurious sort of wit, from the rest of Tristram Shandy, and by supposing, instead of them, the presence of two or three callous debauchees. The result will be pure disgust. Sterne cannot be too severely censured for thus using the best dispositions of our nature as the panders and condiments for the basest.

The excellencies of Sterne consist—

1. In bringing forward into distinct consciousness those minutiæ of thought and feeling which appear trifles, yet have an importance for the moment, and which almost every man feels in one way or other. Thus is produced the novelty of an individual peculiarity, together with the interest of a something that belongs to our common nature. In short, Sterne seizes happily on those points, in which every man is more or less a humourist. And, indeed, to be a little more subtle, the propensity to notice these things does itself constitute the humourist, and the superadded

power of so presenting them to men in general gives us the man of humour. Hence the difference of the man of humour, the effect of whose portraits does not depend on the felt presence of himself, as a humourist, as in the instances of Cervantes and Shakspere—nay, of Rabelais, too; and of the humourist, the effect of whose works does very much depend on the sense of his own oddity, as in Sterne's case, and perhaps Swift's; though Swift again would require a separate classification.

2. In the traits of human nature, which so easily assume a particular cast and colour from individual character. Hence this excellence and the pathos connected with it quickly pass into humour, and form the ground of it. See particularly the beautiful passage, so well known, of Uncle Toby's catching and liberating the fly:

"'Go,'—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—'I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go,' says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—'go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me.'" Vol. ii. ch. 12.

Observe in this incident how individual character may be given by the mere delicacy of presentation and elevation in degree of a common good quality, humanity, which in itself would not be characteristic at all.

3. In Mr. Shandy's character, the essence of which is a craving for sympathy in exact proportion to the oddity and unsympathizability of what he proposes;—this coupled with an instinctive desire to be at least disputed with, or rather both in one, to dispute and yet to agree, and holding,

as worst of all, to acquiesce, without either resistance or sympathy. This is charmingly, indeed, profoundly conceived, and is psychologically and ethically true of all Mr. Shandies. Note, too, how the contrasts of character, which are always either balanced or remedied, increase the love between the brothers.

4. No writer is so happy as Sterne in the unexaggerated and truly natural representation of that species of slander, which consists in gossiping about our neighbours, as whetstones of our moral discrimination; as if they were conscience-blocks which we used in our apprenticeship, in order not to waste such precious materials as our own consciences in the trimming and shaping of ourselves by self-examination:—

"Alas o'day!—had Mrs. Shandy (poor gentlewoman!) had but her wish in going up to town just to lie in and come down again; which, they say, she begged and prayed for upon her bare knees, and which, in my opinion, considering the fortune which Mr. Shandy got with her, was no such mighty matter to have complied with; the lady and her babe might both of them have been alive at this hour." Vol. i. c. 18.

5. When you have secured a man's likings and prejudices in your favour, you may then safely appeal to his impartial judgment. In the following passage not only is acute sense shrouded in wit, but a life and a character are added which exalt the whole into the dramatic:—

"'I see plainly, Sir, by your looks' (or as the case happened) my father would say—'that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine—which, to those,' he would add, 'who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom, I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it; and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute, but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your good sense and candid disquisition in this matter; you are a person free from as

many narrow prejudices of education as most men; and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into you, of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son,—your dear son,—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect,—your Billy, Sir!—would you, for the world, have called him JUDAS? Would you, my dear Sir,' he would say, laying his hand upon your breast, with the genteelest address,—and in that soft and irresistible *piano* of voice which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires,—'Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had proposed the name for your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him? O my God!' he would say, looking up, 'if I know your temper rightly, Sir, you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence. Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you show me in the whole transaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, that were your son called Judas,—the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and in the end made a miser and a rascal of him, in spite, Sir, of your example.'" Vol. i. c. 19.

6. There is great physiognomic tact in Sterne. See it particularly displayed in his description of Dr. Slop, accompanied with all that happiest use of drapery and attitude, which at once give reality by individualizing and vividness by unusual, yet probable, combinations:—

"Imagine to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a sergeant in the horse-guards."

* * * * *

"Imagine such a one;—for such I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the *vertebræ* of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour—but of strength,—alack! scarce able to have

made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition;—they were not. Imagine to yourself Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way." Vol. ii. c. 9.

7. I think there is more humour in the single remark, which I have quoted before—"Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing!"—than in the whole Slawkenburghian tale that follows, which is mere oddity interspersed with drollery.

8. Note Sterne's assertion of, and faith in, a moral good in the characters of Trim, Toby, &c., as contrasted with the cold scepticism of motives which is the stamp of the Jacobin spirit. Vol. v. c. 9.

9. You must bear in mind, in order to do justice to Rabelais and Sterne, that by right of humouristic universality each part is essentially a whole in itself. Hence the digressive spirit is not mere wantonness, but in fact the very form and vehicle of their genius. The connection, such as was need d, is given by the continuity of the characters.

Instances of different forms of wit, taken largely:—

1. "Why are you reading romances at your age?"—"Why, I used to be fond of history, but I have given it up,—it was so grossly improbable."

2. "Pray, sir, do it! although you have promised me."

3. Spartan mother's—

"Return with, or on, thy shield."

"My sword is too short!"—"Take a step forwarder."

4. The Gasconade:—

"I believe you, Sir! but you will excuse my repeating it, on account of my provincial accent."

5. Pasquil on Pope Urban, who had employed a committee to rip up the old errors of his predecessors.

Some one placed a pair of spurs on the heels of the statue of St. Peter, and a label from the opposite statue of St. Paul, on the same bridge;—

St. Paul. "Whither are you then bound?"

St. Peter. "I apprehend danger here;—they'll soon call me in question for denying my Master."

St. Paul. "Nay, then, I had better be off, too; for they'll question me for having persecuted the Christians, before my conversion."

6. Speaking of the small German potentates, I dictated the phrase,—*officious for equivalents.* This my amanuensis wrote,—*fishing for elephants;*—which, as I observed at the time, was a sort of Noah's angling, that could hardly have occurred, except at the commencement of the Deluge.

Donne.[1]

Born in London, 1573.—Died, 1631.

I.

"With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw."

[1] "Nothing remains of what was said on Donne in this Lecture X. Here, therefore, as in previous like instances, the gap is filled up with some notes written by Mr. Coleridge in a volume of Chalmers' Poets, belonging to Mr. Gillman. The verses were added in pencil to the collection of commendatory lines; No. I. is Mr. C.'s; the publication of No. II., I trust the all-accomplished author will, under the circumstances, pardon."—H. N. C.

II.

"See lewdness and theology combin'd,—
A cynic and a sycophantic mind;
A fancy shared party per pale between
Death's heads and skeletons and Aretine!—
Not his peculiar defect or crime,
But the true current mintage of the time.
Such were the establish'd signs and tokens given
To mark a loyal churchman, sound and even,
Free from papistic and fanatic leaven."

The wit of Donne, the wit of Butler, the wit of Pope, the wit of Congreve, the wit of Sheridan,—how many disparate things are here expressed by one and the same word, Wit! —Wonder-exciting vigour, intenseness and peculiarity of thought, using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects, where we have no right to expect it,—this is the wit of Donne! The four others I am just in the mood to describe and inter-distinguish:—what a pity that the marginal space will not let me!

"My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?"
Good Morrow, v. 15, &c.

The sense is;—Our mutual loves may in many respects be fitly compared to corresponding hemispheres; but as no simile squares (*nihil simile est idem*), so here the simile fails, for there is nothing in our loves that corresponds to the cold north, or the declining west, which in two hemispheres must necessarily be supposed. But an eclipse of such length will scarcely rescue the line from the charge of nonsense or a bull. *January*, 1829.

Woman's constancy.

A misnomer. The title ought to be—

Mutual Inconstancy.

"Whether both th' Indias of spice and *mine*," &c.
Sun Rising, v. 17.

"And see at night thy western land of *mine*," &c.
Progress of the Soul, 1 Song, 2. st.

This use of the word *mine* specifically for mines of gold, silver, or precious stones, is, I believe, peculiar to Donne.

SECTION IV.

DANTE.[1]

Born at Florence, 1265.—Died, 1321.

AS I remarked in a former Lecture on a different subject (for subjects the most diverse in literature have still their tangents), the Gothic character, and its good and evil fruits, appeared less in Italy than in any other part of European Christendom. There was accordingly much less romance, as that word is commonly understood; or, perhaps, more truly stated, there was romance instead of chivalry. In Italy, an earlier imitation of, and a more evident and intentional blending with, the Latin literature took place than elsewhere. The operation of the feudal system, too, was incalculably weaker, of that singular chain of independent interdependents, the principle of which was a confederacy for the preservation of individual, consistently with general, freedom. In short, Italy, in the time of Dante, was an after-birth of eldest Greece, a renewal or a reflex of the old Italy, under its kings and first Roman consuls, a net-work of free little republics, with the same domestic feuds, civil wars, and party spirit,—the same

[1] Lecture X. included Donne, Dante, and Milton. The notes on Milton, which H. N. Coleridge gives, under the head of Lecture X., will be found in the Appendix to *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere, &c.*, or in the next division of the present volume.

vices and virtues produced on a similarly narrow theatre,—the existing state of things being, as in all small democracies, under the working and direction of certain individuals, to whose will even the laws were swayed;—whilst at the same time the singular spectacle was exhibited amidst all this confusion of the flourishing of commerce, and the protection and encouragement of letters and arts. Never was the commercial spirit so well reconciled to the nobler principles of social polity as in Florence. It tended there to union and permanence and elevation,—not, as the overbalance of it in England is now doing, to dislocation, change, and moral degradation. The intensest patriotism reigned in these communities, but confined and attached exclusively to the small locality of the patriot's birth and residence, whereas in the true Gothic feudalism, country was nothing but the preservation of personal independence. But then, on the other hand, as a counter-balance to these disuniting elements, there was in Dante's Italy, as in Greece, a much greater uniformity of religion common to all than amongst the northern nations.

Upon these hints the history of the republican æras of ancient Greece and modern Italy ought to be written. There are three kinds or stages of historic narrative:—1. that of the annalist or chronicler, who deals merely in facts and events arranged in order of time, having no principle of selection, no plan of arrangement, and whose work properly constitutes a supplement to the poetical writings of romance or heroic legends:—2, that of the writer who takes his stand on some moral point, and selects a series of events for the express purpose of illustrating it, and in whose hands the narrative of the selected events is modified by the principle of selection;—as Thucydides, whose object was to describe the evils of democratic and aristocratic partizanships;—or Polybius, whose design was to show the social benefits resulting from the triumph and grandeur of

Rome, in public institutions and military discipline;—or Tacitus, whose secret aim was to exhibit the pressure and corruptions of despotism;—in all which writers and others like them, the ground-object of the historian colours with artificial lights the facts which he relates:—3. and which in idea is the grandest,—the most truly founded in philosophy,—there is the Herodotean history, which is not composed with reference to any particular causes, but attempts to describe human nature itself on a great scale as a portion of the drama of providence, the free will of man resisting the destiny of events,—for the individuals often succeeding against it, but for the race always yielding to it, and in the resistance itself invariably affording means towards the completion of the ultimate result. Mitford's history is a good and useful work: but in his zeal against democratic government, Mitford forgot, or never saw, that ancient Greece was not, nor ought ever to be considered, a permanent thing, but that it existed, in the disposition of providence, as a proclaimer of ideal truths, and that everlasting proclamation being made, that its functions were naturally at an end.

However, in the height of such a state of society in Italy, Dante was born and flourished; and was himself eminently a picture of the age in which he lived. But of more importance even than this, to a right understanding of Dante, is the consideration that the scholastic philosophy was then at its acme even in itself; but more especially in Italy, where it never prevailed so exclusively as northward of the Alps. It is impossible to understand the genius of Dante, and difficult to understand his poem, without some knowledge of the characters, studies, and writings of the schoolmen of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. For Dante was the living link between religion and philosophy; he philosophized the religion and christianized the philosophy of Italy; and, in this poetic

union of religion and philosophy, he became the ground of transition into the mixed Platonism and Aristotelianism of the Schools, under which, by numerous minute articles of faith and ceremony, Christianity became a craft of hair-splitting, and was ultimately degraded into a complete *fetisch* worship, divorced from philosophy, and made up of a faith without thought, and a credulity directed by passion. Afterwards, indeed, philosophy revived under condition of defending this very superstition; and, in so doing, it necessarily led the way to its subversion, and that in exact proportion to the influence of the philosophic schools. Hence it did its work most completely in Germany, then in England, next in France, then in Spain, least of all in Italy. We must, therefore, take the poetry of Dante as christianized, but without the further Gothic accession of proper chivalry. It was at a somewhat later period, that the importations from the East, through the Venetian commerce and the crusading armaments, exercised a peculiarly strong influence on Italy.

In studying Dante, therefore, we must consider carefully the differences produced, first, by allegory being substituted for polytheism; and secondly and mainly, by the opposition of Christianity to the spirit of pagan Greece, which receiving the very names of its gods from Egypt, soon deprived them of all that was universal. The Greeks changed the ideas into finites, and these finites into *anthropomorphi*, or forms of men. Hence their religion, their poetry, nay, their very pictures, became statuesque. With them the form was the end. The reverse of this was the natural effect of Christianity; in which finites, even the human form, must, in order to satisfy the mind, be brought into connexion with, and be in fact symbolical of, the infinite; and must be considered in some enduring, however shadowy and indistinct, point of view, as the vehicle or representative of moral truth.

Hence resulted two great effects; a combination of poetry with doctrine, and, by turning the mind inward on its own essence instead of letting it act only on its outward circumstances and communities, a combination of poetry with sentiment. And it is this inwardness or subjectivity, which principally and most fundamentally distinguishes all the classic from all the modern poetry. Compare the passage in the Iliad (Z'. vi. 119—236.) in which Diomed and Glaucus change arms,—

Χεῖράς τ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην καὶ πιστώσαντο—
("They took each other by the hand, and pledged friendship,")—

with the scene in Ariosto (Orlando Furioso, c. i. st. 20-22.), where Rinaldo and Ferrauto fight and afterwards make it up:—

"Al Pagan la proposta non dispiacque:
Così fu differita la tenzone;
E tal tregua tra lor subito nacque,
Sì l' odio e l' ira va in oblivïone,
Che 'l Pagano al partir dalle fresche acque
Non lasciò a piede il buon figliuol d' Amone:
Con preghi invita, e al fin lo toglie in groppa,
E per l' orme d' Angelica galoppa."

Here Homer would have left it. But the Christian poet has his own feelings to express, and goes on:—

"Oh gran bontà de' cavalieri antiqui!
Eran rivali, eran di fè diversi,
E si sentían degli aspri colpi iniqui
Per tutta la persona anco dolersi;
E pur per selve oscure e calli obbliqui
Insieme van senza sospetto aversi!"

And here you will observe, that the reaction of Ariosto's own feelings on the image or act is more fore-grounded (to use a painter's phrase) than the image or act itself.

The two different modes in which the imagination is acted on by the ancient and modern poetry, may be illustrated by the parallel effects caused by the contemplation of the Greek or Roman-Greek architecture, compared with the Gothic. In the Pantheon, the whole is perceived in a perceived harmony with the parts which compose it; and generally you will remember that where the parts preserve any distinct individuality, there simple beauty, or beauty simply, arises; but where the parts melt undistinguished into the whole, there majestic beauty, or majesty, is the result. In York Minster, the parts, the grotesques, are in themselves very sharply distinct and separate, and this distinction and separation of the parts is counterbalanced only by the multitude and variety of those parts, by which the attention is bewildered;—whilst the whole, or that there is a whole produced, is altogether a feeling in which the several thousand distinct impressions lose themselves as in a universal solvent. Hence in a Gothic cathedral, as in a prospect from a mountain's top, there is, indeed, a unity, an awful oneness;—but it is, because all distinction evades the eye. And just such is the distinction between the Antigone of Sophocles and the Hamlet of Shakspere.

The Divina Commedia is a system of moral, political, and theological truths, with arbitrary personal exemplifications, which are not, in my opinion, allegorical. I do not even feel convinced that the punishments in the Inferno are strictly allegorical. I rather take them to have been in Dante's mind *quasi*-allegorical, or conceived in analogy to pure allegory.

I have said, that a combination of poetry with doctrines, is one of the characteristics of the Christian muse; but I think Dante has not succeeded in effecting this combination nearly so well as Milton.

This comparative failure of Dante, as also some other peculiarities of his mind, *in malam partem*, must be im-

mediately attributed to the state of North Italy in his time, which is vividly represented in Dante's life; a state of intense democratical partizanship, in which an exaggerated importance was attached to individuals, and which whilst it afforded a vast field for the intellect, opened also a boundless arena for the passions, and in which envy, jealousy, hatred, and other malignant feelings, could and did assume the form of patriotism, even to the individual's own conscience.

All this common, and, as it were, natural partizanship, was aggravated and coloured by the Guelf and Ghibelline factions; and, in part explanation of Dante's adherence to the latter, you must particularly remark, that the Pope had recently territorialized his authority to a great extent, and that this increase of territorial power in the church was by no means the same beneficial movement for the citizens of free republics, as the parallel advance in other countries was for those who groaned as vassals under the oppression of the circumjacent baronial castles.[1]

By way of preparation to a satisfactory perusal of the Divina Commedia, I will now proceed to state what I consider to be Dante's chief excellences as a poet. And I begin with I. Style—the vividness, logical connexion, strength and energy of which cannot be surpassed. In this I think Dante superior to Milton; and his style is accordingly more imitable than Milton's, and does to this day exercise a greater influence on the literature of his country. You cannot read Dante without feeling a gush of manliness of thought within you. Dante was very sensible of his own excellence in this particular, and speaks of poets as guardians of the vast armory of language, which is the intermediate something between matter and spirit:—

[1] "Mr. Coleridge here notes: 'I will, if I can, here make an historical movement, and pay a proper compliment to Mr. Hallam.'"—H. N. C. So we have here an outline sketch of his lecture, written out by Coleridge before delivery.

"Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume?
Risposi lui con vergognosa fronte.
O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vagliami 'l lungo studio e 'l grande amore,
Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.
Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore:
Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore."
Inf. c. 1. v. 79.

"'And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?' I, with front abash'd, replied:
'Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conn'd it o'er. My master, thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom I have alone derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me.'" CARY.

Indeed there was a passion and a miracle of words in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, after the long slumber of language in barbarism, which gave an almost romantic character, a virtuous quality and power, to what was read in a book, independently of the thoughts or images contained in it. This feeling is very often perceptible in Dante.

II. The Images in Dante are not only taken from obvious nature, and are all intelligible to all, but are ever conjoined with the universal feeling received from nature, and therefore affect the general feelings of all men. And in this respect, Dante's excellence is very great, and may be contrasted with the idiosyncracies of some meritorious modern poets, who attempt an eruditeness, the result of particular feelings. Consider the simplicity, I may say plainness, of the following simile, and how differently we should in all probability deal with it at the present day:

" Quale i fioretti dal notturno gelo
Chinati e chiusi, poi che 'l sol gl' imbianca,
Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo,—
Fal mi fec' io di mia virtute stanca."

Inf. c. 2. v. 127.

" As florets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanch'd their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems,—
So was my fainting vigour new restored."

CARY.[1]

III. Consider the wonderful profoundness of the whole third canto of the Inferno; and especially of the inscription over Hell gate:

" Per me si va," &c.—

which can only be explained by a meditation on the true nature of religion; that is,—reason *plus* the understanding. I say profoundness, rather than sublimity; for Dante does not so much elevate your thoughts as send them down deeper. In this canto all the images are distinct, and even vividly distinct; but there is a total impression of infinity; the wholeness is not in vision or conception, but in an inner feeling of totality, and absolute being.

IV. In picturesqueness, Dante is beyond all other poets, modern or ancient, and more in the stern style of Pindar, than of any other. Michel Angelo is said to have made a design for every page of the Divina Commedia. As super-excellent in this respect, I would note the conclusion of the third canto of the Inferno:

" Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave
Un vecchio bianco per antico pelo
Gridando: guai a voi anime prave:" &c.

Ver. 82. &c.

" And lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
Crying, 'Woe to you wicked spirits!'" &c.

CARY.

[1] " Mr. Coleridge here notes: 'Here to speak of Mr. Cary's translation.'"—H. N. C.

" Caron dimonio con occhi di bragia
Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie:
Batte col remo qualunque s' adagia.
Come d' autunno si levan le foglie
L' una appresso dell altra, infin che 'l ramo
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie;
Similemente il mal seme d' Adamo,
Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una
Per cenni, com' augel per suo richiamo."

Ver. 100, &c.

———" Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beckoning, and each that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honours on the earth beneath;—
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves one by one down from the shore
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call." CARY.

And this passage, which I think admirably picturesque:

" Ma poco valse, che l' ale al sospetto
Non potero avanzar: quegli andò sotto,
E quei drizzò, volando, suso il petto:
Non altrimenti l' anitra di botto,
Quando l' falcon s' appressa, giù s' attuffa,
Ed ei ritorna su crucciato e rotto.
Irato Calcabrina della buffa,
Volando dietro gli tenne, invaghito,
Che quei campasse, per aver la zuffa:
E come 'l barattier fu disparito,
Così volse gli artigli al suo compagno,
E fu con lui sovra 'l fosso ghermito.
Ma 'l altro fu bene sparvier grifagno
Ad artigliar ben lui, e amedue
Cadder nel mezzo del bollente stagno.
Lo caldo sghermidor subito fue:
Ma però di levarsi era niente,
Sì aveano inviscate l' ale sue."

Infer. c. xxii. ver. 127, &c.

"But little it avail'd: terror outstripp'd
His following flight: the other plunged beneath,
And he with upward pinion raised his breast:
E'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives
The falcon near, dives instant down, while he
Enraged and spent retires. That mockery
In Calcabrina fury stirr'd, who flew
After him, with desire of strife inflamed;
And, for the barterer had 'scap'd, so turn'd
His talons on his comrade. O'er the dyke
In grapple close they join'd; but th' other proved
A goshawk, able to rend well his foe;
And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat
Was umpire soon between them, but in vain
To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued
Their pennons." CARY.

V. Very closely connected with this picturesqueness, is the topographic reality of Dante's journey through Hell. You should note and dwell on this as one of his great charms, and which gives a striking peculiarity to his poetic power. He thus takes the thousand delusive forms of a nature worse than chaos, having no reality but from the passions which they excite, and compels them into the service of the permanent. Observe the exceeding truth of these lines:

"Noi ricidemmo 'l cerchio all' altra riva,
Sovr' una fonte che bolle, e riversa,
Per un fossato che da lei diriva.
L' acqua era buja molto più che persa:
E noi in compagnia dell' onde bige
Entrammo giù per una via diversa.
Una palude fa, ch' ha nome Stige,
Questo tristo ruscel, quando è disceso
Al piè delle maligne piagge grige.
Ed io che di mirarmi stava inteso,—
Vidi genti fangose in quel pantano
Ignude tutte, e con sembiante offeso.
Questi si percotean non pur con mano,
Ma con la testa, e col petto, e co' piedi,

Troncandosi co' denti a brano a brano."

* * * * *

"Cosi girammo della lorda pozza
Grand' arco tra la ripa secca e 'l mezzo,
Con gli occhi volti a chi del fango ingozza:
Venimmo appiè d' una torre al dassezzo."

C. vii. ver. 100 and 127.

———"We the circle cross'd
To the next steep, arriving at a well,
That boiling pours itself down to a foss
Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was the wave
Than sablest grain: and we in company
Of th' inky waters, journeying by their side,
Enter'd, though by a different track, beneath.
Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands
The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the foot
Of the grey wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood
To gaze, and in the marish sunk, descried
A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betokening rage. They with their hands alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs."

* * * * *

———"Our route
Thus compass'd, we a segment widely stretch'd
Between the dry embankment and the cove
Of the loath'd pool, turning meanwhile our eyes
Downward on those who gulp'd its muddy lees;
Nor stopp'd, till to a tower's low base we came."

CARY.

VI. For Dante's power,—his absolute mastery over, although rare exhibition of, the pathetic, I can do no more than refer to the passages on Francesca di Rimini (Infer. C. v. ver. 73 to the end), and on Ugolino (Infer. C. xxxiii. ver. 1. to 75). They are so well known, and rightly so admired, that it would be pedantry to analyze their composition; but you will note that the first is the pathos of passion, the second that of affection; and yet even in the first, you seem to perceive that the lovers have sacrificed

their passion to the cherishing of a deep and rememberable impression.

VII. As to going into the endless subtle beauties of Dante, that is impossible; but I cannot help citing the first triplet of the 29th canto of the Inferno:

"La molta gente e le diverse piaghe
Avean le luci mie si inebriate,
Che dello stare a piangere eran vaghe."

"So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
Disfigured, that they long'd to stay and weep."
CARY.

Nor have I now room for any specific comparison of Dante with Milton. But if I had, I would institute it upon the ground of the last canto of the Inferno from the 1st to the 69th line, and from the 106th to the end. And in this comparison I should notice Dante's occasional fault of becoming grotesque from being too graphic without imagination; as in his Lucifer compared with Milton's Satan. Indeed he is sometimes horrible rather than terrible,—falling into the μισητὸν instead of the δεινὸν of Longinus;[1] in other words, many of his images excite bodily disgust, and not moral fear. But here, as in other cases, you may perceive that the faults of great authors are generally excellencies carried to an excess.

[1] "De Subl. l. ix."—H. N. C.

SECTION V.

MYTHOLOGY, IMAGINATION, AND SUPERSTITION.[1]

Asiatic and Greek Mythologies.

A CONFOUNDING of God with Nature, and an incapacity of finding unity in the manifold and infinity in the individual,—these are the origin of polytheism. The most perfect instance of this kind of theism is that of early Greece; other nations seem to have either transcended, or come short of, the old Hellenic standard,—a mythology in itself fundamentally allegorical, and typical of the powers and functions of nature, but subsequently mixed up with a deification of great men and hero-worship,—so that finally the original idea became inextricably combined with the form and attributes of some legendary individual. In Asia, probably from the greater unity of the government and the still surviving influence of patriarchal tradition, the idea of the unity of God, in a distorted reflection of the Mosaic scheme, was much more generally preserved; and accordingly all other super or ultra-human beings could only be represented as ministers of, or rebels against, his will. The Asiatic genii and fairies are, therefore, always endowed with moral qualities, and distinguishable as malignant or benevolent to man. It is this uniform attribution

[1] Our Fifth Section includes Lectures XI. and XII.

of fixed moral qualities to the supernatural agents of eastern mythology that particularly separates them from the divinities of old Greece.

Yet it is not altogether improbable that in the Samothracian or Cabeiric mysteries the link between the Asiatic and Greek popular schemes of mythology lay concealed. Of these mysteries there are conflicting accounts, and, perhaps, there were variations of doctrine in the lapse of ages and intercourse with other systems. But, upon a review of all that is left to us on this subject in the writings of the ancients, we may, I think, make out thus much of an interesting fact,—that *Cabiri*, impliedly at least, meant *socii, complices*, having a hypostatic or fundamental union with, or relation to, each other; that these mysterious divinities were, ultimately at least, divided into a higher and lower triad; that the lower triad, *primi quia infimi*, consisted of the old Titanic deities or powers of nature, under the obscure names of *Axieros, Axiokersos*, and *Axiokersa*, representing symbolically different modifications of animal desire or material action, such as hunger, thirst, and fire, without consciousness; that the higher triad, *ultimi quia superiores*, consisted of Jupiter, (Pallas, or Apollo, or Bacchus, or Mercury, mystically called *Cadmilos*,) and Venus, representing, as before, the νοῦς or reason, the λόγος or word or communicative power, and the ἔρως or love; that the *Cadmilos* or Mercury, the manifested, communicated, or sent, appeared not only in his proper person as second of the higher triad, but also as a mediator between the higher and lower triad, and so there were seven divinities; and, indeed, according to some authorities, it might seem that the *Cadmilos* acted once as a mediator of the higher, and once of the lower, triad, and that so there were eight Cabeiric divinities. The lower or Titanic powers being subdued, chaos ceased, and creation began in the reign of the divinities of mind and love; but the chaotic gods still existed

in the abyss, and the notion of evoking them was the origin, the idea, of the Greek necromancy.

These mysteries, like all the others, were certainly in connection with either the Phœnician or Egyptian systems, perhaps with both. Hence the old Cabeiric powers were soon made to answer to the corresponding popular divinities; and the lower triad was called by the uninitiated, Ceres, Vulcan or Pluto, and Proserpine, and the *Cadmilos* became Mercury. It is not without ground that I direct your attention, under these circumstances, to the probable derivation of some portion of this most remarkable system from patriarchal tradition, and to the connection of the Cabeiri with the Kabbala.

The Samothracian mysteries continued in celebrity till some time after the commencement of the Christian era.[1] But they gradually sank with the rest of the ancient system of mythology, to which, in fact, they did not properly belong. The peculiar doctrines, however, were preserved in the memories of the initiated, and handed down by individuals. No doubt they were propagated in Europe, and it is not improbable that Paracelsus received many of his opinions from such persons, and I think a connection may be traced between him and Jacob Behmen.

The Arabian Nights, the Milesian Tales, and De Foe.

The Asiatic supernatural beings are all produced by imagining an excessive magnitude, or an excessive smallness combined with great power; and the broken associations, which must have given rise to such conceptions, are the sources of the interest which they inspire, as exhibiting,

[1] "In the reign of Tiberius, A.D. 18, Germanicus attempted to visit Samothrace;—*illum in regressu sacra Samothracum visere nitentem obvii aquilones depulere.* Tacit. Ann. II. c. 54."—H. N. C.

through the working of the imagination, the idea of power in the will. This is delightfully exemplified in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and indeed, more or less, in other works of the same kind. In all these there is the same activity of mind as in dreaming, that is—an exertion of the fancy in the combination and recombination of familiar objects, so as to produce novel and wonderful imagery. To this must be added that these tales cause no deep feeling of a moral kind—whether of religion or love; but an impulse of motion is communicated to the mind without excitement, and this is the reason of their being so generally read and admired.

I think it not unlikely that the Milesian Tales contained the germs of many of those now in the Arabian Nights; indeed it is scarcely possible to doubt that the Greek empire must have left deep impression on the Persian intellect. So also many of the Roman Catholic legends are taken from Apuleius. In that exquisite story of Cupid and Psyche, the allegory is of no injury to the dramatic vividness of the tale. It is evidently a philosophic attempt to parry Christianity with a *quasi*-Platonic account of the fall and redemption of the soul.

The charm of De Foe's works, especially of Robinson Crusoe, is founded on the same principle. It always interests, never agitates. Crusoe himself is merely a representative of humanity in general; neither his intellectual nor his moral qualities set him above the middle degree of mankind; his only prominent characteristic is the spirit of enterprise and wandering, which is, nevertheless, a very common disposition. You will observe that all that is wonderful in this tale is the result of external circumstances—of things which fortune brings to Crusoe's hand.

Notes on Robinson Crusoe.[1]

Vol. i. p. 17. "But my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and though I had several times loud calls from my reason, and my more composed judgment, to go home, yet I had no power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge that it is a secret over-ruling decree that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our eyes open."

The wise only possess ideas; the greater part of mankind are possessed by them. Robinson Crusoe was not conscious of the master impulse, even because it was his master, and had taken, as he says, full possession of him. When once the mind, in despite of the remonstrating conscience, has abandoned its free power to a haunting impulse or idea, then whatever tends to give depth and vividness to this idea or indefinite imagination, increases its despotism, and in the same proportion renders the reason and free will ineffectual. Now, fearful calamities, sufferings, horrors, and hair-breadth escapes will have this effect, far more than even sensual pleasure and prosperous incidents. Hence the evil consequences of sin in such cases, instead of retracting or deterring the sinner, goad him on to his destruction. This is the moral of Shakspere's Macbeth, and the true solution of this paragraph,—not any overruling decree of divine wrath, but the tyranny of the sinner's own evil imagination, which he has voluntarily chosen as his master.

Compare the contemptuous Swift with the contemned De Foe, and how superior will the latter be found! But

[1] "These notes were written by Mr. C. in Mr. Gillman's copy of Robinson Crusoe, in the summer of 1830. The references in the text are to Major's edition, 1831."—H. N. C.

by what test ?—Even by this; that the writer who makes me sympathize with his presentations with the whole of my being, is more estimable than he who calls forth, and appeals but to, a part of my being—my sense of the ludicrous, for instance. De Foe's excellence it is, to make me forget my specific class, character, and circumstances, and to raise me while I read him, into the universal man.

P. 80. "I smiled to myself at the sight of this money: 'O drug!' said I aloud, &c. *However, upon second thoughts, I took it away;* and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas," &c.

Worthy of Shakspere!—and yet the simple semicolon after it, the instant passing on without the least pause of reflex consciousness, is more exquisite and masterlike than the touch itself. A meaner writer, a Marmontel, would have put an (!) after '*away,*' and have commenced a fresh paragraph. 30th July, 1830.

P. 111. "And I must confess, my religious thankfulness to God's providence began to abate too, upon the discovering that all this was nothing but what was common; though I ought to have been as thankful for so strange and unforeseen a providence, as if it had been miraculous."

To make men feel the truth of this is one characteristic object of the miracles worked by Moses;—in them the providence is miraculous, the miracles providential.

P. 126. "The growing up of the corn, as is hinted in my Journal, had, at first, some little influence upon me, and began to affect me with seriousness, as long as I thought it had something miraculous in it," &c.

By far the ablest vindication of miracles which I have met with. It is indeed the true ground, the proper purpose and intention of a miracle.

P. 141. "To think that this was all my own, that I was king and lord of all this country indefeasibly," &c.

By the by, what is the law of England respecting this? Suppose I had discovered, or been wrecked on an uninhabited island, would it be mine or the king's?

P. 223. "I considered—that as I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his sovereignty, who, as I was his creature, had an undoubted right, by creation, to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit," &c.

I could never understand this reasoning, grounded on a complete misapprehension of St. Paul's image of the potter, Rom. ix., or rather I do fully understand the absurdity of it. The susceptibility of pain and pleasure, of good and evil, constitutes a right in every creature endowed therewith in relation to every rational and moral being,—*a fortiori*, therefore, to the Supreme Reason, to the absolutely good Being. Remember Davenant's verses;—

> "Doth it our reason's mutinies appease
> To say, the potter may his own clay mould
> To every use, or in what shape he please,
> At first not counsell'd nor at last controll'd?
>
> Power's hand can neither easy be, nor strict
> To lifeless clay, which ease nor torment knows,
> And where it cannot favour or afflict,
> It neither justice or injustice shows.
>
> But souls have life, and life eternal too:
> Therefore, if doom'd before they can offend,
> It seems to show what heavenly power can do,
> But does not in that deed that power commend."
>
> *Death of Astragon*, 88, &c.

P. 232-3. "And this I must observe with grief too, that the discomposure of my mind had too great impressions also upon the religious parts of my thoughts,—praying to God being properly an act of the mind, not of the body."

As justly conceived as it is beautifully expressed. And a mighty motive for habitual prayer; for this cannot but greatly facilitate the performance of rational prayer even in moments of urgent distress.

P. 244. "That this would justify the conduct of the Spaniards in all their barbarities practised in America."

De Foe was a true philanthropist, who had risen above the antipathies of nationality; but he was evidently partial to the Spanish character, which, however, it is not, I fear, possible to acquit of cruelty. Witness the Netherlands, the Inquisition, the late Guerilla warfare," &c.

P. 249. "That I shall not discuss, and perhaps cannot account for; but certainly they are a proof of the converse of spirits," &c.

This reminds me of a conversation I once overheard. "How a statement so injurious to Mr. A. and so contrary to the truth, should have been made to you by Mr. B., I do not pretend to account for;—only I know of my own knowledge that B. is an inveterate liar, and has long borne malice against Mr. A.; and I can prove that he has repeatedly declared that in some way or other he would do Mr. A. a mischief."

P. 254. "The place I was in was a most delightful cavity or grotto of its kind, as could be expected, though perfectly dark; the floor was dry and level, and had a sort of small loose gravel on it," &c.

How accurate an observer of nature De Foe was! The reader will at once recognize Professor Buckland's caves and the diluvial gravel.

P. 308. "I entered into a long discourse with him about the devil, the original of him, his rebellion against God, his enmity to man, the reason of it, his setting himself up in the dark parts of the world to be worshipped instead of God," &c.

I presume that Milton's Paradise Lost must have been bound up with one of Crusoe's Bibles; otherwise I should be puzzled to know where he found all this history of the Old Gentleman. Not a word of it in the Bible itself, I am quite sure. But to be serious. De Foe did not reflect that all these difficulties are attached to a mere fiction, or, at the best, an allegory, supported by a few popular phrases and figures of speech used incidentally or dramatically by the Evangelists,—and that the existence of a personal, intelligent, evil being, the counterpart and antagonist of God, is in direct contradiction to the most express declarations of Holy Writ. "*Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?*" Amos iii. 6. "*I make peace and create evil.*" Isa. xlv. 7. This is the deep mystery of the abyss of God.

Vol. ii. p. 3. "I have often heard persons of good judgment say, * * * that there is no such thing as a spirit appearing, a ghost walking, and the like," &c.

I cannot conceive a better definition of Body than "spirit appearing," or of a flesh-and-blood man than a rational spirit apparent. But a spirit *per se* appearing is tantamount to a spirit appearing without its appearances. And as for ghosts, it is enough for a man of common sense to observe, that a ghost and a shadow are concluded in the same definition, that is, visibility without tangibility.

P. 9. "She was, in a few words, the stay of all my affairs, the centre of all my enterprises," &c.

The stay of his affairs, the centre of his interests, the regulator of his schemes and movements, whom it soothed his pride to submit to, and in complying with whose wishes the conscious sensation of his acting will increased the impulse, while it disguised the coercion, of duty!—the clinging dependent, yet the strong supporter—the comforter, the

comfort, and the soul's living home! This is De Foe's comprehensive character of the wife, as she should be; and, to the honour of womanhood be it spoken, there are few neighbourhoods in which one name at least might not be found for the portrait.

The exquisite paragraphs in this and the next page, in addition to others scattered, though with a sparing hand, through his novels, afford sufficient proof that De Foe was a first-rate master of periodic style; but with sound judgment, and the fine tact of genius, he has avoided it as adverse to, nay, incompatible with, the every-day matter of fact realness, which forms the charm and the character of all his romances. The Robinson Crusoe is like the vision of a happy night-mare,[1] such as a denizen of Elysium might be supposed to have from a little excess in his nectar and ambrosia supper. Our imagination is kept in full play, excited to the highest; yet all the while we are touching, or touched by, common flesh and blood.

P. 67. "The ungrateful creatures began to be as insolent and troublesome as before," &c.

How should it be otherwise? They were idle; and when we will not sow corn, the devil will be sure to sow weeds, night-shade, henbane, and devil's-bit.

P. 82. "That hardened villain was so far from denying it, that he said it was true, and ———— him, they would do it still before they had done with them."

Observe when a man has once abandoned himself to wickedness, he cannot stop, and does not join the devils till he has become a devil himself. Rebelling against his conscience he becomes the slave of his own furious will.

[1] Coleridge writes the word *night-mair*,—more accurately. *Mahr*, and kindred forms, mean "spectre," in the Icelandic, and other northern dialects.

One excellence of De Foe, amongst many, is his sacrifice of lesser interest to the greater because more universal. Had he (as without any improbability he might have done) given his Robinson Crusoe any of the turn for natural history, which forms so striking and delightful a feature in the equally uneducated Dampier;—had he made him find out qualities and uses in the before (to him) unknown plants of the island, discover, for instance, a substitute for hops, or describe birds, &c.—many delightful pages and incidents might have enriched the book;—but then Crusoe would have ceased to be the universal representative, the person, for whom every reader could substitute himself. But now nothing is done, thought, suffered, or desired, but what every man can imagine himself doing, thinking, feeling, or wishing for. Even so very easy a problem as that of finding a substitute for ink, is with exquisite judgment made to baffle Crusoe's inventive faculties. And in what he does, he arrives at no excellence; he does not make basket work like Will Atkins; the carpentering, tailoring, pottery, &c., are all just what will answer his purposes, and those are confined to needs that all men have, and comforts that all men desire. Crusoe rises only to the point to which all men may be made to feel that they might, and that they ought to, rise in religion,—to resignation, dependence on, and thankful acknowledgment of, the divine mercy and goodness.

Use of Works of Fiction in the Education of Children.

In the education of children, love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed. Then impulse and power should be given to the intellect, and the ends of a moral being be exhibited. For this object thus much is effected by works of imagination;—that they carry the

mind out of self, and show the possible of the good and the great in the human character. The height, whatever it may be, of the imaginative standard will do no harm; we are commanded to imitate one who is inimitable. We should address ourselves to those faculties in a child's mind, which are first awakened by nature, and consequently first admit of cultivation, that is to say, the memory and the imagination. The comparing power, the judgment, is not at that age active, and ought not to be forcibly excited, as is too frequently and mistakenly done in the modern systems of education, which can only lead to selfish views, debtor and creditor principles of virtue, and an inflated sense of merit. In the imagination of man exist the seeds of all moral and scientific improvement; chemistry was first alchemy, and out of astrology sprang astronomy. In the childhood of those sciences the imagination opened a way, and furnished materials, on which the ratiocinative powers in a maturer state operated with success. The imagination is the distinguishing characteristic of man as a progressive being; and I repeat that it ought to be carefully guided and strengthened as the indispensable means and instrument of continued amelioration and refinement. Men of genius and goodness are generally restless in their minds in the present, and this, because they are by a law of their nature unremittingly regarding themselves in the future, and contemplating the possible of moral and intellectual advance towards perfection. Thus we live by hope and faith; thus we are for the most part able to realize what we will, and thus we accomplish the end of our being. The contemplation of futurity inspires humility of soul in our judgment of the present.

I think the memory of children cannot, in reason, be too much stored with the objects and facts of natural history. God opens the images of nature, like the leaves of a book, before the eyes of his creature, Man—and teaches him all

that is grand and beautiful in the foaming cataract, the glassy lake, and the floating mist.

The common modern novel, in which there is no imagination, but a miserable struggle to excite and gratify mere curiosity, ought, in my judgment, to be wholly forbidden to children. Novel-reading of this sort is especially injurious to the growth of the imagination, the judgment, and the morals, especially to the latter, because it excites mere feelings without at the same time ministering an impulse to action. Women are good novelists, but indifferent poets; and this because they rarely or never thoroughly distinguish between fact and fiction. In the jumble of the two lies the secret of the modern novel, which is the *medium aliquid* between them, having just so much of fiction as to obscure the fact, and so much of fact as to render the fiction insipid. The perusal of a fashionable lady's novel is to me very much like looking at the scenery and decorations of a theatre by broad daylight. The source of the common fondness for novels of this sort rests in that dislike of vacancy and that love of sloth, which are inherent in the human mind; they afford excitement without producing reaction. By reaction I mean an activity of the intellectual faculties, which shows itself in consequent reasoning and observation, and originates action and conduct according to a principle. Thus, the act of thinking presents two sides for contemplation,—that of external causality, in which the train of thought may be considered as the result of outward impressions, of accidental combinations, of fancy, or the associations of the memory,—and on the other hand, that of internal causality, or of the energy of the will on the mind itself. Thought, therefore, might thus be regarded as passive or active; and the same faculties may in a popular sense be expressed as perception or observation, fancy or imagination, memory or recollection.

Dreams and Apparitions.

It is a general, but, as it appears to me, a mistaken opinion, that in our ordinary dreams we judge the objects to be real. I say our ordinary dreams;—because as to the night-mare the opinion is to a considerable extent just. But the night-mare is not a mere dream, but takes place when the waking state of the brain is recommencing, and most often during a rapid alternation, a twinkling, as it were, of sleeping and waking;—while either from pressure on, or from some derangement in, the stomach or other digestive organs acting on the external skin (which is still in sympathy with the stomach and bowels), and benumbing it, the sensations sent up to the brain by double touch (that is, when my own hand touches my side or breast), are so faint as to be merely equivalent to the sensation given by single touch, as when another person's hand touches me. The mind, therefore, which, at all times, with and without our distinct consciousness, seeks for, and assumes, some outward cause for every impression from without, and which in sleep, by aid of the imaginative faculty, converts its judgments respecting the cause into a personal image as being the cause, —the mind, I say, in this case, deceived by past experience, attributes the painful sensation received to a correspondent agent,—an assassin, for instance, stabbing at the side, or a goblin sitting on the breast. Add too that the impressions of the bed, curtains, room, &c., received by the eyes in the half-moments of their opening, blend with, and give vividness and appropriate distance to, the dream image which returns when they close again; and thus we unite the actual perceptions, or their immediate reliques, with the phantoms of the inward sense; and in this manner so confound the half-waking, half-sleeping, reasoning power, that we actually

do pass a positive judgment on the reality of what we see and hear, though often accompanied by doubt and self-questioning, which, as I have myself experienced, will at times become strong enough, even before we awake, to convince us that it is what it is—namely, the night-mare.

In ordinary dreams we do not judge the objects to be real;—we simply do not determine that they are unreal. The sensations which they seem to produce, are in truth the causes and occasions of the images; of which there are two obvious proofs: first, that in dreams the strangest and most sudden metamorphoses do not create any sensation of surprise: and the second, that as to the most dreadful images, which during the dream were accompanied with agonies of terror, we merely awake, or turn round on the other side, and off fly both image and agony, which would be impossible if the sensations were produced by the images. This has always appeared to me an absolute demonstration of the true nature of ghosts and apparitions—such I mean of the tribe as were not pure inventions. Fifty years ago, (and to this day in the ruder parts of Great Britain and Ireland, in almost every kitchen and in too many parlours it is nearly the same,) you might meet persons who would assure you in the most solemn manner, so that you could not doubt their veracity at least, that they had seen an apparition of such and such a person,—in many cases, that the apparition had spoken to them; and they would describe themselves as having been in an agony of terror. They would tell you the story in perfect health. Now take the other class of facts, in which real ghosts have appeared;—I mean, where figures have been dressed up for the purpose of passing for apparitions:—in every instance I have known or heard of (and I have collected very many) the consequence has been either sudden death, or fits, or idiocy, or mania, or a brain fever. Whence comes the difference? evidently from this,—that in the one case the whole of the

nervous system has been by slight internal causes gradually and all together brought into a certain state, the sensation of which is extravagantly exaggerated during sleep, and of which the images are the mere effects and exponents, as the motions of the weather-cock are of the wind;—while in the other case, the image rushing through the senses upon a nervous system, wholly unprepared, actually causes the sensation, which is sometimes powerful enough to produce a total check, and almost always a lesion or inflammation. Who has not witnessed the difference in shock when we have leaped down half-a-dozen steps intentionally, and that of having missed a single stair? How comparatively severe the latter is! The fact really is, as to apparitions, that the terror produces the image instead of the contrary; for *in omnem actum perceptionis influit imaginatio*, as says Wolfe.

O, strange is the self-power of the imagination—when painful sensations have made it their interpreter, or returning gladsomeness or convalescence has made its chilled and evanished figures and landscape bud, blossom, and live in scarlet, green, and snowy white (like the fire-screen inscribed with the nitrate and muriate of cobalt,)—strange is the power to represent the events and circumstances, even to the anguish or the triumph of the *quasi*-credent soul, while the necessary conditions, the only possible causes of such contingencies, are known to be in fact quite hopeless;—yea, when the pure mind would recoil from the eve-lengthened shadow of an approaching hope, as from a crime;—and yet the effect shall have place, and substance, and living energy, and, on a blue islet of ether, in a whole sky of blackest cloudage, shine like a firstling of creation!

To return, however, to apparitions, and by way of an amusing illustration of the nature and value of even contemporary testimony upon such subjects, I will present you with a passage, literally translated by my friend, Mr.

Southey, from the well known work of Bernal Dias, one of the companions of Cortes, in the conquest of Mexico:

"Here it is that Gomara says, that Francisco de Morla rode forward on a dappled grey horse, before Cortes and the cavalry came up, and that the apostle St. Iago, or St. Peter, was there. I must say that all our works and victories are by the hand of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that in this battle there were for each of us so many Indians, that they could have covered us with handfuls of earth, if it had not been that the great mercy of God helped us in every thing. And it may be that he of whom Gomara speaks, was the glorious Santiago or San Pedro, and I, as a sinner, was not worthy to see him; but he whom I saw there and knew, was Francisco de Morla on a chesnut horse, who came up with Cortes. And it seems to me that now while I am writing this, the whole war is represented before these sinful eyes, just in the manner as we then went through it. And though I, as an unworthy sinner, might not deserve to see either of these glorious apostles, there were in our company above four hundred soldiers, and Cortes, and many other knights; and it would have been talked of and testified, and they would have made a church, when they peopled the town, which would have been called Santiago de la Vittoria, or San Pedro de la Vittoria, as it is now called. Santa Maria de la Vittoria. And if it was, as Gomara says, bad Christians must we have been, when our Lord God sent us his holy apostles, not to acknowledge his great mercy, and venerate his church daily. And would to God, it had been, as the Chronicler says!—but till I read his Chronicle, I never heard such a thing from any of the conquerors who were there."

Now, what if the odd accident of such a man as Bernal Dias' writing a history had not taken place! Gomara's account, the account of a contemporary, which yet must have been read by scores who were present, would have remained uncontradicted. I remember the story of a man, whom the devil met and talked with, but left at a particular lane;—the man followed him with his eyes, and when the devil got to the turning or bend of the lane, he

vanished! The devil was upon this occasion drest in a blue coat, plush waistcoat, leather breeches and boots, and talked and looked just like a common man, except as to a particular lock of hair which he had. "And how do you know then, that it was the devil?"—"How do I know," replied the fellow,—"why, if it had not been the devil, being drest as he was, and looking as he did, why should I have been sore stricken with fright, when I first saw him? and why should I be in such a tremble all the while he talked? And, moreover, he had a particular sort of a kind of a lock, and when I groaned and said, upon every question he asked me, Lord have mercy upon me! or, Christ have mercy upon me! it was plain enough that he did not like it, and so he left me!"—The man was quite sober when he related this story; but as it happened to him on his return from market, it is probable that he was then muddled. As for myself, I was actually seen in Newgate, in the winter of 1798;—the person who saw me there, said he had asked my name of Mr. A. B., a known acquaintance of mine, who told him that it was young Coleridge, who had married the eldest Miss ——. "Will you go to Newgate, Sir?" said my friend; "for I assure you that Mr. C. is now in Germany." "Very willingly," replied the other, and away they went to Newgate, and sent for A. B. "Coleridge," cried he, "in Newgate! God forbid!" I said, "young Col —— who married the eldest Miss ——." The names were something similar. And yet this person had himself really seen me at one of my lectures.

I remember, upon the occasion of my inhaling the nitrous oxide at the Royal Institution, about five minutes afterwards, a gentleman came from the other side of the theatre and said to me,—"Was it not ravishingly delightful, Sir?"—"It was highly pleasurable, no doubt."—"Was it not very like sweet music?"—"I cannot say I

perceived any analogy to it."—"Did you not say it was very like Mrs. Billington singing by your ear?"—"No, Sir, I said that while I was breathing the gas, there was a singing in my ears."

To return, however, to dreams, I not only believe, for the reasons given, but have more than once actually experienced, that the most fearful forms, when produced simply by association, instead of causing fear, operate no other effect than the same would do if they had passed through my mind as thoughts, while I was composing a faery tale; the whole depending on the wise and gracious law in our nature, that the actual bodily sensations, called forth according to the law of association by thoughts and images of the mind, never greatly transcend the limits of pleasurable feeling in a tolerably healthy frame, unless where an act of the judgment supervenes and interprets them as purporting instant danger to ourselves.

The Alchemists.[1]

There have been very strange and incredible stories told of and by the alchemists. Perhaps in some of them there may have been a specific form of mania, originating in the constant intension of the mind on an imaginary end, associated with an immense variety of means, all of them substances not familiar to men in general, and in forms strange and unlike to those of ordinary nature. Sometimes, it seems as if the alchemists wrote like the Pythagoreans on music, imagining a metaphysical and inaudible music as the basis of the audible. It is clear that by sulphur they meant the solar rays or light, and by mercury the principle of ponderability, so that their theory was the same with that of the Heraclitic physics, or the modern German

[1] "From Mr. Green's Note."—H. N. C.

Naturphilosophie, which deduces all things from light and gravitation, each being bipolar; gravitation = north and south, or attraction and repulsion; light = east and west, or contraction and dilation; and gold being the tetrad, or interpenetration of both, as water was the dyad of light, and iron the dyad of gravitation.

It is, probably, unjust to accuse the alchemists generally of dabbling with attempts at magic in the common sense of the term. The supposed exercise of magical power always involved some moral guilt, directly or indirectly, as in stealing a piece of meat to lay on warts, touching humours with the hand of an executed person, &c. Rites of this sort and other practices of sorcery have always been regarded with trembling abhorrence by all nations, even the most ignorant, as by the Africans, the Hudson's Bay people, and others. The alchemists were, no doubt, often considered as dealers in art magic, and many of them were not unwilling that such a belief should be prevalent; and the more earnest among them evidently looked at their association of substances, fumigations, and other chemical operations, as merely ceremonial, and seem, therefore, to have had a deeper meaning, that of evoking a latent power. It would be profitable to make a collection of all the cases of cures by magical charms and incantations; much useful information might, probably, be derived from it; for it is to be observed that such rites are the form in which medical knowledge would be preserved amongst a barbarous and ignorant people.

The Book of Tobit. The Fallen Spirits. The Egyptian Musicians. The Possessed, in the Gospels.[1]

The apocryphal book of Tobit consists of a very simple, but beautiful and interesting, family-memoir, into which

[1] "Written in a copy of Mr. Hillhouse's Hadad."—H. N. C. Dated June, 1827.

some later Jewish poet or fabulist of Alexandria wove the ridiculous and frigid machinery, borrowed from the popular superstitions of the Greeks (though, probably, of Egyptian origin), and accommodated, clumsily enough, to the purer monotheism of the Mosaic law. The Rape of the Lock is another instance of a simple tale thus enlarged at a later period, though in this case by the same author, and with a very different result. Now unless Mr. Hillhouse is Romanist enough to receive this nursery-tale garnish of a domestic incident as grave history and holy writ (for which, even from learned Roman Catholics, he would gain more credit as a very obedient child of the Church than as a biblical critic), he will find it no easy matter to support this assertion of his by the passages of Scripture here referred to, consistently with any sane interpretation of their import and purpose.

1. The Fallen Spirits.

This is the mythological form, or, if you will, the symbolical representation, of a profound idea necessary as the *præ-suppositum* of the Christian scheme, or a postulate of reason, indispensable, if we would render the existence of a world of finites compatible with the assumption of a supermundane God, not one with the world. In short, this idea is the condition under which alone the reason of man can retain the doctrine of an infinite and absolute Being, and yet keep clear of pantheism as exhibited by Benedict Spinoza.

II. The Egyptian Magicians.

This whole narrative is probably a relic of the old diplomatic *lingua-arcana*, or state-symbolique—in which the prediction of events is expressed as the immediate causing of them. Thus the prophet is said to destroy the city, the destruction of which he predicts. The word which our version renders by "*enchantments*" signifies "flames or burnings," by which it is probable that the Egyptians were

able to deceive the spectators, and substitute serpents for staves. See Parkhurst *in voce.*

And with regard to the possessions in the Gospels, bear in mind, first of all, that spirits are not necessarily souls or *I's* (*ich-heiten* or *self-consciousnesses*), and that the most ludicrous absurdities would follow from taking them as such in the Gospel instances; and secondly, that the Evangelist, who has recorded the most of these incidents, himself speaks of one of these possessed persons as a lunatic (*σεληνιάζεται —ἐξῆλθεν ἀ'π' αὐτοῦ τὸ δαιμόνιον.* Matt. xvii. 15. 18.);—while St. John names them not at all, but seems to include them under the description of diseased or deranged persons. That madness may result from spiritual causes, and not only or principally from physical ailments, may readily be admitted. Is not our will itself a spiritual power? Is it not the spirit of the man? The mind of a rational and responsible being (that is, of a free-agent,) is a spirit, though it does not follow that all spirits are minds. Who shall dare determine what spiritual influences may not arise out of the collective evil wills of wicked men? Even the bestial life, sinless in animals and their nature, may when awakened in the man and by his own act admitted into his will, become a spiritual influence. He receives a nature into his will, which by this very act becomes a corrupt will; and *vice versa*, this will becomes his nature, and thus a corrupt nature. This may be conceded; and this is all that the recorded words of our Saviour absolutely require in order to receive an appropriate sense; but this is altogether different from making spirits to be devils, and devils self-conscious individuals.

The Personality of the Devil.[1]

"A Christian's conflicts and conquests, p. 459. By the devil we are to understand that apostate spirit which fell from God, and is always designing to hale down others from God also. The Old Dragon (mentioned in the Revelation) with his tail drew down the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the earth."

How much is it to be regretted, that so enlightened and able a divine as Smith, had not philosophically and scripturally enucleated this so difficult yet important question, —respecting the personal existence of the evil principle; that is, whether as τὸ θεῖον of paganism is ὁ θεὸς in Christianity, so the τὸ πονηρὸν is to be ὁ πονηρὸς,—and whether this is an express doctrine of Christ, and not merely a Jewish dogma left undisturbed to fade away under the increasing light of the Gospel, instead of assuming the former, and confirming the position by a verse from a poetic tissue of visual symbols,—a verse alien from the subject, and by which the Apocalypt enigmatized the Neronian persecutions and the apostacy through fear occasioned by it in a large number of converts.

Ib. p. 463. "When we say, the devil is continually busy with us, I mean not only some apostate spirit as one particular being, but that spirit of apostacy which is lodged in all men's natures; and this may seem particularly to be aimed at in this place, if we observe the context:—as the scripture speaks of Christ not only as a particular person, but as a divine principle in holy souls.

Indeed the devil is not only the name of one particular thing, but a nature."

May I not venture to suspect that this was Smith's own belief and judgment? And that his conversion of the Satan,

[1] "Written in a copy of 'Select Discourses by John Smith, of Queen's College, Cambridge, 1660,' and communicated by the Rev. Edward Coleridge."—H. N. C. Dated March, 1824.

that is, *circuitor*, or minister of police (what our Sterne calls the accusing angel), in the prologue to Job into the devil was a mere condescension to the prevailing prejudice? Here, however, he speaks like himself, and like a true religious philosopher, who felt that the personality of evil spirits is a trifling question, compared with the personality of the evil principle. This is indeed most momentous.

Soul and Body.[1]

The defect of this and all similar theories that I am acquainted with, or rather, let me say, the desideratum, is the neglect of a previous definition of the term "body." What do you mean by it? The immediate grounds of a man's size, visibility, tangibility, &c?—But these are in a continual flux even as a column of smoke. The material particles of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, lime, phosphorus, sulphur, soda, iron, that constitute the ponderable organism in May, 1827, at the moment of Pollio's death in his 70th year, have no better claim to be called his "body," than the numerical particles of the same names that constituted the ponderable mass in May, 1787, in Pollio's prime of manhood in his 30th year;—the latter no less than the former go into the grave, that is, suffer dissolution, the one in a series, the other simultaneously. The result to the particles is precisely the same in both, and of both therefore we must say with holy Paul,—"*Thou fool! that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be*," &c. Neither this nor that is the body that abideth. Abideth, I say; for that which riseth again must have remained, though perhaps in an inert state.—It is not dead, but sleepeth;—that

[1] "Note on a Passage in the Life of Henry Earl of Morland. 20th June, 1827."—H. N. C. The reader may also consult the notes to Henry More's Poems, in our fifth Division.

is, it is not dissolved any more than the exterior or phenomenal organism appears to us dissolved when it lieth in apparent inactivity during our sleep.

Sound reasoning this, to the best of my judgment, as far as it goes. But how are we to explain the reaction of this fluxional body on the animal? In each moment the particles by the informing force of the living principle constitute an organ not only of motion and sense, but of consciousness. The organ plays on the organist. How is this conceivable? The solution requires a depth, stillness, and subtlety of spirit not only for its discovery, but even for the understanding of it when discovered, and in the most appropriate words enunciated. I can merely give a hint. The particles themselves must have an interior and gravitative being, and the multeity must be a removable or at least suspensible accident.

SECTION VI.

STYLE.[1]

I HAVE, I believe, formerly observed with regard to the character of the governments of the East, that their tendency was despotic, that is, towards unity; whilst that of the Greek governments, on the other hand, leaned to the manifold and the popular, the unity in them being purely ideal, namely of all as an identification of the whole. In the northern or Gothic nations the aim and purpose of the government were the preservation of the rights and interests of the individual in conjunction with those of the whole. The individual interest was sacred. In the character and tendency of the Greek and Gothic languages there is precisely the same relative difference. In Greek the sentences are long, and the structure architectural, so that each part or clause is insignificant when compared with the whole. The result is every thing, the steps and processes nothing. But in the Gothic and, generally, in what we call the modern, languages, the structure is short, simple, and complete in each part, and the connexion of the parts with the sum total of the discourse is maintained by the sequency of the logic, or the community of feelings excited between the writer and his readers. As an instance equally delightful

[1] The remains of Lecture XIV.,—the last. For Lecture XIII., see the fragment "On Poesy or Art" in our first Division.

and complete, of what may be called the Gothic structure as contra-distinguished from that of the Greeks, let me cite a part of our famous Chaucer's character of a parish priest as he should be. Can it ever be quoted too often?

"A good man thér was of religiöun
That was a pouré Parsone of a toun,
But riche he was of holy thought and werk;
He was alsó a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristés gospel trewély wolde preche;
His párishens[1] devoutly wolde he teche;
Benigne he was, and wonder[2] diligent,
And in adversite ful patient,
And swiche[3] he was ypreved[4] often sithes[5];
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven[6] out of doute
Unto his pouré párishens aboute
Of his offring, and eke of his substánce;
He coude in litel thing have suffisance:
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne[7] left nought for no rain ne[8] thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visíte
The ferrest[9] in his parish moche and lite[10]
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf:
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,[11]
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,
Out of the gospel he the wordés caught,
And this figúre he added yet thereto,
That if gold rusté, what should iren do.
He setté not his benefice to hire,
And lette[12] his shepe accombred[13] in the mire,
And ran untó Londón untó Seint Poules,
To seken him a chantérie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold,
But dwelt at home, and kepté wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie:

[1] Parishioners. [2] Wondrous. [3] Such.
[4] Proved. [5] Times. [6] Give or have given.
[7] Not. [8] Nor. [9] Farthest
[10] Great and small. [11] Gave. [12] Left.
[13] Encumbered.

He was a shepherd and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,[1]
Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne,[2]
But in his teching discrete and benigne,
To drawen folk to heven with fairénesse,
By good ensample was his besinesse;
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of high or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben[3] sharply for the nones:
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is;
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
He maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristés love and his apostles' twelve
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.[4]"

Such change as really took place in the style of our literature after Chaucer's time is with difficulty perceptible, on account of the dearth of writers, during the civil wars of the 15th century. But the transition was not very great; and accordingly we find in Latimer and our other venerable authors about the time of Edward VI., as in Luther, the general characteristics of the earliest manner;—that is, every part popular, and the discourse addressed to all degrees of intellect;—the sentences short, the tone vehement, and the connexion of the whole produced by honesty and singleness of purpose, intensity of passion, and pervading importance of the subject.

Another and a very different species of style is that which was derived from, and founded on, the admiration and cultivation of the classical writers, and which was more exclusively addressed to the learned class in society. I have previously mentioned Boccaccio as the original Italian introducer of this manner, and the great models of it in English are Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Taylor, although

[1] Despiteous. [2] Proud. [3] Reprove.
[4] Prologue to Canterbury Tales.

it may be traced in many other authors of that age. In all these the language is dignified but plain, genuine English, although elevated and brightened by superiority of intellect in the writer. Individual words themselves are always used by them in their precise meaning, without either affectation or slipslop. The letters and state papers of Sir Francis Walsingham are remarkable for excellence in style of this description. In Jeremy Taylor the sentences are often extremely long, and yet are generally so perspicuous, in consequence of their logical structure, that they require no reperusal to be understood; and it is for the most part the same in Milton and Hooker.

Take the following sentence as a specimen of the sort of style to which I have been alluding:—

"Concerning Faith, the principal object whereof is that eternal verity which hath discovered the treasures of hidden wisdom in Christ; concerning Hope, the highest object whereof is that everlasting goodness which in Christ doth quicken the dead; concerning Charity, the final object whereof is that incomprehensible beauty which shineth in the countenance of Christ, the Son of the living God: concerning these virtues, the first of which beginning here with a weak apprehension of things not seen, endeth with the intuitive vision of God in the world to come; the second beginning here with a trembling expectation of things far removed, and as yet but only heard of, endeth with real and actual fruition of that which no tongue can express; the third beginning here with a weak inclination of heart towards him unto whom we are not able to approach, endeth with endless union, the mystery whereof is higher than the reach of the thoughts of men; concerning that Faith, Hope, and Charity, without which there can be no salvation, was there ever any mention made saving only in that Law which God himself hath from Heaven revealed? There is not in the world a syllable muttered with certain truth concerning any of these three, more than hath been supernaturally received from the mouth of the eternal God."

Eccles. Pol. I. s. 11.

The unity in these writers is produced by the unity of the subject, and the perpetual growth and evolution of the thoughts, one generating, and explaining, and justifying, the place of another, not, as it is in Seneca, where the thoughts, striking as they are, are merely strung together like beads, without any causation or progression. The words are selected because they are the most appropriate, regard being had to the dignity of the total impression, and no merely big phrases are used where plain ones would have sufficed, even in the most learned of their works.

There is some truth in a remark, which I believe was made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the greatest man is he who forms the taste of a nation, and that the next greatest is he who corrupts it. The true classical style of Hooker and his fellows was easily open to corruption; and Sir Thomas Browne it was, who, though a writer of great genius, first effectually injured the literary taste of the nation by his introduction of learned words, merely because they were learned. It would be difficult to describe Browne adequately; exuberant in conception and conceit, dignified, hyper-latinistic, a quiet and sublime enthusiast; yet a fantast, a humourist, a brain with a twist; egotistic like Montaigne, yet with a feeling heart and an active curiosity, which, however, too often degenerates into a hunting after oddities. In his *Hydriotaphia* and, indeed, almost all his works, the entireness of his mental action is very observable; he metamorphoses every thing, be it what it may, into the subject under consideration. But Sir Thomas Browne[1] with all his faults had a genuine idiom; and it is the existence of an individual idiom in each, that makes the principal writers before the Restoration the great patterns or integers of English style. In them the precise intended meaning of a word can never be mistaken; whereas in the later

[1] See notes on Sir T. Browne in our fifth Division.

writers, as especially in Pope, the use of words is for the most part purely arbitrary, so that the context will rarely show the true specific sense, but only that something of the sort is designed. A perusal of the authorities cited by Johnson in his dictionary under any leading word, will give you a lively sense of this declension in etymological truth of expression in the writers after the Restoration, or perhaps, strictly, after the middle of the reign of Charles II.

The general characteristic of the style of our literature down to the period which I have just mentioned, was gravity, and in Milton and some other writers of his day there are perceptible traces of the sternness of republicanism. Soon after the Restoration a material change took place, and the cause of royalism was graced, sometimes disgraced, by every shade of lightness of manner. A free and easy style was considered as a test of loyalty, or at all events, as a badge of the cavalier party; you may detect it occasionally even in Barrow, who is, however, in general, remarkable for dignity and logical sequency of expression; but in L'Estrange, Collyer, and the writers of that class, this easy manner was carried out to the utmost extreme of slang and ribaldry. Yet still the works, even of these last authors, have considerable merit in one point of view; their language is level to the understandings of all men; it is an actual transcript of the colloquialism of the day, and is accordingly full of life and reality. Roger North's life of his brother the Lord Keeper, is the most valuable specimen of this class of our literature; it is delightful, and much beyond any other of the writings of his contemporaries.

From the common opinion that the English style attained its greatest perfection in and about Queen Anne's reign I altogether dissent; not only because it is in one species alone in which it can be pretended that the writers of that age excelled their predecessors, but also because the specimens

themselves are not equal, upon sound principles of judgment, to much that had been produced before. The classical structure of Hooker—the impetuous, thought-agglomerating, flood of Taylor—to these there is no pretence of a parallel; and for mere ease and grace, is Cowley inferior to Addison, being as he is so much more thoughtful and full of fancy? Cowley, with the omission of a quaintness here and there, is probably the best model of style for modern imitation in general. Taylor's periods have been frequently attempted by his admirers; you may, perhaps, just catch the turn of a simile or single image, but to write in the real manner of Jeremy Taylor would require as mighty a mind as his. Many parts of Algernon Sidney's treatises afford excellent exemplars of a good modern practical style; and Dryden in his prose works, is a still better model, if you add a stricter and purer grammar. It is, indeed, worthy of remark that all our great poets have been good prose writers, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton; and this probably arose from their just sense of metre. For a true poet will never confound verse and prose; whereas it is almost characteristic of indifferent prose writers that they should be constantly slipping into scraps of metre. Swift's style is, in its line, perfect; the manner is a complete expression of the matter, the terms appropriate, and the artifice concealed. It is simplicity in the true sense of the word.

After the Revolution, the spirit of the nation became much more commercial than it had been before; a learned body, or clerisy, as such, gradually disappeared, and literature in general began to be addressed to the common miscellaneous public. That public had become accustomed to, and required, a strong stimulus; and to meet the requisitions of the public taste, a style was produced which by combining triteness of thought with singularity and excess of manner of expression, was calculated at once to soothe ignorance and to flatter vanity. The thought was carefully

kept down to the immediate apprehension of the commonest understanding, and the dress was as anxiously arranged for the purpose of making the thought appear something very profound. The essence of this style consisted in a mock antithesis, that is, an opposition of mere sounds, in a rage for personification, the abstract made animate, far-fetched metaphors, strange phrases, metrical scraps, in every thing, in short, but genuine prose. Style is, of course, nothing else but the art of conveying the meaning appropriately and with perspicuity, whatever that meaning may be, and one criterion of style is that it shall not be translateable without injury to the meaning. Johnson's style has pleased many from the very fault of being perpetually translateable; he creates an impression of cleverness by never saying any thing in a common way. The best specimen of this manner is in Junius, because his antithesis is less merely verbal than Johnson's. Gibbon's manner is the worst of all; it has every fault of which this peculiar style is capable. Tacitus is an example of it in Latin; in coming from Cicero you feel the *falsetto* immediately.

In order to form a good style, the primary rule and condition is, not to attempt to express ourselves in language before we thoroughly know our meaning;—when a man perfectly understands himself, appropriate diction will generally be at his command either in writing or speaking. In such cases the thoughts and the words are associated. In the next place preciseness in the use of terms is required, and the test is whether you can translate the phrase adequately into simpler terms, regard being had to the feeling of the whole passage. Try this upon Shakspere, or Milton, and see if you can substitute other simpler words in any given passage without a violation of the meaning or tone. The source of bad writing is the desire to be something more than a man of sense,—the straining to be thought a genius; and it is just the same in speech-making. If men

would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be! Another rule is to avoid converting mere abstractions into persons. I believe you will very rarely find in any great writer before the Revolution the possessive case of an inanimate noun used in prose instead of the dependent case, as 'the watch's hand,' for 'the hand of the watch.' The possessive or Saxon genitive was confined to persons, or at least to animated subjects. And I cannot conclude this Lecture without insisting on the importance of accuracy of style as being near akin to veracity and truthful habits of mind; he who thinks loosely will write loosely, and, perhaps, there is some moral inconvenience in the common forms of our grammars which give children so many obscure terms for material distinctions. Let me also exhort you to careful examination of what you read, if it be worth any perusal at all; such examination will be a safeguard from fanaticism, the universal origin of which is in the contemplation of phenomena without investigation into their causes.

Wonderfulness of Prose.[1]

It has just struck my feelings that the Pherecydean origin of prose being granted, prose must have struck men with greater admiration than poetry. In the latter, it was the language of passion and emotion: it is what they themselves spoke and heard in moments of exultation, indignation, &c. But to hear an evolving roll, or a succession of leaves, talk continually the language of deliberate reason in a form of continued preconception, of a *Z* already possessed when *A* was being uttered,—this must have appeared godlike. I feel myself in the same state, when

[1] From vol. ii. of the "Remains," and without date. The note may find a place here, as too curious to be lost.

in the perusal of a sober, yet elevated and harmonious, succession of sentences and periods, I abstract my mind from the particular passage, and sympathize with the wonder of the common people who say of an eloquent man —'He talks like a book!'

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

OVER THE BROCKEN.[1]

THROUGH roads no way rememberable, we came to Gieloldshausen, over a bridge, on which was a mitred statue[2] with a great crucifix in its arms. The village, long and ugly; but the church, like most Catholic churches, interesting; and this being Whitsun Eve, all were crowding

[1] We extract this narrative, by Coleridge, of his excursion in the Harz Mountains,—unfortunately, only a fragment,—from Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*. It was written, Gillman tells us, "soon after his return from Germany." Whenever it was Coleridge arranged them, the account is made up of extracts from two letters to Mrs. Coleridge, written from the Harz. They will be found in full, with a third to his friend Poole, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, Oct., 1835. The article, in the form in which Gillman gives it, was printed in *The Amulet*, 1829.

The little tour—on foot, and in student fashion,—came off in May, 1799. Coleridge was then at Göttingen. Other fellow-students accompanied him, mostly younger than he, who was at this time twenty-six. The principal of these were Dr. Parry, afterwards of Bath, his brother, the Arctic Navigator, and Dr. Carlyon, of Truro. Dr. Carlyon, in his *Early Years and Late Reflections*, vol. i., 1836, has given a graphic account of their excursion, to which the reader is referred. He may also consult our Introduction to Coleridge's *Poems*, 1885 (Aldine Edition), the *Biographia Literaria*, and Coleridge's Letters from Germany, above mentioned, in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

At the end of June, when Coleridge quitted Germany, his friends accompanied him as far as Brunswick, and again they ascended the Brocken. They hoped, this time, to see the famous Spectre,—but in vain.

[2] "An image of our Saviour, as it proved," says Dr. Carlyon. Coleridge, we regret to record, inquired of an indignant peasant, "whether it was not intended for the Elector of Mentz," in whose domains they then were.

to it, with their mass books and rosaries, the little babies commonly with coral crosses hanging on the breast. Here we took a guide, left the village, ascended a hill, and now the woods rose up before us in a verdure which surprised us like a sorcery. The spring had burst forth with the suddenness of a Russian summer. As we left Göttingen there were buds, and here and there a tree half green; but here were woods in full foliage, distinguished from summer only by the exquisite freshness of their tender green. We entered the wood through a beautiful mossy path; the moon above us blending[1] with the evening light, and every now and then a nightingale would invite the others to sing, and some or other commonly answered, and said, as we suppose, 'It is yet somewhat too early!' for the song was not continued. We came to a square piece of greenery, completely walled on all four sides by the beeches; again entered the wood, and having travelled about a mile, emerged from it into a grand plain—mountains in the distance, but ever by our road the skirts of the green woods. A very rapid river ran by our side; and now the nightingales were all singing, and the tender verdure grew paler in the moonlight, only the smooth parts of the river were still deeply purpled with the reflections from the fiery light in the west. So surrounded and so impressed, we arrived at Prele, a dear little cluster of houses in the middle of a semicircle of woody hills; the area of the semicircle scarcely broader than the breadth of the village.

* * * * *

We afterward ascended another hill, from the top of which a large plain opened before us with villages. A little village, Neuhoff, lay at the foot of it: we reached it, and then turned up through a valley on the left hand. The

[1] Compare *Love* (written only a short time after Coleridge's return):—

"The moonlight, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve."

hills on both sides the valley were prettily wooded, and a rapid lively river ran through it. So we went for about two miles, and almost at the end of the valley, or rather of its first turning, we found the village of Lauterberg. Just at the entrance of the village, two streams come out from two deep and woody coombs, close by each other, meet, and run into a third deep woody coomb opposite; before you a wild hill, which seems the end and barrier of the valley; on the right hand, low hills, now green with corn, and now wooded; and on the left a most majestic hill indeed—the effect of whose simple outline painting could not give, and how poor a thing are words! We pass through this neat little town—the majestic hill on the left hand soaring over the houses, and at every interspace you see the whole of it—its beeches, its firs, its rocks, its scattered cottages, and the one little pastor's house at the foot embosomed in fruit-trees all in blossom, the noisy coomb-brook dashing close by it. We leave the valley, or rather, the first turning on the left, following a stream; and so the vale winds on, the river still at the foot of the woody hills, with every now and then other smaller valleys on right and left crossing our vale, and ever before you the woody hills running like groves one into another. We turned and turned, and entering the fourth curve of the vale, we found all at once that we had been ascending. The verdure vanished! All the beech trees were leafless, and so were the silver birches, whose boughs always, winter and summer, hang so elegantly. But low down in the valley, and in little companies on each bank of the river,[1] a multitude of green conical fir trees, with herds of cattle wandering about, almost every one with a cylindrical bell around its neck, of no inconsiderable size, and as they moved—scattered over the narrow vale, and up among the trees on the hill—the noise was like that

[1] Insert "you could see," or the like.

of a great city in the stillness of a sabbath morning, when the bells all at once are ringing for church. The whole was a melancholy and romantic scene, that was quite new to me. Again we turned, passed three smelting houses, which we visited;—a scene of terrible beauty is a furnace of boiling metal, darting, every moment, blue, green, and scarlet lightning, like serpents' tongues!—and now we ascended a steep hill, on the top of which was St. Andrias Berg, a town built wholly of wood.

We descended again, to ascend far higher; and now we came to a most beautiful road, which winded on the breast of the hill, from whence we looked down into a deep valley, or huge basin, full of pines and firs; the opposite hills full of pines and firs; and the hill above us, on whose breast we were winding, likewise full of pines and firs. The valley, or basin, on our right hand, into which we looked down, is called the Wald Rauschenbach, that is, the Valley of the Roaring Brook; and roar it did, indeed, most solemnly! The road on which we walked was weedy with infant fir-trees, an inch or two high;[1] and now, on our left hand, came before us a most tremendous precipice of yellow and black rock, called Rehberg, that is, the Mountain of the Roe. Now again is nothing but firs and pines, above, below, around us! How awful is the deep unison of their undividable murmur; what a one thing it is—it is a sound that impresses the dim notion of the Omnipresent! In various parts of the deep vale below us, we beheld little dancing waterfalls gleaming through the branches, and now, on our left hand, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung itself down, leaping and foaming, and now concealed, and now not concealed, and now half concealed by the fir-trees, till, towards the road, it became a visible sheet of water, within

[1] No one but a poet could have added this exquisite touch.

whose immediate neighbourhood no pine could have permanent abiding place. The snow lay everywhere on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam, snow patches and waterbreaks glimmering through the branches in the hill above, the deep basin below, and the hill opposite. Over the high opposite hills, so dark in their pine forests, a far higher round barren stony mountain looked in upon the prospect from a distant country. Through this scenery we passed on, till our road was crossed by a second waterfall, or rather, aggregation of little dancing waterfalls, one by the side of the other for a considerable breadth, and all came at once out of the dark wood above, and rolled over the mossy rock fragments, little firs, growing in islets, scattered among them. The same scenery continued till we came to the Oder Seich, a lake, half made by man, and half by nature. It is two miles in length, and but a few hundred yards in breadth, and winds between banks, or rather through walls, of pine trees. It has the appearance of a most calm and majestic river. It crosses the road, goes into a wood, and there at once plunges itself down into a most magnificent cascade, and runs into the vale, to which it gives the name of the 'Vale of the Roaring Brook.' We descended into the vale, and stood at the bottom of the cascade, and climbed up again by its side. The rocks over which it plunged were unusually wild in their shape, giving fantastic resemblances of men and animals, and the fir-boughs by the side were kept almost in a swing, which unruly motion contrasted well with the stern quietness of the huge forest-sea every where else.

* * * * *

In nature all things are individual, but a word is but an arbitrary character for a whole class of things; so that the same description may in almost all cases be applied to twenty different appearances; and in addition to the difficulty of the thing itself, I neither am, nor ever was, a good

hand at description. I see what I write, but, alas! I cannot write what I see. From the Oder Seich we entered a second wood; and now the snow met us in large masses, and we walked for two miles knee-deep in it, with an inexpressible fatigue, till we came to the mount called Little Brocken; here even the firs deserted us, or only now and then a patch of them, wind-shorn, no higher than one's knee, matted and cowering to the ground, like our thorn bushes on the highest sea-hills. The soil was plashy and boggy; we descended and came to the foot of the Great Brocken without a river—the highest mountain in all the north of Germany, and the seat of innumerable superstitions. On the first of May all the witches dance here at midnight; and those who go may see their own ghosts walking up and down, with a little billet on the back, giving the names of those who had wished them there; for 'I wish you on the top of the Brocken,' is a common curse throughout the whole empire. Well, we ascended—the soil boggy—and at last reached the height, which is 573 toises above the level of the sea. We visited the Blocksberg, a sort of bowling-green, inclosed by huge stones, something like those at Stonehenge, and this is the witches' ball-room; thence proceeded to the house on the hill, where we dined; and now we descended. In the evening about seven we arrived at Elbingerode. At the inn they brought us an album, or stamm-buch, requesting that we would write our names, and something or other as a remembrance that we had been there. I wrote the following lines, which contain a true account of my journey from the Brocken to Elbingerode.

"I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills;
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Wearily my way
Downward I dragg'd, through fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss moved in sepulchral forms,

Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song become a hollow sound;
And the gale murmuring indivisibly,
Reserved its solemn murmur, more distinct
From many a note of many a waterbreak,
And the brook's chatter; on whose islet stones
The dingy kidling, with its tinkling bell,
Leapt frolicksome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
With low and languid thought, for I had found
That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms
Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
One spot with which the heart associates
Holy remembrances of child or friend,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country. O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O 'dear, deur' England! how my longing eyes
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle,
This heart was proud, yea, mine eyes swam with tears
To think of thee; and all the goodly view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim. Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is every where, the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood,
Himself our Father, and the world our home."[1]

[1] The poem has been somewhat altered. We leave the original version in the text, and subjoin the later variations.

In line 4, for "wearily" read *heavily; leaves* for "moved," in line 6; in line 8, *became* for "become" (probably a misprint); *breeze* for "gale," below; and

"*Preserved* its solemn murmur *most* distinct;"

and "*mid* whose islet stones." Further on, substitute

"*In* low and languid *mood;* for I had found
That *outward forms, the loftiest, still receive*

We left Elbingerode, May 14th, and travelled for half a mile through a wild country, of bleak stony hills by our side, with several caverns, or rather mouths of caverns, visible in their breasts; and now we came to Rubilland,—Oh, it was a lovely scene! Our road was at the foot of low hills, and here were a few neat cottages; behind us were high hills, with a few scattered firs, and flocks of goats visible on the topmost crags. On our right hand a fine shallow river about thirty yards broad, and beyond the river a crescent hill clothed with firs, that rise one above another, like spectators in an amphitheatre. We advanced a little farther,—the crags behind us ceased to be visible, and now the whole was one and complete. All that could be seen was the cottages at the foot of the low green hill, (cottages embosomed in fruit trees in blossom,) the stream, and the little crescent of firs. I lingered here, and unwillingly lost sight of it for a little while. The firs were so beautiful, and the masse of rocks, walls, and obelisks started up among them in the very places where, if they had not been, a painter with a poet's feeling would have imagined them. Crossed the river (its name Bodi), entered the sweet wood, and came to the mouth of the cavern, with the man who shews it. It was a huge place, eight hundred feet in length, and more in depth, of many different apartments; and the only thing that distinguished it from other caverns was, that the guide, who

Their finer influence from the life within;—
Fair ciphers else; fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid."

Finally, we have "longing *eyes*," and after "cliffs"—

"*My native land!*
Fill'd with the thought of thee, this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: *that all the* view
From . . . ";

and *family* for "brotherhood."

was really a character, had the talent of finding out and seeing uncommon likenesses in the different forms of the stalactite. Here was a nun; this was Solomon's temple; —that was a Roman Catholic Chapel;—here was a lion's claw, nothing but flesh and blood wanting to make it completely a claw! This was an organ, and had all the notes of an organ, &c. &c. &c.; but, alas! with all possible straining of my eyes, ears, and imagination, I could see nothing but common stalactite, and heard nothing but the dull ding of common cavern stones. One thing was really striking;—a huge cone of stalactite hung from the roof of the largest apartment, and, on being struck, gave perfectly the sound of a death-bell. I was behind, and heard it repeatedly at some distance, and the effect was very much in the fairy kind,—gnomes,[1] and things unseen, that toll mock death-bells for mock funerals. After this, a little clear well and a black stream pleased me the most; and multiplied by fifty, and coloured ad libitum, might be well enough to read of in a novel or poem. We returned, and now before the inn, on the green plat around the Maypole, the villagers were celebrating Whit-Tuesday. This Maypole is hung as usual with garlands on the top, and, in these garlands, spoons, and other little valuables, are placed. The high smooth round pole is then well greased; and now he who can climb up to the top may have what he can get, —a very laughable scene as you may suppose, of awkwardness and agility, and failures on the very brink of success. Now began a dance. The women danced very well, and, in general, I have observed throughout Germany that the women in the lower ranks degenerate far less from the ideal of a woman, than the men from that of man. The dances

[1] The words should evidently be printed as verse:—

"Gnomes, and things unseen,
That toll mock death-bells for mock funerals."

were reels and waltzes; but chiefly the latter. This dance is, in the higher circles, sufficiently voluptuous; but here the emotions of it were far more faithful interpreters of the passion, which, doubtless, the dance was intended to shadow; yet, after the giddy round and round is over, they walked to music, the woman laying her arm, with confident affection, on the man's shoulders, or around his neck. The first couple at the waltzing was a very fine tall girl, of two or three and twenty, in the full bloom and growth of limb and feature, and a fellow with huge whiskers, a long tail, and woollen night-cap; he was a soldier, and from the more than usual glances of the girl, I presumed was her lover. He was, beyond compare, the gallant and the dancer of the party. Next came two boors: one of whom, in the whole contour of his face and person, and, above all, in the laughably would-be frolicksome kick out of his heel, irresistibly reminded me of Shakspere's Slender, and the other of his Dogberry. Oh! two such faces, and two such postures! O that I were an Hogarth! What an enviable gift it is to have a genius in painting! Their partners were pretty lasses, not so tall as the former, and danced uncommonly light and airy. The fourth couple was a sweet girl of about seventeen, delicately slender, and very prettily dressed, with a full-blown rose in the white ribbon that went round her head, and confined her reddish-brown hair; and her partner waltzed with a pipe in his mouth, smoking all the while; and during the whole of this voluptuous dance, his countenance was a fair personification of true German phlegm. After these, but, I suppose, not actually belonging to the party, a little ragged girl and ragged boy, with his stockings about his heels, waltzed and danced;—waltzing and dancing in the rear most entertainingly. But what most pleased me, was a little girl of about three or four years old, certainly not more than four, who had been put to watch a little babe of not more than a year old (for one

of our party had asked), and who was just beginning to run away, the girl teaching him to walk, and who was so animated by the music, that she began to waltz with him, and the two babes whirled round and round, hugging and kissing each other, as if the music had made them mad. There were two fiddles and a bass viol. The fiddlers,—above all, the bass violer,—most Hogarthian phizzes! God love them! I felt far more affection for them than towards any other set of human beings I have met with since I have been in Germany, I suppose because they looked so happy!"

OF UNMEASURED LANGUAGE AND INTOLERANCE,

INCLUDING A PARALLEL BETWEEN MILTON AND BISHOP TAYLOR.[1]

"Me dolor incautum, me lubrica duxerit ætas,
Me tumor impulerit, me devius egerit ardor:
Te tamen haud decuit paribus concurrere telis.
En adsum: veniam, confessus crimina, posco."

CLAUD. *Epist. ad Had.*

"There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?"—*Ecclesiasticus*, xix. 16.

AT the house of a gentleman,[2] who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favourable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune

[1] This is the "Apologetic Preface," which Coleridge prefixed, in 1817, in "Sibylline Leaves," to his poem, *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*. It was retained in all later editions. Coleridge's abuse of Pitt, in 1795, in his lectures, was even more outrageous than the verses of 1796. Dr. Carlyon justly considers this Preface an unsatisfactory substitute for the apology due. We are responsible for the heading above.

[2] This "gentleman" was Mr. Sotheby, the "illustrious poet" was Sir Walter Scott, and the friend "who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets, if, &c.," must have been Sir Humphry Davy.

to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded an illustrious Poet, then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper under the name of a War-Eclogue, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed, that my feelings at this moment were not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets, if the Genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its philosophers and scientific benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. —— recited the Poem. This *he* could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great statesman. As a poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a poet, he recited it; and in a spirit, which made it evident, that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure, had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation, our amiable host observed, that in his opinion Mr. —— had over-rated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart, which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude

and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion how nearly and painfully it interested me.

What follows, is substantially the same as I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist, or is even compatible with, that gloomy and deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realize them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame, and mild. The mind under so direful and fiend-like an influence, seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings, with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the

former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favourite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words, which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it cannot leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and earnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man places before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will be images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him; that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fastastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this is a rapid flow of those outrageous and wildly combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for escape-valves to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say, "If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the watch for him), I'll tickle his pretty skin! I won't hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the —— —— to the *liver!*"

I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprise them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterwards, cordially shaking hands with the very man, the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of; or even perhaps risking his life for him. What language Shakspere considered characteristic of malignant disposition, we see in the speech of the good-natured Gratiano, who spoke "an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice;"

> "—— Too wild, too rude and bold of voice,"

the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

> "—— O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
> And for thy life let justice be accused!"

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil "I stand here for Law."

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish, that all the persons mentioned by him, (many recently departed, and some even alive at the time,) should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments, to which he has sentenced them in his Hell and Purgatory? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures? Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from a Euripides or Simonides;—can

we endure to think, that a man so natured and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases? or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonoured and forfeited the throne of Great Britain? Or do we not rather feel and understand, that these violent words were mere bubbles, flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the poem in question, my conclusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge, that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertion of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of the war, and then personified the abstract, and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind at the moment of composition, as completely ἀπαθὴς, ἀναιμόσαρκος, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

"Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,"

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory,) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the poem was not calculated to excite passion in any mind, or to make any impression except on poetic readers; and that from the culpable levity, betrayed at the close of the Eclogue by the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the "rantin Bardie," instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor Burns,

> "But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake—
> I'm wae to think upon yon den,
> Ev'n for your sake!"

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faltered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my own account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: "I must now confess, Sir! that I am the author of that poem. It was written some years ago.[1] I do not attempt to justify my past self, young as I then was; but as little as I would now write a similar poem, so far was I even then from imagining, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all

[1] In 1796.

events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risk of my own."

I have prefaced the poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years' consideration. But if it be asked why I republished it at all, I answer, that the poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honourable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two poems,[1] the one entitled The Devil's Thoughts, and the other The Two Round Spaces on the Tomb-Stone, but that the first three stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity;[2] and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions, and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred, is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgment; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the

[1] The first of these poems was afterwards included among Coleridge's Poems, in the edition of 1828, and both of them in the edition of 1834.

[2] Southey.

most so. "But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike and Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the blow. As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a treasure of wrath and fury, and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be produced the shame of lust and the malice of envy, and the groans of the oppressed and the persecutions of the saints, and the cares of covetousness and the troubles of ambition, and the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels, and the rage of anger and the uneasiness of impatience, and the restlessness of unlawful desires; and by this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the sanies and the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unreasonableness, the amazement and the disorder, the smart and the sorrow, the guilt and the punishment, out from all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits."

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the same kind are in a bad taste, few will deny at the present day. It would doubtless have more behoved the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written, on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a death threatened, not the negative, but the positive Opposite of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human understanding in our present state. But I can neither find nor believe, that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against Bishop Taylor's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprised therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other

works, so horrible a sentence passed on Milton's moral character, for a passage in his prose-writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet, forsooth—all the glory of having written the Paradise Lost, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervour of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. I remembered that in the former part he had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in act and in suffering, in the day of triumph and in the hour of martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilli ance that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly, as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the Sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts entrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery, and slavery on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched, and honoured them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mischief which all good and humane men must of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequences were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punish-

ment presents more distinct pictures to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the thoughts in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrific. All this I knew; but I neither remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendently wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not! Is his representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own wish, that after death they should suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such will be their fate? Again, the latter only! His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons, living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton dare say (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had Laud and Strafford in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution, and the enslavement of a free country, from motives of selfish ambition. Now, what if a stern anti-prelatist should dare say, that in speaking of the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels, Bishop Taylor must have individualized in his mind, Hampden, Hollis, Pym, Fairfax, Ireton, and Milton? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that in the after-description the Bishop was feeding and feasting his party-hatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable agonies? Yet this bigot

would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, "that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed." He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone him (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly used his interest to protect the royalists; but even at a time when all lies would have been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings, which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other: it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the human too-much on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. "The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our well-being has been torn away; the parasite weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cautious unhazardous labours of the industrious though contented gardener—to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor

pretext. We ante-date the feelings, in order to criminate the authors, of our present liberty, light and toleration." (The Friend, p. 54).[1]

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer; the latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government—Taylor's, in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his days, was called republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern Jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Roman-Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become

[1] Coleridge's reference is to the earliest edition of The Friend. He has altered the wording somewhat, in the text.

all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his popular writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not too severely to have blamed that management of truth (istam falsitatem dispensativam) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: Integrum omnino Doctoribus et cœtus Christiani antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris intermisceant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) agglomerative; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the schoolmen in subtlety, agility and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, interfused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly,

wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In genius, in learning, in unfeigned piety, in blameless purity of life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general toleration, and the liberty both of the pulpit and the press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those meek deliverances to God's mercy, with which Laud accompanied his votes for the mutilations and loathsome dungeoning of Leighton and others!—nowhere such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own life, concerning the subtle and witty atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's, till he prayed to the Lord to remove him, and behold! his prayers were heard; for shortly afterward this philistine-combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, nowhere shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, and hoping that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!—the magistrate, who too well knows what would be his own fate, if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion, first

to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way they constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partizan of our establishment, that he can assert with truth,—when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shown by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say, that our Church, apostolical in its faith, primitive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of genius and learning than all other protestant churches since the reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our Church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the reformation, when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England, in a tolerating age, has shown herself eminently tolerant, and far more so, both in spirit and in fact, than many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem toleration itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe bulwark of toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or palliating oppressions under the two Charleses, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart, Esto perpetua!

ALLEGORIC VISION.[1]

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in spring and in autumn. But in spring it is the melancholy of hope: in autumn it is the melancholy of resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Apennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the spring and the autumn and the melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colours of April:

> "Qual ramicel a ramo,
> Tal da pensier pensiero
> In lui germogliava."

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a

[1] Found only in the edition of Coleridge's poems of 1834.

sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry; and we sate face to face each on the stone bench along-side the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: "even thus," said he, "like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death!" "All extremes meet," I answered; "but yours was a strange and visionary thought." "The better, then, doth it beseem both the place and me," he replied. "From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision." I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till, listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

> "Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
> The clash hard by and the murmur all round,"

he gradually sank away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his

brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

"During one of those short furloughs from the service of the body, which the soul may sometimes obtain even in this its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colours, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

"I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of

which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly intreated him to conduct me to her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcised me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, which held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—'Read and believe: these are mysteries!'—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

"As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused

outcry of 'This is the Temple of Superstition!' after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, joined them.

"We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. 'My name,' she replied, 'is Religion.'

"The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts to each other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life; though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

"And now with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion.

They journeyed on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be Sensuality; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanour, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster Blasphemy. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centr of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the torso of a statue, which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved Nature! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the holiest recess of the temple of Superstition. The old man spake in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concern-

ing an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him—Who then is at the head to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, 'No one.' The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning; for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glimpse of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognised the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke." [1]

[1] The reader will decide for himself if this be a mere fragment or a complete whole.

THE IMPROVISATORE;

OR "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."

NEW THOUGHTS ON OLD SUBJECTS.[1]

Scene—A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.

Katharine. What are the words?

Eliza. Ask our friend, the Improvisatore; here he comes. Kate has a favor to ask of you, Sir; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr. —— sang so sweetly.

Friend. It is in Moore's Irish Melodies; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this:—

> "Love would remain the same if true,
> When we were neither young nor new;
> Yea, and in all within the will that came,
> By the same proofs would show itself the same."

Eliz. What are the lines you repeated from Beaumont and Fletcher, which my mother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

Fri. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in "The Elder Brother."

[1] This piece also, only appears in the edition of 1834. Coleridge, or H. N. Coleridge, prints the supplementary title at the top of the page. In the index is given no other.

"We'll live together, like two neighbour vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another!
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn;
One age go with us, and one hour of death[1]
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy."

Kath. A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love—if true! But is there any such true love?

Fri. I hope so.

Kath. But do you believe it?

Eliz. (*eagerly*). I am sure he does.

Fri. From a man turned of fifty,[2] Katharine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

Kath. A more sincere one, perhaps.

Fri. Even though he should have obtained the nick-name of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas-times?

Eliz. Nay, but be serious.

Fri. Serious! Doubtless. A grave personage of my years giving a love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the "elderly gentleman" who sate "despairing beside a clear stream," with a willow for his wig-block.

Eliz. Say another word, and we will call it downright affectation.

Kath. No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr. —— would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

[1] The poets endlessly repeat this idea, and Tennyson also repeats it,—

"We two will die the self-same day."

[2] It is quite possible that 1823, at which date Coleridge himself was "a man turned of fifty", may be the date of the composition of this piece.

Fri. Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now, then, commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

Lucius (*Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend*). But is not Love the union of both?

Fri. (*aside to Lucius*). He never loved who thinks so.

Eliz. Brother, we don't want you. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower-vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

Luc. I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

Eliz. Off! off! Now, dear sir,—Love, you were saying,—

Fri. Hush! Preaching, you mean, Eliza.

Eliz. (*impatiently*). Pshaw!

Fri. Well, then, I was saying that love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson. my Jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterancy of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our lovings, is *the* Love;——

Eliz. There is something here (*pointing to her heart*) that seems to understand you, but wants the word that would make it understand itself.

Kath. I, too, seem to feel what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

Fri. —— I mean that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own;—that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on;—lastly, when "life's changeful orb has pass'd the full," a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousandfoldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

Eliz. What a soothing—what an elevating thought!

Kath. If it be not only a mere fancy.

Fri. At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as Husband and Wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbour, friend, housemate—in short, in all the concentric circles of

attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this! Pride, coldness, or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper,—one or the other—too often proves "the dead fly in the compost of spices," and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will, ursine vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by negatives—that is, by not doing or saying any thing, that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical; —or (to use their own phrase) by never forgetting themselves, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

Eliz. (*answer to a whisper from Katharine*). To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

Fri. True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful

raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

Kath. Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a "John Anderson, my Jo, John," with whom to totter down the hill of life.

Fri. Not so! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well, however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.

Eliz. Surely, he, who has described it so well, must have possessed it?

Fri. If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believingly anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment! (Then, after a pause of a few minutes),

ANSWER, *ex improviso.*

Yes, yes! that boon, life's richest treat,
He had, or fancied that he had;
Say, 'twas but in his own conceit,—
The fancy made him glad!
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish,
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish,
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy!

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourish'd wane;
Faith asks her daily bread,
And Fancy must be fed.
Now so it chanced,—from wet or dry,
It boots not how,—I know not why,—
She miss'd her wonted food; and quickly
Poor Fancy stagger'd and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay,
His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow;
Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay,
Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possest
In a belief, gave life a zest,—
Uncertain both what it had been,
And if by error lost, or luck;
And what it was:—an evergreen
Which some insidious blight had struck,
Or annual flower, which, past its blow,
No vernal spell shall e'er revive;
Uncertain, and afraid to know,
Doubts toss'd him to and fro;
Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,
Like babes bewilder'd in the snow,
That cling and huddle from the cold
In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colours, once his boast,
Fading one by one away,
Thin and hueless as a ghost,
Poor Fancy on her sick-bed lay;
Ill at distance, worse when near,
Telling her dreams to jealous Fear!
Where was it then, the sociable sprite
That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his dish!
Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,
Itself a substance by no other right
But that it intercepted Reason's light;
It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,
A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow!
Thank Heaven! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours!
The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
While yet in Eden's bowers
Dwelt the first husband and his sinless mate!
The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate!
Of life's gay summer tide the sovran rose!
Late autumn's amaranth, that more fragrant blows
When passion's flowers all fall or fade;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love's projected shade,
Now that at length by certain proof he knows,

That whether real or a magic show,
Whate'er it was, it is no longer so;
Though heart be lonesome, hope laid low,
Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:
The certainty that struck hope dead,
Hath left contentment in her stead:
And that is next to best!

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY.[1]

IF there be any one subject which it especially concerns a young woman to understand, both in itself generally, and in its application to her own particular habits and circumstances, it is that of marriage; and if there be any one subject of more perplexing delicacy than any other to advise a young woman about, above all for one of a different sex, and of no marked inequality in respect of age, however the attempt may seem authorised by intimacy and nearness of kindred; if there be one that at once attracts by its importance and repels by its difficulty, it is that of marriage. To both sexes, indeed, it is a state of deep and awful interest, and to enter into it without proportionate forethought is in both alike an act of folly and self-degradation. But in a woman, if she have sense and sensibility enough to deserve the name, it is an act tantamount to suicide—for it is a state which, once entered into, fills the *whole* sphere of a woman's moral and personal being, her enjoyments and her duties, dismissing none, adding many, and modifying all. Even those duties (if such there be) which it may seem to leave behind, it does but transfer; say rather, it re-imposes and re-consecrates them under yet dearer names (though

[1] From Allsop's *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections, of S. T. Coleridge*, 1836. The date of the letter would seem, from Allsop, to be 1822; but if stress is to be laid on the words—"of no marked inequality in respect of age," it must be put earlier, as Coleridge was then fifty.

names more dear than those of daughter and sister it is not easy to imagine); at all events, with obligations, additionally binding on her conscience, because undertaken by an act of her own free will. A woman—mark me! in using that term I still have before my mind the *idea* of womanhood, and suppose the individual to possess its characteristic constituents—a woman in a single state may be happy and may be miserable; but *most* happy, *most* miserable—these are epithets which, with rare exceptions, belong exclusively to a wife. The tree of *full* life, and that "whose mortal taste brings death" into the heart, these, my dear ——, grow in the probationary Eden of courtship alone. To the Many of both sexes I am well aware this Eden of matrimony is but a kitchen-garden, a thing of profit and convenience, in an even temperature between indifference and liking; where the beds, bordered with thrift, reject all higher attractions than the homely charms of marygold and penny-royal, or whatever else is good to boil in the pot, or to make the pot boil; or if there be aught of richer fragrance and more delicate hues, it is put or suffered there not for the blossom but for the pod. But this, my dear ——, is neither the soil, climate, nor aspect, in which *your* "Heart's-ease" or your "Herbs of grace" would bloom or burgeon. To be happy in Marriage Life, nay (unless you marry with the prospect of sinking into a lower state of moral feeling, and of gradually quenching in yourself all hope and all aspiration that looks beyond animal comforts and the outside shows of worldly respectability), in order not to be miserable, you must have a soul-mate as well as a house or a yoke-mate: you must have a husband whom before the altar, making yourself at that moment distinctly conscious of the presence of the Almighty God to whom you appeal, you can safely, that is, according to your confident belief, grounded on sufficient opportunities of observation, conscientiously vow to love, honour, and respect.

With what disgust would you not turn from a sordid, with what horror would you not recoil from a contagious or infectious garment offered to you? You would not suffer it to come near your skin. And would you surrender your *person*, would you blend your whole personality, as far as God has put it in your power to do so, all that you call "I" —soul, body, and estate,—with one, the contagion of whose principles, the infection or sordidness of whose habits and conversation, you would have to guard against in behalf of your own soul; and the insidious influence of which on the tone and spirit of your thoughts, feelings, objects, and unconscious tendencies and manners, would be as the atmosphere in which you lived! Or were the man's character merely negative in these respects, were he only incapable of understanding the development of your moral being, including all those minor duties and objects of quiet pursuit and enjoyment which constitute the moral taste; were he only indifferent to the interest you felt for his and your own salvation, and for the conditions of your re-union in the world to come,—still it would be a benumbing influence, and the heart may be starved where it is neither stabbed nor poisoned. God said that it was not well for the human being to be alone; to be what we ought to be, we need support, help, communion in good. What, then, if instead of a helpmate we take an obstacle, a daily counteraction? But the mere want of what God has rendered necessary or most desirable for us is itself an obstacle. Virtue sickens in the air of the marshes, loaded with poisonous effluvia; but even where the air is merely deficient in the due quantity of its vital element, and where there is too little, though what there is may be faultless, human virtue lives but a panting and anxious life. For as to a young woman's marrying in the hope of reforming the man's principles, you will join with me in smiling at the presumption, or more probably the pretext; as if the man was likely to appreciate

as of very serious importance a danger which the wife had not feared to risk on so slender a chance, or be persuaded by her to feel as hateful the very qualities which she had taken to her bosom, as a few weeds in a nosegay that she might pick out at leisure.

Well (you will perhaps reply), you would have convinced me, if I had not been convinced before, of the misery attendant on an unfit choice, and the criminal folly of a rash and careless one. But by what marks am I to distinguish the suitable from the unsuitable? What are the criteria, or at least the most promising signs, of a man likely to prove a good husband to a good wife; and as far as you can judge from your knowledge of my character, principles, and temper, likely to find his happiness in me, and to make me happy and deserving to be so? For perfection can be expected on neither side.

Most true; and whilst the defects are both in their kind and their degree within the bounds of that imperfection which is common to all in our present state, the best and wisest way that a wife can adopt, is to regard even faulty trifles as serious faults in herself, and yet to bear with the same or equivalent faults as trifles in her husband. If the fault is removable, well and good; if not, it is a speck in a diamond—set the jewel in the marriage ring with the speck downmost. But it is one thing to choose for the companion of our life a man troubled with occasional headaches or indigestions, and another to run into the arms of inveterate gout, or consumption (even though the consequent hectic should render the countenance still more winning and beautiful), or of hemiplegia, that is, of palsy on one side. For, as you will see that I am speaking figuratively, and under the names of bodily complaints am really thinking, and meaning you to think, of moral and intellectual defects and diseases, I have hazarded the hard word "*Hemiplegia;*" as I can conceive no more striking and appropriate image or

symbol of an individual with one-half of his being, that is, his person, manners, and circumstances, well and as it should be, while the other and inestimably more precious half is but half alive, blighted and insensate. Now for the prevention of the perilous mistake, into which a personal prepossession is too apt to seduce the young and marriageable, and females more often, perhaps, than males, from the very gentleness of their sex, the mistake of looking through the diminishing end of the Glass and confounding vices with foibles,—I know no better way than by attempting to answer the questions, which I have supposed you to put, overleaf; viz.—What are the marks, &c., first, generally, and, secondly, in particular application to yourself? In the latter I can of course only speak conjecturally, except as your outward circumstances and relative duties are concerning; in all else you must be both querist and respondent. But the former, the knowledge of which will be no mean assistance to you in solving the latter for your own satisfaction, I think I can answer distinctly and clearly; and with this, therefore, we will b`gin.

You would have reason to regard your sex affronted, if I supposed it necessary to warn any good woman against open viciousness in a lover, or avowed indifference to the great principles of moral obligation, religious, social, or domestic.

By "religious" I do not here mean matters of opinion or differences of belief in points where good and wise men have agreed to differ. Religion (in my present use of the word), is but morality in reference to all that is permanent and imperishable, God and our souls, for instance; and morality is Religion in its application to individuals, circumstances, the various relations and spheres in which we happen to be placed; in short, to all that is contingent and transitory, and passes away, leaving no abiding trace but the conscience of having or not having done our duty in each.

I would fain, if the experience of life would permit me, think it no less superfluous to dissuade a woman of common foresight and information, from encouraging the addresses of one, however unobjectionable or even desirable in all other respects, who, she knew, or had good reason to believe, was by acquired or hereditary constitution affected by those mournful complaints, which, it is well known, are ordinarily transmitted to the offspring, to one or more, or all. But, alas! it often happens, that afflictions of this nature are united with the highest worth and the most winning attractions of head, heart, and person; nay, that they often add to the native good qualities of the individual a tenderness, a sensibility, a quickness of perception, and a vivacity of principle, that cannot but conciliate an interest in behalf of the possessor in the affections of a woman, strong in proportion to the degree in which she is herself characterised by the same excellences. Manly virtues and manly sense, with feminine manners without effeminacy, form such an assemblage, a *tout ensemble* so delightful to the womanly heart, that it demands a hard, a cruel struggle to find in any ground of objection an effective counterpoise, a *decisive* negative. Yet the struggle must be made, and must end in the decisive and, if possible, the preventive "NO;" or all claims to reason and conscience, and to that distinctive seal and impress of divinity on womanhood, the *Maternal* Soul, must be abandoned. The probable misfortunes attendant on the early death of the head of the family are the least fearful of the consequences that may rationally, and therefore *ought*, morally, to be expected from such a choice. The mother's anguish, the father's heart-wasting self-reproach, the recollection of that Innocent lost, the sight of this darling suffering, the dread of the future,—in fine, the conversion of Heaven's choicest blessings into sources of anguish and subjects of remorse. I have seen all this in more than one miserable, and most miserable

because amiable and affectionate couple, and have seen that the sound constitution of one parent has not availed against the taint on the other. Would to God the picture I have here exhibited were as imaginary in itself as its exhibition is unnecessary and the reality of improbable occurrence for *you*.

Dismissing, therefore, as taken for granted or altogether inapplicable, all objections grounded on gross and palpable unfitness for a state of moral and personal union and life-long interdependence,—and less than this is not marriage, whether the unfitness result from constitutional or from moral defect or derangement; and with these, and only not *quite* so bad, dismissing too the objections from want of competence, on both sides, in worldly means, proportional to their former rank and habits; and yet what worse or more degradingly selfish (yea, the very dregs and sediment of selfishness, after the more refined and human portion of it, the sense of self-interest, has been drawn off), what worse, I repeat, can be said of the beasts of the field, without reflection, without forethought, of whom and for whose offspring, Nature has taken the responsibility upon herself? —Putting all these aside, as too obvious to require argument or exposition, I will now pass to those marks which too frequently *are* overlooked, however obvious in themselves they may be; but which *ought* to be *looked for*, and *looked after*, by every woman who has ever reflected on the words, "my future husband" with more than *girlish* feelings and fancies. And if the absence of these marks in an individual furnishes a decisive reason for the rejection of his addresses, there are others the presence of which forms a sufficient ground for hesitation, and I will begin with an instance.

When you hear a man making exceptions to any fundamental law of duty in favour of some particular pursuit or passion, and considering the dictates of honour as neither more nor less than motives of selfish prudence in respect of

character; in other words, as conventional and ever-changing regulations, the breach of which will, if detected, black-ball the offender, and send him to Coventry in that particular rank and class of society of which he was born or has become a member; when, instead of giving instantaneous and unconditional obedience to the original voice from within, a man substitutes for this, and listens after, the mere echo of the voice from without; his knowledge, I mean, of what is commanded by fashion and enforced by the foreseen consequences of non-compliance on his worldly reputation (thus I myself heard a buckish clergyman, a clerical Nimrod, at Salisbury avow, that he would *cheat his own Father in a* HORSE), then I say, that to smile, or show yourselves *smiling angry*, as if a tap with your fan was a sufficient punishment, and a "for shame! you don't think so, I am sure," or "you should not say so," a sufficient reproof, would be an ominous symptom either of your own laxity of moral principle and deadness to true honour, and the unspeakable contemptibleness of this gentlemanly counterfeit of it, or of your abandonment to a blind passion, kindled by superficial advantages and outside agreeables, and blown and fuelled by that most base and yet frequent thought, "one must not be over nice, or a woman may say No till no one asks her to say Yes." And what does this amount to (with all the other pretty common places, as, "What right have *I* to expect an angel in the shape of a man?" &c., &c.) but the plain confession, "I *want* to be married, the better the man the luckier for me; I have made up my mind to be the mistress of a family; in short, I *want* to be married!"

Under this head you may safely place all the knowing principles of action, so often and so boastingly confessed by your clever fellows—"I take care of number one; hey, neighbour: what say you?"—"Each for himself, and God for us all: that's my maxim." And likewise, as the very

same essentially though in a more dignified and seemly form, the principle of determining whether a thing is right or wrong, by its supposed consequences.

There are men who let their life pass away without a single effort to do good, either to friend or neighbour, to their country or their religion, on the strength of the question—"What *good* will it do?" But woe to the man who is incapable of feeling, that the greatest possible good he can do for himself or for others, is to *do his duty* and to leave the consequences to God. But it will be answered, "How can we ascertain that it is our duty but by weighing the probable consequences? Besides, no one can act without motives; and all motives must at last have respect to the agent's own self-interest; *and that is the reason why Religion is so useful, because it carries on our Self-interest beyond the grave!*"

O my dear . . . . . ! so many worthy persons, who really, though unconsciously, both act from, and are actuated by, far nobler impulses, are educated to talk in this language, that I dare not expose the folly, turpitude, immorality, and *irreligion* of this system, without premising the necessity of trying to discover, previous to your forming a fixed opinion respecting the true character of the individuals from whom *you* may have heard declarations of this kind, whether the sentiments proceed from the tongue only, or at worst, from a misinstructed understanding, or are the native growth of his heart."

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ON THE SORTS AND USES OF LITERARY PRAISE.[1]

IF I have but little appetite for literary applause, I have not however cheated myself into mistaking a weak stomach for strength of mind, nor made a merit of an indifference which it is a misfortune to feel, and the sickliest vanity to affect. But there is a sympathy, that, in its conscious independence on person and accident, dares disclaim all individuality, and confers on us, or seems to confer, a right of demanding the same feeling from others; and to *Praise*, that springs up from such a root, to the buds and blossoms of such a judgment, God forbid that I should be otherwise than alive. I understand its value, my dear Sir, even from the desiderium which its rare and transient possession has left behind; and I know that, without its support, the hopes and purposes of genius sink back on the heart, like a sigh on the tightened chest of a sick man. What then should we think of those who feel the full worth of such a tribute in their own case, yet withhold it in that of others? Such is *Atticus;* for Mr. Pope's was not the last any more than he was the first of the breed. An eager,

[1] A portion of a "Letter to Peter Morris, M.D.," printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Sep., 1820. "On no account," writes Dr. Morris to the editor, "omit one word of the letter, and I will be answerable to Coleridge for the making public thereof." The concluding portion we have not reproduced. It is merely personal, and unsuited to our pages.

a fervid sympathy, is an indispensable condition of his regard. The admiration of his writings is not merely his guage of men's *taste*—he reads it as the index of their *moral* character. And yet in his commendations of friend or contemporary, this same Atticus is as nice and deliberate a *balancer* as if his judgment were at that moment passing its ordeal before the eye of the whole world,

> "And to o'ercross a current, roaring loud,
> On the unstedfast footing of a spear."

With the same comfortless discretion does he communicate to the author his opinion, grounded on the specimens of an unfinished work. The *ideal* of the art, or the giants who have approached nearest to its attainments, the foci of whole centuries of Nature's energies, are brought forwards —to enlighten? to enkindle? No! but to wither and dry up. The phrase is not too strong. There are different tempers in genius; and there are men richly gifted, who yet, after each successive effort of composition, lose the inward courage that should enable them to decide rightly on the degree of their success, and who seek the judgment of an admired friend with a timid and almost girlish bashfulness. On such a temper, and in such a mood, this chilly, doubting, qualifying *wiseness*, may check and inhibit the infant buds of power for months—nay, should the hapless wight continue so long under the spray, for the whole summer of his life! Principles of criticism drawn from philosophy, are best employed to illustrate the works of those whose fame is already a *fatum* among mankind, and to confirm, augment, and enlighten our admiration of the same. The *living*, on the other hand, ought always to be appreciated *comparatively*—their works with those of their contemporaries, each in its kind, and in proportion to the kind. We will not equal the wren with the nightingale in song, nor the sparrow with the eagle in flight; yet both

shall take precedence of the ostrich, who can neither sing nor fly—though he manages his wings so adroitly, and so well helps out his natural prose with his *analogon* of poetic power, as to make no worse speed in the world's eye, and perhaps a greater figure. It should not be forgotten, too, that one *characteristic* beauty outweighs a score of imperfections, which latter are of importance only as far as they interfere with the effect of the former. But, above all, and as of especial interest in the case supposed, let it be considered, that for the unhatched egg the blindest admiration, if ensouled with genial warmth, is of more worth than all the *mere* light in the universe, though the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn should club their moonshine. Oh, what a heartless, hopeless, almost wishless barrenness of spirit, may not an affectionate and believing mind be reduced to by another, not perhaps the superior in the total sum of their gifts, but whom he has accustomed himself to idolize—because, only too conscious of the baser mixture in himself, *he* had separated that friend's excellencies from their dross or alloy, in the glow of his attachment, and then recast them into a whole, in the mould of his own imagination. It is a downright *Marattan*, my dear Sir! a sand-blast from the desert, that in its passage shrivels up the very marrow in a man's bones, like the pith in a baked quill! And then, to blend the ludicrous with the bitter, the vinegar with the gall, comes (too late!) the reflection, that our Atticus's *capacity* of this moral heat (if praise and sympathy may be so called), is in the inverse ratio of his disposition to *radicate* the same: tam capax quam maligna laudis.

I will not suppose it possible, that among our acquaintance, unknown and nameless, but not quite unconjectured friend! I will not, I say, distemper my own habit of contemplation, by recalling the practical comment, which more than one literary man's experience has supplied, on the

paradox, — = +: i. e. that the negative is occasionally the most effective form of the positive—the silence[1] of a supposed friend the most decisive confirmation of an enemy's slander—No! I will rather find an explanation in my own hypochondriacal fancies and fretfulness, than believe that men of *original* genius can play the part of luminous clouds, that retain their lustre no longer than they can conceal its source, and shine only by intercepted light. Ἐι δὲ τίς αν τοιοῦτος ᾖ, Λόγυ αξιος μηδυμῶς ειη! As to my unfriends, the Edinburgh Reviewers, they are foreign to my present purpose. The object of their articles is to prevent or retard the sale of a work, and this they seem to pursue with most inveteracy where, from the known circumstances of the author, the injury will fall heaviest: as in the case of Mr. Montgomery and others, in addition to my own. Still the injury is such as ought not to affect, directly at least, the heart of a man of genius—though I have heard of one melancholy case, in which a bee[2] from the muses' hive was stung to death by these literary hornets, who, unable to collect honey from the flowers, destroy and deform the fruits. The allegory is more perfect than I intended. For compare the criticism with the moral doctrines advanced in

[1] In a letter to Allsop, of Jan. 1821, Coleridge speaks of himself as "with more effective enmity undermined by the utter silence or occasional detractive compliments" of the *Quarterly Review*. "Neither my *Literary Life*," he adds, "nor *Sibylline Leaves*, nor *Lay Sermons*, nor *Zapolya*, nor *Christabel*, have ever been noticed by the *Quarterly Review*, of which Southey is yet the main support."

We fear that Southey is the ostrich so cruelly enlarged on above. A sickness of heart would steal over him, thinking of what epics he had written, when he read his old friend's letter. It is only fair to Coleridge to remember that it was not meant for publication.

[2] Is not the allusion to Keats? Coleridge, who had seen him at Highgate, knew him to be dying, at this date, though he actually lived till Feb. 1821.

"Bee" is as happy a word, to hit off Keats, as "ostrich" to describe Southey.

the 1st, 2d, or 3d volumes only, of the Edinburgh Review, and let sense and common honesty decide, whether they do not bear evidence against the writers, as men who, without power to collect, or skill to elaborate, the fair and innocent means of gratifying the public taste, from the fancy and feeling, from the flower and fragrancy, of our natures, have shewn themselves only too well armed, and too successful in attacking and stealing away, piecemeal, the main truths and principles by which the moral being is to be fed and supported. But peace be with them—though I do not know, indeed, what right I have to wish the good lady such quarrelsome company.

But there is one class of literary *besetters*, who, like an ancestor of the tribe immortalized by Horace, are highly amusing to all but the unlucky patient himself; and perhaps to him too, except while under the operation. I mean your advice-mongers; whose requests to hear your last finished MSS. must be complied with, if you would not have them *sorry* in all companies, really sorry, that they should have forfeited your regard by their sincerity. Gil Blas and the archbishop should have taught them, &c. &c.; and whose critical minimism, when the attempt is made to read the poem, too impatient to wait even for the next semicolon, might remind one of those tiny night-flies, that, as they hurry across one's book, contrive, with self and shadow, to cover a word at a time.

I trust that the purport of these remarks will not escape you. I would at all times have my feelings deduced from my opinions rather than from my professions; while the painful reluctance with which I connect the former with the individuals whose manners and conduct had raised them from opinions into experiences, and the sensation and perplexity with which I shrink from all *personal* recollections, have, I find, by casting a hasty glance over the preceding scrawl, beguiled me into a whimsical medley of similes

and metaphors, that will probably start a doubt in your mind whether even the masquerade eloquence of that pre-eminent figurante, Counsellor Philipps himself, presents common-place thoughts in a more lunatic variety of masks and fancy-dominos. Never mind. It is enough, if I have but conveyed the fact, that I not only feel, but appreciate, the honours I have received from you. To my warmest well-willers you will appear to have so brimmed the cup of praise, that scarcely a rose-leaf could be added without risk of loss by overflow.

OF THINKING AND REFLECTION.[1]

I.

OFTEN, my dear young friend! often, and bitterly, do I regret the stupid prejudice that made me neglect my mathematical studies, at Jesus. There is something to me enigmatically attractive and imaginative in the generation of curves, and in the whole geometry of motion. I seldom look at a fine prospect or mountain landscape, or even at a grand picture, without abstracting the lines with a feeling similar to that with which I should contemplate

[1] Two letters "To a Junior Soph, at Cambridge," printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1821. There appear in all five letters—four by Coleridge—in the number, besides one to Mr. Blackwood, forwarding the five. These are headed "Selection from Mr. Coleridge's Literary Correspondence with Friends and Men of Letters. No. 1." The other two of Coleridge's, which we omit, are wholly of a philosophical, or ephemeral nature.

In his letter to Mr. Blackwood Coleridge promises, among other things, for succeeding numbers: "The First Book of my True History from Fairy Land, or the World Without and the World Within. 2. The commencement of the Annals and Philosophy of Superstition; for the completion of which I am only waiting for a very curious folio, in Mr. * * * * * * * * * *'s"—clearly, Mr. Wordsworth's—"possession. 3. The Life of Holtz, a German poet, of true genius, who died in early manhood; with specimens of his poems, translated, or freely imitated in English Verse." None of these productions saw the light, unless it be that the first of them is represented by "The Historie and Gests of Maxilian."

the graven or painted walls of some temple or palace in Mid Africa,—doubtful whether it were mere Arabesque, or undecyphered characters of an unknown tongue, framed when the language of men was nearer to that of nature,—a language of symbols and correspondences. I am, therefore, far more disposed to envy, than join in the laugh against your fellow-collegiate, for amusing himself in the geometrical construction of leaves and flowers.

Since the receipt of your last, I never take a turn round the garden without thinking of his billow-lines and shell-lines, under the well-sounding names of Cumäids and Conchöids; they have as much life and poetry for me as their elder sisters, the Naiads, Nereids, and Hamadryads. I pray you, present my best respects to him, and tell him, that he brought to my recollection the glorious passage in Plotinus,—"Should any one interrogate Nature *how* she works,—if graciously she vouchsafe to answer, she will say, It behoves thee to understand me (*or better, and more literally*, to go along with me) in silence, even as I am silent, and work without words;"—but you have a Plotinus, and may construe it for yourself (Ennead 3. l. 8. c. 3.),—attending particularly to the comparison of the process pursued by Nature, with that of the geometrician. And now for your questions respecting the moral influence of W.'s minor poems. Of course, this will be greatly modified by the character of the recipient. But that in the majority of instances it has been most salutary, I cannot for a moment doubt. But it is another question, whether verse is the best way of disciplining the mind to that spiritual alchemy, which communicates a sterling value to real or apparent trifles, by using them as moral diagrams, as your friend uses the oak and fig-leaves as geometrical ones. To have formed the habit of looking at every thing, not for what it is relative to the purposes and associations of men in general, but for the truths which it suited to

represent—to contemplate objects as *words* and pregnant symbols—the advantages of this, my dear D., are so many, and so important, so eminently calculated to excite and evolve the power of sound and connected reasoning, of distinct and clear conception, and of genial feeling, that there are few of W.'s finest passages—and who, of living poets, can lay claim to half the number?—that I repeat so often, as that homely quatrain,

> "O reader! had you in your mind
> Such stores as silent thought can bring;
> O gentle reader! you would find
> A tale in every thing."

You did not know my revered friend and patron; or rather, you do know the man, and mourn his loss, from the character I have[1] lately given of him.—The following supposed dialogue actually took place, in a conversation with him; and as, in part, an illustration of wh[illegible] I have already said, and in part as text and introduction to much I would wish to say, I entreat you to read it with patience, spite of the triviality of the subject, and mock-heroic of the title.

Substance of a Dialogue, with a Commentary on the Same.

A. I never found yet, an ink-stand that I was satisfied with.

B. What would you have an ink-stand to be? What qualities and properties would you wish to have combined in an ink-stand? Reflect! Consult your past experience; taking care, however, not to desire things demonstrably, or self-evidently, incompatible with each other; and the

[1] In the 8th number of the Friend, as first circulated by the post. I dare assert that it is worthy of preservation, and will send a transcript in my next.—C. The 8th number of the earliest issue of the Friend is dated Oct. 5, 1809. It contains a noble eulogy of Thomas Wedgwood, who had died in 1805.

union of these *desiderata* will be *your ideal* of an ink-stand. A friend, perhaps, suggests some additional excellence that might rationally be desired, till at length the catalogue may be considered as complete, when neither yourself, nor others, can think of any *desideratum* not anticipated or precluded by some one or more of the points already enumerated; and the conception of all these, as realized in one and the same artéfact, may be fairly entitled, the

Ideal of an Ink-stand.

That the pen should be allowed, without requiring any effort or interruptive act of attention from the writer, to dip sufficiently low, and yet be prevented, without injuring its nib, from dipping too low, or taking up too much ink: that the ink-stand should be of such materials as not to decompose the ink, or occasion a deposition or discoloration of its specific ingredients, as, from what cause I know not, is the fault of the black Wedgwood-ware ink-stands; that it should be so constructed, that on being overturned, the ink cannot escape; and so protected, or made of such stuff, that in case of a blow or a fall from any common height, the ink-stand itself will not be broken;—that from both these qualities, and from its shape, it may be safely and commodiously travelled with, and packed up with books, linen, or whatever else is likely to form the contents of the portmanteau, or travelling trunk;—that it should stand steadily and commodiously, and be of as pleasing a shape and appearance as is compatible with its more important uses;—and lastly, though of minor regard, and non-essential, that it be capable of including other implements or requisites, always, or occasionally connected with the art of writing, as pen-knife, wafers, &c., without any addition to the size and weight otherwise desirable, and without detriment to its more important and *proper* advantages.

Now (continued B.) that we have an adequate notion of what is to be wished, let us try what is to be done! And my friend actually succeeded in constructing an ink-stand, in which, during the twelve years[1] that have elapsed since this conversation, alas! I might almost say, since his death, I have never been able, though I have put my wits on the stretch, to detect any thing wanting that an ink-stand could be rationally desired to possess; or even to imagine any addition, detraction, or change, for use or appearance, that I could desire, without involving a contradiction.

Here! (methinks I hear the reader exclaim) here's a meditation on a broom-stick with a vengeance! Now, in the first place, I am, and I do not care who knows it, no enemy to meditations on broom-sticks; and though Boyle had been the real author of the article so waggishly passed off for his on poor Lady Berkley; and though that good man had written it in grave good earnest, I am not certain that he would not have been employing his time as creditably to himself, and as profitably for a large class of readers, as the witty dean was while composing the Draper's Letters, though the muses forbid that I should say the same of Mary Cooke's Petition, Hamilton's Bawn, or even the rhyming correspondence with Dr. Sheridan. In hazarding this confession, however, I beg leave to put in a *provided always*, that the said Meditation on Broom-stick, or *aliud quidlibet ejusdem farinæ*, shall be as truly a meditation as the broom-stick is verily a broom-stick—and that the name be not a misnomer of vanity, or fraudulently labelled on a mere compound of brain-dribble and printer's ink. For meditation, I presume, is that act of the mind, by which it seeks *within* either the *law* of the phenomena, which it had *contemplated* without (*meditatio scientifica*), or

[1] Coleridge sailed for Italy in April, 1804, and did not see T. Wedgwood again. So that our two letters were not written *later* than 1816.

semblances, symbols, and analogies, corresponsive to the same (*meditatio ethica*). At all events, therefore it implies *thinking*, and tends to make the reader *think;* and whatever does this, does what in the present over-excited state of society is most wanted, though perhaps least desired. Between the *thinking* of a Harvey or Quarles, and the thinking of a Bacon or a Fenelon, many are the degrees of difference, and many the differences in degree of depth and originality; but not such as to fill up the chasm in *genere* between thinking and no-thinking, or to render the discrimination difficult for a man of ordinary understanding, not under the same[1] contagion of vanity as the writer. Besides, there are shallows for the full-grown, that are the maximum of safe depth for the younglings. There are truths, quite *common-place* to you and me, that for the unconstructed[2] many would be new and full of wonder, as the common day-light to the Lapland child at the re-ascension of its second summer. Thanks and honour in the highest to those stars of the first magnitude that shoot their beams downward, and while in their proper form they stir and invirtuate the sphere next below them, and natures pre-assimilated to their influence, yet call forth likewise, each after its own *norm* or model, whatever is best in whatever is susceptible to each, even in the lowest. But, excepting these, I confess that I seldom look at Harvey's Meditations or Quarles' Emblems,[3] without feel-

[1] "Verily, to ask, what meaneth this? is no Herculean labour. And the reader languishes under the same vain-glory as his author, and hath laid his head on the other knee of Omphale, if he can mistake the thin vocables of incogitance for the consubstantial words which thought begetteth and goeth forth in."—*Sir T. Browne, MSS.*—C.

[2] The word is intelligible,—even suggestive,—and we leave it in the text, but decidedly think it a mere misprint for "uninstructed."

[3] A full collection, a Bibliotheca Specialis, of the books of emblems and symbols, of all sects and parties, moral, theological, or political, including those in the Centenaries and Jubilee volumes published by the

ing that I would rather be the author of those books—of the innocent pleasure, the purifying emotions, and genial awakenings of the *humanity* through the whole man, which those books have given to thousands and tens of thousands —than shine the brightest in the constellation of fame among the heroes and Dii minores of literature. But I have a better excuse, and if not a better, yet a less general motive, for this solemn trifling, as it will seem, and one that will, I trust, rescue my ideal of an ink-stand from being doomed to the same slut's corner with the *de tribus Capellis*, or *de umbra asini*, by virtue of the process which it exemplifies; though I should not quarrel with the allotment, if its risible merits allowed it to keep company with the ideal immortalized by Rabelais in his disquisition inquisitory *De Rebus optime abstergentibus*.

Dared I mention the name of *my Idealizer*, a name dear to science, and consecrated by discoveries of far-extending utility, it would at least give a *biographical* interest to this trifling anecdote, and perhaps entitle me to claim for it a yet higher, as a trait *in minimis*, characteristic of a class of powerful and most beneficent intellects. For to the same process of thought we owe whatever instruments of power have been bestowed on mankind by science and genius; and only such deserve the name of inventions or discoveries. But even in those, which chance may seem to claim, "*quæ homini obvenisse* videantur potius quam homo *venire in* ea,"—which come to us rather than we to

Jesuit and other religious orders, is a desideratum in our library literature that would well employ the talents of our ingenious masters in wood-engraving, etching, and lithography, under the superintendence of a Dibdin, and not unworthy of royal and noble patronage, or the attention of a Longman and his compeers. Singly or jointly undertaken, it would do honour to these princely merchants in the service of the muses. What stores might not a Southey contribute as notes or interspersed prefaces? I could dream away an hour on the subject.—C.

them,—this process will *most* often be found as the indispensable *antecedent* of the discovery—as the condition, without which the suggesting accident would have whispered to deaf ears, unnoticed; or, like the faces in the fire, or the landscapes made by damp on a white-washed wall, noticed for their oddity alone. To the birth of the tree a prepared soil is as necessary as the falling seed. A Daniel was present; or the fatal characters in the banquet-hall of Belshazzar might have struck more terror, but would have been of no more import than the trail of a luminous worm. In the far greater number, indeed, of these asserted boons of chance, it is the accident that should be called the *condition*,—and often not so much, but merely the occasion,—while the proper cause of the invention is to be sought for in the co-existing state and previous habit of the observer's mind. I cannot bring myself to account for *respiration* from the stimulus of the *air*, without ascribing to the specific stimulability of the lungs a yet more important part in the joint product. To how many myriads of individuals had not the rise and fall of the lid in a boiling kettle been familiar, an appearance daily and hourly in sight? But it was reserved for a mind that understood what was to be wished and knew what was wanted in order to its fulfilment—for an *armed* eye, which meditation had made contemplative, an eye armed from within, with an instrument of higher powers than glasses can give, with the logic of method, the only true *Organum Flevristicum* which possesses the former and better half of knowledge in itself as the science of wise questioning,[1] and the other half in reversion—it was reserved for the Marquis of Worcester to see and have given into his hands, from

[1] "Prudens questio dimidium scientiæ," says our Verulam, the second founder of the science, and the first who *on principle* applied it to the *ideas* in nature, as his great compeer Plato had before done to the *laws* in the mind.—C.

the alternation of expansion and vacuity, a power mightier than that of Vulcan and all his Cyclops; a power that found its practical limit only where nature could supply no limit strong enough to confine it. For the genial spirit, that *saw* what it had been *seeking*, and saw *because* it sought, was it reserved in the dancing lid of a kettle or coffee-urn, to behold the future *steam-engine*, the Talus, with whom the Britomart of science is now gone forth to subdue and *humanize* the planet! When the bodily organ, steadying itself on some chance thing, imitates, as it were, the fixture of "the inward eye" on its ideal shapings, then it is that Nature not seldom reveals her close affinity with mind, with that more than man which is one and the same in all men, and from which

> "the soul receives
> Reason: and reason is her *being!*"
> *Par. Lost.*

Then it is, that Nature, like an individual spirit or fellow soul, seems to think and hold commune with us. If, in the present contempt of all mental analysis not contained in Locke, Hartley, or Condillac, it were safe to borrow from "scholastic lore" a technical term or two, for which I have not yet found any substitute equally convenient and serviceable, I should say, that at such moments Nature, as another *subject* veiled behind the visible *object* without us, solicits the intelligible object hid, and yet struggling beneath the subject within us, and like a helping Lucina, brings it forth for us into distinct consciousness and common light. Who has not tried to get hold of some half-remembered name, mislaid as it were in the memory, and yet felt to be there? And who has not experienced, how at length it seems *given* to us, as if some other unperceived had been employed in the same search? And what are the objects last spoken of, which are *in* the subject (*i.e.* the individual mind), yet not *subjective*, but of universal

validity, no *accidents* of a particular mind resulting from its individual structure, no, nor even of the *human* mind, as a particular class or rank of intelligences, but of imperishable subsistence; and though not *things*, (*i.e.* shapes in outward space,) yet equally independent of the beholder, and more than equally real—what, I say, are those but the *names* of nature? the *nomina quasi νομενα*, opposed by the wisest of the Greek schools to phenomena, as the intelligible correspondents or correlatives in the mind to the invisible supporters of the appearances in in the world of the senses, the upholding powers that cannot be seen, but the presence and actual being of which must be supposed—nay *will be* supposed, in defiance of every attempt to the contrary by a crude materialism, so alien from humanity, that there does not exist a language on earth, in which it could be conveyed without a contradiction between the sense, and the words employed to express it!

Is this a mere random flight in etymology, hunting a bubble, and bringing back the film? I cannot think so contemptuously of the attempt to fix and restore the true import of *any* word; but, in this instance, I should regard it as neither unprofitable, nor devoid of rational interest, were it only that the knowledge and reception of the import here given, as the etymon, or *genuine* sense of the word, would save Christianity [1] from the reproach of containing a doctrine so repugnant to the best feelings of humanity, as is inculcated in the following passage, among

[1] In our last division we shall find Dr. Watson assuming that Coleridge died a devout Christian. See his Preface to *The Theory of Life*. On the other hand, we have T. Allsop maintaining, that he remained, practically, Unitarian to the last. The conflict of opinion is surprising, in the face of Coleridge's own assertions, that he early saw the hollowness of Unitarianism, and the preciousness of "the truth as it is in Jesus." We think, however, that a careful study of the observations in the text will throw a little light on the matter.

a hundred others to the same purpose, in earlier and in more recent works, sent forth by professed Christians. "Most of the men, who are now alive, or that have been living for many ages, are Jews, Heathens, or Mahometans, strangers and enemies to Christ, in whose *name* alone we can be saved. This consideration is extremely sad, when we remember how great an evil it is, that *so many millions of sons and daughters are born to enter into the possession of devils to eternal ages.*"—Taylor's Holy Dying, p. 28. Even Sir T. Browne, while his heart is evidently wrestling with the dogma grounded on the trivial interpretation of the word, nevertheless receives it in this sense, and expresses most gloomy apprehensions "of the ends of those honest worthies and philosophers," who died before the birth of our Saviour: "It is hard," says he, "to place those souls in hell, whose worthy lives did teach us virtue on earth. How strange to them will sound the history of Adam, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of!" Yet he concludes by condemning the insolence of reason in daring to doubt or controvert the verity of the doctrine, or "to question the justice of the proceeding," *which verity*, he fears, the woeful lot of "*these great examples of virtue must confirm.*"

II.

The philosophic poet, whom I quoted in my last, may here and there have stretched his prerogative in a war of offence on the general associations of his contemporaries. Here and there, though less than the least of what the Buffoons of parody, and the Zanies of anonymous criticism, would have us believe, he may be thought to betray a preference of mean or trivial instances for grand morals, a capricious predilection for incidents that contrast with the depth and novelty of the truths they are to exemplify.

But still to the principle, to the habit of tracing the presence of the high in the humble, the mysterious Dii Cabiri, in the form of the dwarf Miner, with hammer and spade, and week-day apron, we must attribute Wordsworth's *peculiar* power, his *leavening* influence on the opinions, feelings, and pursuits of his admirers,—most on the young of most promise and highest acquirements; and that, while others are read with delight, his works are a *religion*. A case still more in point occurs to me, and for the truth of which I dare pledge myself. The art of printing alone seems to have been privileged with a Minerval birth, to have risen in its zenith; but next to this, perhaps the rapid and almost instantaneous advancement of pottery from the state in which Mr. Wedgwood found the art, to its demonstrably highest practicable perfection, is the most striking fact in the history of modern improvements achieved by individual genius. In his early manhood, an obstinate and harassing complaint confined him to his room for more than two years: and to this apparent calamity Mr. Wedgwood was wont to attribute his after unprecedented success. For a while, as was natural, the sense of thus losing the prime and vigour of his life and faculties, preyed on his mind incessantly—aggravated, no doubt, by the thought of what he should have been doing this hour and this, had he not been thus severely visited. Then, what he should like to take in hand; and lastly, what it was desirable to do, and how far it might be done, till generalizing more and more, the mind began to feed on the thoughts, which, at their first evolution (in their *larva* state, may I say?), had preyed on the mind. We imagine the presence of what we desire in the very act of regretting its absence, nay, *in order* to regret it the more livelily; but while, with a strange wilfulness, we are thus engendering grief on grief, nature makes use of the product to cheat us into comfort and exertion. The positive shapings, though but of the fancy,

will sooner or later displace the mere knowledge of the negative. All activity is in itself pleasure; and according to the nature, powers, and previous habits of the sufferer, the activity of the fancy will call the other faculties of the soul into action. The self-contemplative power becomes meditative, and the mind begins to play the geometrician with its own thoughts—abstracting from them the accidental and individual, till a new and unfailing source of employment, the best and surest nepentha of solitary pain, is opened out, in the habit of seeking the principle and ultimate aim in the most imperfect productions of art, in the least attractive products of nature; of beholding the possible in the real; of detecting the essential form in the intentional; above all, in the collation and constructive imagining of the outward shapes and material forces that shall best express the essential form in its coincidence with the idea, or realize most adequately that power which is one with its correspondent knowledge, as the revealing body with its indwelling soul.

Another motive will present itself, and one that comes nearer home, and is of more general application, if we reflect on the habit here recommended, as a source of support and consolation in circumstances under which we might otherwise sink back on ourselves, and for want of colloquy with our thoughts, with the objects and presentations of the *inner sense*, lie listening to the fretful *ticking* of our sensations. A resource of costless value has that man, who has brought himself to a habit of measuring the objects around him by their intended or possible ends, and the proportion in which this end is realized in each. It is the neglect of thus educating the senses, of thus disciplining, and, in the proper and primitive sense of the word, *informing* the fancy, that distinguishes at first sight the ruder states of society. Every mechanic tool, the commonest and most indispensable implements of agriculture,

might remind one of the school-boy's second stage in metrical composition, in which his exercise is to contain *sense*, but he is allowed to eke out the scanning by the interposition, here and there, of an equal quantity of nonsense. And even in the existing height of national civilization, how many individuals may there not be found, for whose senses the non-essential so preponderates, that though they may have lived the greater part of their lives in the country, yet, with some exceptions for the products of their own flower and kitchen garden, all the names in the Index to Withering's Botany are superseded for them by the one name, a *weed!* "*It is only a weed!*" And if this indifference stopt here, and this particular ignorance were regarded as the *disease*, it would be sickly to complain of it. But it is as a *symptom* that it excites regret—it is that, except only the pot-herbs of lucre, and the barren double flowers of vanity, their own noblest faculties both of thought and action are but weeds—in which, should sickness or misfortune wreck them on the desert island of their o n mind, they would either not think of seeking, or be ignorant how to find, nourishment or medicine. As it is good to be provided with work for rainy days, winter industry is the best cheerer of winter gloom, and fire-side contrivances for summer use bring summer sunshine and a genial inner warmth, which the friendly hearth-blaze may conspire with, but cannot bestow or compensate.

A splenetic friend of mine, who was fond of *outraging* a truth by some whimsical hyperbole, in his way of expressing it, gravely gave it out as his opinion, that beauty and genius were but diseases of the consumptive and scrofulous order. He would not carry it further; but yet, he must say, that he *had* observed that very *good* people, persons of unusual virtue and benevolence, were in general afflicted with weak or restless nerves! After yielding

him the expected laugh for the oddity of the remark, I reminded him, that if his position meant any thing, the converse must be true, and we ought to have Helens, Medicæan Venuses, Shaksperes, Raphaels, Howards, Clarksons, and Wilberforces by thousands; and the assemblies and pump-rooms at Bath, Harrowgate, and Cheltenham, rival the *conversazioni* in the Elysian Fields. Since-then, however, I have often recurred to the portion of truth, that lay at the bottom of my friend's conceit. It cannot be denied, that ill health, in a degree below direct pain, yet distressfully affecting the sensations, and depressing the animal spirits, and thus leaving the nervous system too sensitive to pass into the ordinary state of feeling, and forcing us to live in alternating *positives*, is [1] a hot-bed for whatever germs, and tendencies, whether in head or heart, have been planted there independently.

Surely, there is nothing fanciful in considering this as a providential provision, and as one of the countless proofs

[1] Perhaps it confirms while it limits this theory, that it is chiefly verified in men whose genius and pursuits are eminently *subjective*, where the mind is intensely watchful of its own acts and shapings, thinks, while it feels, in order to understand, and then to *generalize* that feeling; above all, where all the powers of the mind are called into action, simultaneously, and yet severally, while in men of equal, and perhaps deservedly equal celebrity, whose pursuits are objective and universal, demanding the energies of attention and abstraction, as in mechanics, mathematics, and all departments of physics and physiology, the very contrary would seem to be exemplified. Shakspere died at 53, and probably of a decline; and in one of his sonnets he speaks of himself as grey and prematurely old; and Milton, who suffered from infancy those intense head-aches which ended in blindness, insinuates that he was never free from pain, or the anticipation of pain. On the other hand, the Newtons and Leibnitzes have, in general, been not only long-lived, but men of robust health.—C.

That Shakspere died "probably of a decline" is interesting,—though a man who died of a decline at fifty-three, would have no great reason to complain. Unhappily for Coleridge's theory, Shakspere's will describes him as "in perfect health;" and yet it had not been made four weeks,

that we are most benignly, as well as wonderfully constructed! The cutting and irritating grain of sand, which by accident or incaution has got within the shell, incites the living inmate to secrete from its own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance. And is it not, or may it not be, even so, with the irregularities and unevennesses of health and fortune in our own case? We, too, may turn diseases into pearls. The means and materials are within ourselves; and the process is easily understood. By a law common to all animal life, we are incapable of attending for any continuance to an object, the parts of which are indistinguishable from each other, or to a series, where the successive links are only numerically different. Nay, the more broken and irritating, (as, for instance, the *fractious* noise of the dashing of a lake on its border, compared with the swell of the sea on a calm evening,) the more quickly does it exhaust our power of noticing it. The tooth-ache, where the suffering is not extreme, often finds its speediest cure in the silent pillow; and gradually destroys our attention to itself by preventing us from attending to any thing else. From the same cause, many a lonely patient listens to his moans, till he forgets the pain that occasioned them. The attention attenuates, as its sphere contracts. But this it does even to a point, where the person's own state of feeling, or any particular set of bodily sensations, are the direct object.

at his death. As to his being "grey and prematurely old," when he wrote, for example, Sonnet LXXIII.,—

> "That time of year thou may'st in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,"—

he was but forty-five when it was published, and it had been written long before. Such language must not be interpreted too literally.

In the opening lines of his note, it is plain that Coleridge has himself in mind. We have inserted "never" in the last line but two.

The slender thread winding in narrower and narrower circles round its source and centre, ends at length in a chrysalis, a dormitory within which the spinner undresses himself in his sleep, soon to come forth *quite a new creature.*

So it is in the slighter cases of suffering, where suspension is extinction, or followed by long intervals of ease. But where the unsubdued causes are ever on the watch to renew the pain, that thus forces our attention in upon ourselves, the same barrenness and monotony of the object that in minor grievances lulled the mind into oblivion, now goads it into action by the restlessness and natural impatience of vacancy. We cannot perhaps divert the attention; our feelings will still form the main subject of our thoughts. But something is already gained, if, instead of attending to our sensations, we begin to *think* of them. But in order to this, we must reflect on these thoughts—or the same *sameness* will soon sink them down into mere feeling. And in order to sustain the act of reflection on our thoughts, we are obliged more and more to compare and generalize them, a process that to a certain extent implies, and in a still greater degree excites and introduces, the act and power of abstracting the thoughts and images from their original cause, and of reflecting on them with less and less reference to the individual suffering that had been their first subject. The vis medicatrix of Nature is at work for us in all our faculties and habits, the associate, reproductive, comparative, and combinatory.

That this source of consolation and support may be equally in your power as in mine, but that you may never have occasion to *feel* equally grateful for it, as I have, and do, in body and estate, is the fervent wish of your affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE HISTORIE AND GESTS OF MAXILIAN.[1]

Sundry
Select Chapters
From the Book of the
Two Worlds,
Translated from the Original ESOTERIC into the
Language of the
Border Land:

Comprizing the *Historie* and *Gests* of MAXILIAN, agnominated COSMENCEPHALUS, and a Cousin-German of SATYRANE,[2] the IDOLOCLAST—a very true Novel founded on Acts, aptly divided and diversely digested into Fyttes, Flights, Stations (or Landing-places) Floors and Stories—complete in *Numeris*, more or less.

[1] Reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1822. We have thought it worth while to reproduce the original form in which the heading appeared in that periodical.

[2] In his poem, *A Tombless Epitaph*, Coleridge explains why his friends so named him:—

"To character
His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal."

His letters from Germany, in 1799, to be found in the *Biographia Literaria*, he entitles "Satyrane's Letters."

[NOTA BENE.—By default of the decipherer, we are forced to leave the blank space before "Numeris" unfilled; a part of the work, we fear, still remaining in the Encephalic character, a sort of SANS-SCRIPT, much used, we understand, by adepts in the occult sciences, as likewise for promissory notes. We should also apologize for the indiscretion of our author in his epistolary preface (seduced by the wish of killing two birds with one stone), in shutting up *vis-à-vis*, as it were, so respectable and comprehensive (not to say synodical) a personage as The Reader with Dick Proof, corrector—of what press, we know not, unless, as we grievously suspect, he is in the employ of Messrs Dash, Asterisk, Anon, and Company. Nor is this all; this impropriety being aggravated by sundry passages, exclusively relating and addressed to this Mr. Proof, which have an effect on the series of thoughts common to both the parties, not much unlike that, which a parenthesis or two of links, made of dandelion stems, might be supposed to produce in my Lord Mayor or Mr. Sheriff's gold chain. In one flagran instance, with which the first paragraph in the MSS. concluded, we have, by virtue of our editorial prerogative, degraded the passage to the place and condition of a *Note*. —EDITOR.[1]]

MOTTO I.[2]

"How wishedly will some pity the case of ARGALUS and PARTHENIA, the patience of GRYSELD in Chaucer, the misery and troublesome adventures of the phanatic (*phrenetic ?*)

[1] This "Nota Bene" by "Editor" is evidently Coleridge's own.

[2] Which Posterity is requested to reprint at the back of the title-page, for the present, Quod North, quod Blackwood, quod *concessive Columnæ*.—C. Blackwood's Magazine was printed in double columns, but these mottoes were allowed to extend across the page.

lovers in Cleopatra, Cassandra, Amadis de Gaul, Sidney, and such like! Yet all these are as mere romantic as Rabelais his Garagantua. And yet with an unmoved apprehension, can peruse the very dolorous and lamentable murder of MILCOLUMB the First, the cutting off the head of good KING ALPINUS, the poisoning of FERGUSIUS the Third by his own queen, and the throat-cutting of KING FETHELMACHUS by a fiddler! nay, and moreover, even the martyrdom of old QUEEN KETABAN in Persia, the stabbing of Henry Fourth in France, the sacrilegious poisoning of Emperor Henry Seventh in Italy, the miserable death of MAURICIUS the Emperor, with a wife and five children, by wicked PHOCAS, —can read, I say, these and the like fatal passages, recorded by holy fathers and grave chroniclers, with less pity and compassion than the shallow loves of Romeo for his Juliet in Shakespeare—his deplorable tragedies, or shun the pitiful wanderings of Lady Una in search of her stray Red-cross, in Master Spenser his quaint rhymes. Yea, the famous doings, and grievous sufferings of our own anointed kings, may be far outrivalled in some men's minds by the hardships of some enchanted innamorato in Ariosto, Parismus, or the two Palmerins."

FOULIS'S *History of the Wicked Plots and Conspiracies, &c.*

MOTTO II.

"Pray, why is it that people say that men are not such fools now-a-days as they were in days of yore? I would fain know, whether you would have us understand by this same saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly men were fools, and in this generation are grown wise. How many, and what dispositions made them fools? How many, and what dispositions were wanting to make 'em wise? Why were those fools? How should these be wise? Pray,

how came you to know that men were formerly fools? How did you find that they are now wise? Who made them fools? Who in Heaven's name made them wise? Who d'ye think are most, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it wise? How long has it been wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing folly? Whence the following wisdom? Why did the old folly end now and no later? Why did the modern wisdom begin now and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former folly? What the better for the succeeding wisdom? How should the ancient folly have come to nothing? How should this same new wisdom be started up and established? Now answer me, an't please you."

FRANCIS RABELAIS' *Preface to his Fifth Book.*

EPISTLE

Premonitory for THE READER; but contra-monitory and in reply to DICK PROOF, Corrector.

Of the sundry sorts of vice, Richard, that obtain in this sinful world, one of the most troublesome is *ad*vice, and no less an annoyance to my feelings, than a pun is to thine. "Lay your *scene* further off!!" Was ever historian before affronted by so wild a suggestion? If, indeed, the moods, measures, and events of the last six years, insular and continental, or the like of that, had been the title and subject matter of the work; and you had then advised the transfer of the scene to Siam and Borneo, or to Abyssinia and the Isle of Ormus—there would be something to say for it, *verisimilitudinis causâ*, or on the ground of lessening the improbability of the narrative. But in the history of Maxilian!—Why, the locality, man, is an essential part of the *a priori* evidence of its truth! * * * *

In a biographical work,[1] the proprieties of place are indispensable, Dick. To prove this, you need only change the scene in the History of Rob Roy from the precipices of Ben Lomond, and the glens and inlets of the Trossachs (the Trossachs, worthy to have made a W. S., but that a W. S. is only of God's making,—*nascitur non fit*), to Snow Hill, Breckneck Stairs, or Little Hell in Westminster—by going to which last named place, Dick, when we were at the —— school, you evaded the guilt of foreswearing for telling of me to our master, after you had sworn that you would go to ——, if you did—well knowing where you meant me to understand you, and where in honour you ought to have gone—but this may be mended in time.

—— And lay the *time* further back! But why, Richard? I pray thee tell me, why? *The present*, you reply, *is not the age of the supernatural*. Well, and if I admit, that the age at present *is* so fully attached to the unnatural in taste, the præternatural in life, and the contra-natural in philosophy, as to have little room left for the super-natural—yet what is this to the purpose? I cannot *antedate* the highly respectable personage, into whose company I have presumed to bring you;—I may make The Reader sleep, but I cannot make him one of the Seven Sleepers, to awake at my request for the first time since he fell into his long nap over the Golden Legend, or the Vision of Alberic! Or does the reader, thinkst thou, believe that witch and wizard, gnome, nymph, sylph, and salamander, *did* exist in those days; but that, like the mammoth and megatherium, the race is extinct? Will he accept as *fossiles*, what he would reject

[1] In biography, (which, by the *bi*, reminds me of a rejoinder made to me, nigh 30 years ago, by Parsons the Bookseller, on my objecting to sundry anecdotes in a MS. Life, that did more credit to the wit and invention of the author, than to his honesty and veracity. "In a professed biography, Mr. P.," quoth I, pleadingly, and somewhat syllabically,—"Biography, sir," interrupted he! "*Sell*ography is what *I* want."—C.

as specimens fresh caught—herein differing widely from the old woman, who, as the things were said to have happened so far off and so long ago, hoped, in God's mercy, there was not a word of truth in them? Thou mayst think this, Richard, but I will neither affront the reader by attributing to him a faith so dependent on dates, nor myself, whose history is a concave mirror, not a glass case of mummies, stuffed skins of defunct monsters, and the anomalous accidents of nature.

Thus, Richard, might I multiply thy objection, but that I detest the *cui bono*, when it is to be a substitute for the *quid veri*. Nor will I stop at present to discuss thy insinuation against the comparative wisdom of the sires of our great grandsires, though at some future time I would fain hear thy answers to the doubts and queries in my second motto, originally started by Master Rabelais, in that model of true and perpetual history, the Travels of Garagantua and his friends.

Without condescending to non-suit you by the flaws in your indictment, I assert the peculiar fitness of this age, in which, by way of compromising the claims of memory and hope, the rights both of its senior and of its junior members, I comprise the interval from 1770 to 1870.

An adventurous position, but for which the age, I trust, will be "my good masters"—the more so, that I must forego one main help towards establishing the characteristic epithets rightfully appertaining to its emblazonment—namely, an *exposè* of its own notions of its own *morals* and *philosophy*. But Truth, I remember, is reported to have already lost her front teeth (*dentes incisores et prehensiles*) by barking too close at the heels of a restive fashion: a second blow might leave her blind as well as toothless. Besides, a word in your ear, Richard Proof, I do not half trust you. I mean, therefore, to follow Petrarch's[1] example, and con-

[1] The passage here alluded to, I should, as an elevated strain of

fine my confidence on *these* points to a few dear friends and revered benefactors, to whom I am in the habit of opening out my inner man in the world of spirits—a world which the eyes of "the profane vulgar" would probably mistake for a garret floored and wainscoated with old books; tattered folios, to wit, and massive quartos in no better plight. For the due nutriment, however, of scorn and vanity —which are in fact much the same; for contempt is nothing but egotism *turned sour*—for the requisite supply, I say, of our social wants (Reviews, Anecdotes of Living Authors, Table-Talk, and such like provender,) it will suffice if I hereby confess, that with rare exceptions these friends of mine were all born and bred before the birth of Common Sense by the obstetric skill of Mr. Locke, nay, prior to the first *creation* of intellectual Light in the person of Sir Isaac Newton—which latter event (we have Mr. Pope's positive assurance of the fact) may account for its universal and equable diffusion at present, the Light not having had time to collect itself into *individual* luminaries, the future suns, moons, and stars of the mundus intelligibilis. This, however, may be hoped for on or soon after the year 1870, which, if my memory does not fail me, is the date *apocalyptically* deduced by the Reverend G. S. Faber, for the commencement of the Millennium.

But though my prudential reserve on these points must

eloquence warm from the heart of a great and good man, compare to any passage of equal length in Cicero. I have not the folio edition of Petrarch's works by me (by the bye, the worst printed book in respect of blunders I know of, not excepting even Anderson's British Poets), and cannot therefore give any particular reference. But it is my purpose to offer you some remarks on the Latin Works of Petrarch, with a few selections, at a future opportunity. It is pleasing to contemplate in this illustrious man, at once the benefactor of his own times, and the delight of the succeeding, and working on his contemporaries most beneficially by that portion of his works which is least in account with his posterity.—C.

subtract from my forces numerically, this does not abate my reliance on the sufficing strength of those that remain. No! with confidence and secular pride I affirm, there is no age you could suggest, the characteristic of which is not to be found in the present—that we are the quintessence of all past ages, rather than an age of our own. You recommend, you say, the Dark Ages; and that the present boasts to be the contrary. Indeed? I appeal then to the oracle that pronounces Socrates the most enlightened of men because he *professed* himself to be in the dark. The converse, and the necessary truth of the converse, are alike obvious: besides, as already hinted, in time all light must needs be in the dark, as having neither reflection nor absorption; yet may, nevertheless, retain its prenomen without inconsistency, by a slight change in the last syllable, by a mere—for "*ed*" read "*ing.*" For whatever scruples may arise as to its being an enlightened age, there can be no doubt that it is an enlightening one—an era of *enlighteners*, from the Gas Light Company to the dazzling Illuminati in the Temple of Reason—not forgetting the diffusers of light from the Penny-Tract-Pedlary, nor the numberless writers of the small, but luminous works on arts, trades, and sciences, natural history, and astronomy, *all* for the use of children from three years old to seven, interwoven with their own little biographies and nursery journals, to the exclusion of Goody Two Shoes, as favouring superstition, by one party; and of Jack the Giant-killer, as a suspicious parody of David and Goliah, by the other.

> "Far, far around, where'er my eye-balls stray,
> By Lucifer! 'tis all *one milky way!*"

Or, as Propria Quæ Maribus, speaking (*more prophetico, et proleptice*) of the Irradiators of future (i. e. *our*) Times, long ago observed, they are common, quite a *common* thing!

"Sunt *commune* Parens, Auctorque; Infans, Adolescens;
Dux; Exlex; Bifrons; Bos, Fur, Sus atque Sacerdos."

So far, at least, you will allow me to have made out my position. But if by a dark age you mean an age concerning which we are altogether in the dark; and as, in applying this to our own, the Subject and Object, we and the age, become identical and commutable terms; I bid adieu to all reasoning by implication, to all legerdemain of inferential logic, and at once bring notorious facts to bear out my assertion. Could Hecate herself, churning the night-damps for an eye-salve, wish for an age more in the dark respecting its own character, than we have seen exemplified in our next-door neighbour, the Great Nation, when, on the bloodless altar of Gallic freedom, she took the oath of peace and good-will to all mankind, and abjured all conquests but those of reason? Or in the millions throughout the continent, who believed her? Or than in the two component parties in our own illustrious isle, the one of whom hailed her revolution as "a stupendous monument of human wisdom and human happiness;" and the other calculated on its speedy overthrow by an act of bankruptcy, to be brought about or accelerated by a speculation in assignats, corn, and Peruvian bark? Or than in the more recent constitutional genius of the Peninsula—

"What time it rose, o'er-peering, from behind,
The mountainous experience, high upheap'd,
Of Gallic legislation—"

and "taught by others' harms" a very *un*gallic respect for the more ancient code, vulgarly called the Ten Commandments, left the lands as it found them, content with excluding their owners—owners of four parts out of five, at least, the church and nobility—from all share in their representation? Or when the same genius, the emblem and vice-gerent of the present age in Spain, poising the old indigenous loyalty with the newly-imported state-craft,

secured to the monarch the revenue of a caliph, with the power of a constable? But Piedmont! but Naples—the Neapolitans! the age of patriotism, the firm, the disinterested—the age of good faith and hard fighting—of liberty or death!—yea! and the age of newspapers and speeches in Britain, France, and Germany—the *uncorrupted*, I mean; (and the rest, you know, as mere sloughs, rather than a living and component part, need not be taken into the calculation)—were of the same opinion! A dream for Momus to wake out of with laughing!

But enough! You are convinced on this point,—at least you retract your objection. And now what else? Does my history require, in the way of *correspondency*, a time of wonders, a revolutionary period? Does it demand *a nondescript age?* Should it, above all (as I myself admit that it should), be laid in an age "without a name," and which, therefore, it will be charity in me to christen by the name of the *Polypus?* An age, where the inmost may be turned outside—and "Inside out and outside in" I at one time intended for the title of my history—where the very tails, inspired by the spirit of independence, shoot out heads of their own? (Thanks, with three times three, to Ellis and Trembley, the first historiographers of the Polypus realm, for this beautiful emblem and natural sanction of the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE!) All, all are to be found in the age we live in—whose attributes to enumerate would exhaust the epithets of an Orphic hymn, and beggar the Gradus ad Parnassum!—All, all, and half besides—the feasibility of which I first learnt during the last war, at two public dinners severally given, one by Scottish, and the other by Irish patriots, where each assigned to their countrymen three-fourths of our whole naval and military success. In each case, *a priori*, the thing was possible, nay, probable; at each meeting the assertion passed *nem. con.*, though there were eye-witnesses, if not pars-maximists present—

and both were so much in earnest, that I could not find it in my heart to disbelieve either. But this is a digression. Or it may be printed as a parenthesis. All close thinkers, you know, are apt to be parenthetic.

One other point, and I conclude. You are a mighty man for parallel passages, Dick! a very ferret in hunting out the pedigree and true parentage of a thought, phrase, or image. So far from believing in equivocal generation, or giving credit to any idea as an *Autochthon, i. e.* as self-sprung out of the individual brain, or *natale solum*, whence (like Battersea cabbages, Durham mustard, Stilton cheese, &c.) it took its *market* name, I verily suspect you of the heresy of the Præ-Adamites! Nay, I would lay a wager that the Thesis for your Doctor's Degree, should you ever descend from your correctorship of *typical* errata to that of misprints in the substance, would be: *quod fontes sint nullibi.* In self-defence, therefore, by *warrantable anticipation*,—a pregnant principle, Richard! by virtue of which (as you yourself urged at the time) the demagogues that threw open the election of the Mayor of Garrett, hitherto vested in the blackguards of Brentford exclusively, to the blackguards of the country at large, exposed us to an invasion from the aristocracies of Tunis and Algiers! N.B. Clarendon and the Quarterly are of the same opinion—prospectively, I say, for informers, and informatively for the reader, I make known the following:

Some ten or twelve years ago, as the Vassals of the Sun, *i.e.* the Bodies, count their time, being in the world of spirits, as above mentioned, and in the Parnassian quarter, in literary chit-chat with Lucian, Aristophanes, Swift, Rabelais, and Molière, over a glass of green gooseberry wine (since the departure of the last-named spirit, articles of French produce have been declared contraband in the spiritual Parnassia),—I read them a rough *pre-existent*, or as we say here, copy, of Maxilian. When who

should be standing behind my chair, and peeping over my shoulder, (I had a glimpse of his face when it was too late, and I never saw a more Cervantic one,) but a spirit from Thought-land, (North Germany, I should say,) who, it seems, had taken a trip thither, during the furlough of a *magnetic crisis*, into which his Larva had been thrown by —— Nic, senior, M. D.[1], and a Mesmerist still in greater practice. Well! there would have been no harm in this, for in such cases it was well known, that the spirit, on its return to the body, used to forget all that had happened to it during its absence, and became as ignorant of all the wondrous things it had seen, said, heard and done, as Balaam's ass. Γίνεται δ'αῦ ὄνος ὁ ὄνος ἐξαγγελιζόμενος. But unluckily, and only a few months before, Mr. Van Ghert, (who, as *privy* counsellor to the King of the Netherlands, ought to have known better,) had, by metaphysical skill, discovered the means of so softening the waxen tablet in the patient's cranium, that it not only received, but retained, the impression from the movements of the soul, during her trance, re-suggesting them to the patient sooner or later, sometimes as dreams, and sometimes as orignal fancies. Thus it chanced, that the great idea, and too many of the sub-ideas, of my *ideal* work awoke, in the consciousness of this Prussian or Saxon,—Frederic Miller is the name he goes by,—soon after the return of the spirit to its old chambers in his brain. Alas! my unfortunate intimacy

[1] See "Archiv des thierischen Magnetismus," edited by Professor Eschenmiyer and Co. I mentioned one of Dr. Nic's cases, with a few of Doctors Kieser's and Nasse's, and of Mr. Van Ghert's, to Lemuel Gulliver; but I found him strangely incredulous. *He* (he said) had never seen any thing like it. But what is that to the purpose? What does any one man's experience go for, in proving a negative at least? I could not even learn from him, that he had ever met with a single Meteorolith, or sky-stone, on its travels from the volcanos of Jupiter, or the moon, to our earth.—C.

with a certain [1] well-known "Thief of Time," for which my originality had suffered on more than one former occasion, was part in fault! But, be this as it may, so it chanced, however, that before I had put a single line on paper (my time being, indeed, occupied in determining which of ten or twelve *pre-existents* I should transcribe first,) out came the surreptitious duplicate, with such changes in names, scene of action, thought, images, and language, as the previous associations and local impressions of the unweeting plagiarist had clothed my ideas in. But what I take most to heart, it so nearly concerning the credit of Great Britain, is, that it came out in *another* country, and in high Dutch! I foresee what my anticipator's compatriots will say—that *admitting* the facts as here related, yet the Anselmus is no mere transcript or version, but at the lowest *a free imitation* of the Maxilian: or rather that the English and German works are like two paintings by different masters from the same sketch, the credit of which sketch, *secundum leges et consuetudines mundi corpuscula*'s, must be assigned to the said Frederic Miller by all incarnate spirits, held at this present time *in their senses*, and as long as they continue therein; but which I shall claim to myself, if ever I get *out of them*. And so farewell, dear Corrector! for I must now adjust myself to retire bowing, face or frontispiece, towards The Reader, with the respect due to so impartial and patient an Arbiter from the AUTHOR.

[1] Coleridge is recalling the line of Young,—

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

As to the way in which, as he considered, his credit for originality had more than once suffered, read the introductory note to *Christabel*.

MAXILIAN.

Flight I.

It was on a Whitsunday afternoon—the clocks striking five, and while the last stroke was echoing in the now empty churches—and just at the turn of one of the open streets in the outskirts of Dublin—that a young man, swinging himself round the corner, ran full butt on a basket of cakes and apples, which an old barrow-wife was offering for sale; and with such force, that the contents shot abroad, like the water-rays of a trundled mop, and furnished *extempore*—on the spur of the occasion, as we say,—a glorious scramble to the suburban youngsters, that were there making or marring this double holiday. But what words can describe the desperate outburst, the *blaze* of sound, into which the beldam owner of the wares exploded! or the "boil and bubble" of abuse and imprecation, with which the neighbour gossips, starting from their gingerbread and whisky stands, and clustering round him, astounded the ears and senses of the ill-starred aggressor! A tangle-knot of adders, with all its heads protruded towards him, would not have been more terrific. Reeling with surprise and shame, with the look and gesture of a child, that, having whirled till it was giddy-blind, is now trying to stop itself, he held out his purse, which the grinning scold with one snatch transferred to her own pocket. At the sight of this peace-offering, the circle opened, and made way for the young man, who instantly pursued his course with as much celerity as the fulness of the street, and the dread of a second mishap, would permit. The flame of Irish wrath soon languishes and goes out, when it meets with no fuel from resistance. The rule holds true in general. But no rule is of universal application; and it

was far from being verified by the offended principal in this affray. Unappeased, or calling in her fury only to send it out again condensed into hate, the implacable beldam hobbled after the youth, determined that though she herself could not keep up with him, yet that her curses should, as long at least as her throat and lungs could supply powder for their projection. Alternately pushing her limbs onward, and stopping not so much to pant as to gain a *fulcrum* for a more vehement scream, she continued to pursue her victim with "vocal shafts," as Pindar has it, or ὡς πρῖνος ἐμπρησθεις *i.e.* spitting fire like a wet candle-wick, as Aristophanes!

And well if this had been all—an intemperance, a gust of crazy[1] cankered old age, not worth recording. But, alas! these jets and flashes of execration no sooner reached the ears of the fugitive, but they became articulate sentences, the fragments, it seemed, of some old spell, or wicked witch-rhyme:—

"Ay!—run, run, run,
Off flesh, off bone!
Thou Satan's son,
Thou Devil's own!
Into the glass
Pass!
The glass! the glass!
The crystal glass!"

Though there is reason to believe that this transformation of sound, like the burst of a bomb, did not take effect till it had reached its final destination, the youth's own *meatus auditorius;* and that for others, the scold's passionate outcry did not *verbally* differ from the usual outcries of a scold in a passion: yet there was a something in the yell and throttle of the basket-woman's voice so horrific, that the general laugh, which had spread round at the young man's expense, was suspended. The passengers halted, as

[1] We have "grazy" in the original.

wonder-struck; and when they moved on, there was a general murmur of disgust and aversion.

The student Maxilian,—for he it was, and no other, who, following his nose, without taking counsel of his eyes, had thus plunged into conflict with the old woman's wares,—though he could attach no sense or meaning to the words he heard, felt himself, nevertheless, seized with involuntary terror, and quickened his steps, to get as soon as possible out of the crowd, who were making their way to the pleasure-gardens, the Vauxhall of the Irish metropolis, and whose looks and curiosity converged towards him. His anxious zig-zag, however, marked the desire of haste, rather than its attainment: and still as he pushed and winded through the press of the various gay parties, all in holiday finery, he heard a whispering and murmuring, "The poor young man! Out on the frantic old hag!" The ominous voice and the wicked looks which the beldam seemed to project, together with the voice,—and we are all, more or less, superstitious respecting *looks*,—had given a sort of sentimental turn to this ludicrous incident. The females regarded the youth with increasing sympathy and in his well-formed countenance, (to which the expression of inward distress lent an additional interest,) and his athletic growth, they found an apology, and, for the moment, a compensation, for the awkwardness of his gait, and the more than most unfashionable cut of his clothes.

It can never be proved, that no one of the Seven Sleepers was a tailor by trade; neither do I take on myself to demonstrate the affirmative. But this I will maintain, that a tailor, disenthralled from a trance of like duration, with confused and fragmentary recollections of the fashions at the time he fell asleep, blended with the images hastily abstracted from the dresses that passed before his eyes when he first reopened them, might, by dint of conjecture, have come as near to a modish suit, as the ambulatory artist had

done, who made his circuit among the recesses of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and for whose drapery the person of our luckless student did at this present time perform the office of *Layman*.[1] A pepper-and-salt frock, that might be taken for a greatcoat,—but whether docked, or only outgrown, was open to conjecture; a black satin waistcoat, with deep and ample flaps, rimmed with rose-colour embroidery; green plush smallclothes, that on one limb formed a tight compress on the knee joint, and on the other buttoned midway round the calf of a manly and well-proportioned leg. Round his neck a frilled or laced collar with a ribbon round it, sufficiently alien indeed from the costume below, yet the only article in the inventory and sum total of his attire that harmonized,—or, as our painters say, was in some keeping,—with the juvenile bloom, and [*mark, gentle Reader! I am going to raise my style an octave or more*]—and ardent simplicity of his face; or with the auburn ringlets that tempered the lustre of his ample forehead!—like those fleecy cloudlets of amber, which no writer or lover of sonnets but must some time or other, in some sweet Midsummer Night's Dream of poetic or sentimental sky-gazing, have seen astray on the silver brow of the celestial Dian! or as I myself, once on a time, in a dell of

[1] The jointed image, or articulated doll, as large, in some instances, as a full-grown man or woman, which artists employ for the arrangement and probation of the drapery and attitudes of the figures in their paintings, is called *Layman*. POSTSCRIPT. Previously to his perusal of the several particulars of the student's *tout-ensemble*, I am anxious to inform the reader, that having looked somewhat more heedfully into my documents, I more than suspect that the piece, since it came from the hands of the Sartor of Macgillicuddy, had been most licentiously interpolated by genii of more mischievous propensities—the *boni socii* of the Etruscan and Samothracian breed; the "Robin Good Fellows" of England; the "Good Neighbours" of North Britain; and the "Practical Jokers" of *all* places, but of special frequency in clubs, schools, and universities.—C.

lazy Sicily, down a stony side[1] of which a wild vine was creeping tortuous, saw the tendrils of the vine pencilling with delicate shadows the brow of a projecting rock of purest alabaster, that *here* gleamed through from behind the tendrils, and *here* glittered as the interspace.

Yes, gentle Reader!—the diction, similes, and metaphors, of the preceding paragraph, *are* somewhat motley and heterogene. I am myself aware of it. But such was the impression it was meant to leave. A harmony that neither existed in the original, nor is to be found in any portraiture thereof, presents itself in the exact correspondence of the one to the other. My friend Panourgos, late of the Poultry Counter, but at present in the King's Bench,—a descendant of the Rabelaisean Panurge, but with a trick of Friar John in his composition,—acted on this principle. He sent an old coat to be dyed; the dyer brought it home blue and black: he beat the dyer black and blue: and this, he justly observed, produced a harmony. *Discordia concors!*—the motto, gentle Reader! prefixed by the masters of musical counterpoint, to the gnarled and quarrelsome notes which the potent fist of the Royal Amazon, our English Queen Bess, boxed into love and good neighbourhood on her own virginals. Besides, I wished to leave your fancy a few seconds longer in the tyring-room.

[1] The author asks credit for his having, here and elsewhere, resisted the temptation of substituting "*whose*" for "*of which*",—the misuse of the said pronoun relative "whose," where the antecedent neither is, nor is meant to be represented as, personal or even animal, he would brand, as one among the worst of those mimicries of poetic diction, by which imbecile writers fancy they elevate their prose;—*would*, but that, to his vexation, he meets with it, of late, in the compositions of men that least of all need such artifices, and who ought to watch over the purity and privileges of their mother-tongue with all the jealousy of high-priests, set apart by nature for the pontificate. Poor as our language is in terminations and inflections significant of the genders, to destroy the few it possesses is most wrongful.—C.

And here she comes! The whole figure of the student—She has *dressed* the character to a hair.—You have it now complete before your mind's eye, as if she had caught it *flying*.

And in fact, with something like the feeling of one flying in his sleep, the poor youth neither stopped nor stayed, till he had reached and passed into the shade of the alley of trees that leads to the gardens—his original destination, as he sallied forth from his own unlightsome rooms. And scarcely, even now, did he venture to look up, or around him. The eruption from the basket, the air-dance of cakes and apples, continued still before his eyes. In the sounds of distant glee he heard but a vibration of the inhuman multitudinous horse-laugh (*ἀνάριθμον γελασμα*) at the street corner. Yea, the restrained smile, or the merry glance of pausing or passing damsel, were but a dimmer reflection of the beldam's *haggish* grin. He was now at the entrance gate. Group after group, all in holiday attire, streamed forward. The music of the wind instruments sounded from the gallery; nd louder and thicker came the din of the merry-makers from the walks, alcoves, and saloon. At the very edge of the rippling tide I once saw a bag-net lying, and a poor fascinated haddock with its neb through one of the meshes: and once from the garrison at Villette, I witnessed a bark of Greece, a goodly Idriote, tall and lustily manned; its white dazzling cotton sails all filled out with the breeze, and even now gliding into the grand port (*Porto Grande*), forced to turn about and beat round into the sullen harbour of quarantine.—Hapless Maxilian! the havens of pleasure have *their* quarantine, and repel with no less aversion the plague of poverty. The *Prattique* boat hails, and where is his bill of health? In the possession of the Corsair. Then first he recovered his thoughts and senses sufficiently to remember that he had given away—to comprehend and feel the whole weight of his loss. And if a bitter curse on

his malignant star gave a wildness to the vexation, with which he looked upward,

> " Let us not blame him : for against such chances
> The heartiest strife of manhood is scarce proof.
> We may read constancy and fortitude
> To other souls—but had ourselves been struck,
> Even in the height and heat of our keen wishing,
> It might have made our heart-strings jar, like his ! "
>
> *Old Play.*

Hapless Maxilian ! hard was the struggle between the tears that were swelling into his eyes and the manly shame that would fain restrain them. Whitsunday was the high holiday of the year for him, the family festival from which he had counted and chronicled his years from childhood upwards. With this vision before him, he had confined himself for the last four or five weeks to those feasts of hope and fancy, from which the guest is sure to rise with an improved appetite ; and yet had put into his purse a larger proportion of his scanty allowance than was consistent with the humblest claims of the months ensuing. But the Whitsunday, the *alba dies*, comes but once a-year:—to keep it, to give it honour due,—he had pinched close and worked hard. Yes, he was resolved to make much of himself, to indulge his genius, even to a bottle of claret,—a plate of French olives,—or should he meet, as was not improbable, his friend, Hunshman, the Professor of Languages—*i. e.* a middle-aged German, who taught French and Italian: excellent, moreover, in pork, hams, and sausages, though the anti-judaic part of the concern, the pork-shop, was ostensibly managed by Mrs. Hunshman, and since her decease, by Miss Lusatia, his daughter—or should he fall in with the Professor, and the fair Lusatia, why then, a bowl of Arrack punch, (it is the ladies' *favourite*, he had heard the Professor say, adding with a smile, that the French called it *contradiction*)—Yes, a bowl of punch, a pipe—his friend, a

townsman and maternal descendant of the celebrated Jacob Behmen, had taught him to smoke, and was teaching him Theosophy—coffee, and a glass of Inniskillen to crown the solemnity. In this broken and parenthetic form did the bill of fare ferment in the anticipator's brain: and in the same form, with some little interpolation, by way of gloss, for the Reader's information, have we, sacrificing elegance of style to faith of History, delivered it.

Maxilian was no ready accountant; but he had acted over the whole expenditure, had rehearsed it in detail, from the admission to the concluding shilling and pence thrown down with an *uncounting* air for the waiter. Voluptuous Youth!

But, ah! that fatal incursion on the apple-basket—all was lost! The brimming cup had even touched his lips—it left its froth on them, when it was dashed down, untasted, from his hand. The music, the gay attires, the tripping step and friendly nod of woman, the volunteer service, the rewarding smile,—perhaps, the permitted pressure of the hand, felt warm and soft within the glove,—all shattered, as so many bubbles, by that one malignant shock! In fits and irregular *pulses* of locomotion, hurrying yet lingering, he forced himself alongside the gate, and with many a turn, heedless whither he went, if only he left the haunts and houses of men behind him, he reached at length the solitary banks of the streamlet that pours itself into the bay south of the Liffey. Close by, stood the rude and massy fragment of an inclosure, or rather the angle where the walls met that had once protected a now deserted garden,

"And still where many a garden-flower grew wild."

Here, beneath a bushy elder-tree, that had shot forth from the crumbling ruin, something higher than midway from the base, he found a grassy couch, a sofa or ottoman of

sods, overcrept with wild-sage and camomile. Of all his proposed enjoyments, one only remained, the present of his friend, itself almost a friend—a Meerschaum pipe, whose high and ample bole was filled and surmounted by tobacco of Lusatian growth, made more fragrant by folded leafits of spicy or balsamic plants. For a thing was dear to Maxilian, not for what it was, but for that which it represented or recalled to him: and often, while his eye was passing

"O'er hill and dale, through Cloudland, gorgeous land!"

had his spirit clomb the heights of Imaus, and descended into the vales of Iran, on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Hafiz, or the bowers of Mosellara. Close behind him plashed and murmured the companiable[1] stream beyond which the mountains of Wicklow hung floating in the dim horizon: while full before him rose the towers and pinnacles of the metropolis, now softened and airy-light, as though they had been the sportive architecture of air and sunshine. Yet Maxilian heard not, saw not—or, worse still,

"He saw them all, how excellently fair—
He *saw*, not *felt*, how beautiful they were."[2]

The pang was too recent, the blow too sudden. Fretfully striking the fire-spark into the nitred sponge, with glazed eye idly fixed, he transferred the kindled fragment to his pipe. True it is, and under the conjunction of friendlier orbs, when, like a captive king, beside the throne of his youthful conqueror, Saturn had blended his sullen shine with the subduing influences of the star of Jove, often had Maxilian experienced its truth—that

[1] The word *may* be a misprint for "companionable."

[2] A modification of Coleridge's own lines (see p. 29) in his poem *Dejection: an Ode*:—

"I see them all so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

"The poet in his lone yet genial hour
Gives to his eye a magnifying power:
Or rather he emancipates his eyes
From the black shapeless accidents of size—
In unctuous cones of kindling coal,
Or smoke upwreathing from the pipe's trim bowl,
His gifted ken can see
Phantoms of sublimity."

MSS.

But the force and frequence with which our student now commingled its successive volumes, were better suited, in their effects, to exclude the actual landscape, than to furnish tint or canvas for ideal shapings. Like Discontent, from amid a cloudy shrine of her own outbreathing, he at length gave vent and utterance to his feelings in sounds more audible than articulate, and which at first resembled notes of passion more nearly than parts of speech, but gradually shaped themselves into words, in the following soliloquy:

"Yes! I am born to all mishap and misery!—that is the truth of it! —— Child and boy, when did it fall to my lot to draw king or bishop on Twelfth Night? Never! Jerry Sneak or Nincompoop, to a dead certainty! When did I ever drop my bread and butter—and it seldom got to my mouth without some such circuit—but it fell on the buttered side? When did I ever cry, Head! but it fell tail? Did I ever once ask, Even or odd, but I lost? And no wonder; for I was sure to hold the marbles so awkwardly, that the boy could count them between my fingers! But this is to laugh at! though in my life I could never descry much mirth in any laugh I ever set up at my own vexations, past or present. And that's another step-dame trick of Destiny! My shames are all immortal! I do believe, Nature stole me from my proper home, and made a blight of me, that I might not be owned again! For I never get older. Shut my eyes, and I can find no more difference between *eighteen* me and *eight* me, than between to-day and

yesterday! But I will not remember the miseries that dogged my earlier years, from the day I was first breeched! (Nay, the casualties, tears, and disgraces of that day I never can forget.) Let them pass, however—school-tide and holiday-tide, school hours and play hours, griefs, blunders and mischances. For all these I might pardon my persecuting Nemesis! Yea, I would have shaken hands with her, as forgivingly as I did with that sworn familiar of hers, and Usher of the Black Rod, my old schoolmaster, who used to read his newspaper, when I was horsed, and flog me between the paragraphs! I would forgive her, I say, if, like him, she would have taken leave of me at the School Gate. But now, *vir et togatus*, a seasoned academic—that now, that still, that evermore, I should be the whipping-stock of Destiny, the laughing-stock of fortune."

* * * * *

[We must take Mr. Coleridge as he chooses to offer himself. We certainly expected to have had a great deal more of this article for the present Number, when we sent the MS. to our Printer; but we suppose it may very safely be taken for granted that nobody will complain of us for opening our monthly sheets with a fragment indeed—but such a fragment as we are sure nobody but Mr. Coleridge could have written.

In case there should be any reader of ours unfortunate enough never to have read Mr. Coleridge's "Friend," [1] we strongly advise him to betake himself to that singular storehouse of scattered genius, and make himself master of the

[1] Prof. Wilson, whose note we preserve, is alluding to the First Edition of "The Friend," 1809-10, in which *Satyrane's Letters*, as we now have them, originally appeared, with other matter not reprinted. The *Biographia Literaria*, however, which now contains them, and the Second Edition of *The Friend*, which omitted them, were already in existence when the note was written.

beautiful letters in which the early history of *Idoloclastes Satyrane's* mind is displayed. He will then come with infinitely more advantage to the Historie and Gests of Maxilian, and their rich Prologomena.

Mr. Coleridge will be behaving[1] himself "something amiss," if we have not the continuation of these "Select Chapters" ere next month. C. N.]

[1] Coleridge was above such indirect prompting. No "continuation" was ever heard of. It is plain that Christopher North had misgivings with regard to the sequel.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

CHAPMAN'S HOMER.[1]

1807.

Extract of a Letter sent with the Volume.[2]

CHAPMAN I have sent in order that you might read the Odyssey; the Iliad is fine, but less equal in the translation, as well as less interesting in itself. What is stupidly said of Shakspere, is really true and appropriate of Chapman; mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties. Excepting his quaint epithets which he affects to render literally from the Greek, a language above all others blest in the happy marriage of sweet words, and which in our language are mere printer's compound epithets —such as quaffed divine *joy-in-the-heart-of-man-infusing* wine, (the undermarked is to be one word, because one sweet mellifluous word expresses it in Homer);—excepting this, it has no look, no air, of a translation. It is as truly an original poem as the Faery Queene;—it will give you small idea of Homer, though a far truer one than Pope's epigrams, or Cowper's cumbersome most anti-Homeric Miltonism. For Chapman writes and feels as a poet,—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In short, it is an exquisite

[1] Except when the contrary is stated, the notes in our Fifth Division are taken from the first two volumes of "The Remains."

[2] "Communicated through Mr. Wordsworth."—H. N. C. The letter and book were probably sent to Wordsworth's sister.

poem, in spite of its frequent and perverse quaintnesses and harshnesses, which are, however, amply repaid by almost unexampled sweetness and beauty of language, all over spirit and feeling. In the main it is an English heroic poem, the tale of which is borrowed from the Greek. The dedication to the Iliad is a noble copy of verses, especially those sublime lines beginning,—

"O! 'tis wondrous much
(Though nothing prisde) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written soule, to vertue moves.
Nor haue we soules to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd.
How much then, were this kingdome's maine soule maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in humane soules! All realmes but yours,
Are honor'd with him; and hold blest that state
That have his workes to reade and contemplate.
In which, humanitie to her height is raisde;
Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath praisde.
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprize;
Out sung the Muses, and did equalise
Their king Apollo; being so farre from cause
Of princes light thoughts, that their gravest lawes
May finde stuffe to be fashiond by his lines.
Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your lutes, and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroiques of your Homer sung,
To drums and trumpets set his Angels tongue:
And with the princely sports of haukes you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse:
And see how like the Phœnix she renues
Her age, and starrie feathers in your sunne;
Thousands of yeares attending; everie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin
Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all
Offerd to change, and greedie funerall;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, raigning."—

and likewise the 1st, the 11th, and last but one, of the prefatory sonnets to the Odyssey. Could I have foreseen any other speedy opportunity, I should have begged your acceptance of the volume in a somewhat handsomer coat; but as it is, it will better represent the sender,—to quote from myself, a man—

> "Disherited, in form and face,
> By nature and mishap, of outward grace."

Dedication to Prince Henry.

Chapman in his moral heroic verse, as in this dedication and the prefatory sonnets to his Odyssey, stands above Ben Jonson; there is more dignity, more lustre, and equal strength; but not midway quite between him and the sonnets of Milton. I do not know whether I give him the higher praise, in that he reminds me of Ben Jonson with a sense of his superior excellence, or that he brings Milton to memory notwithstanding his inferiority. His moral poems are not quite out of books like Jonson's, nor yet do the sentiments so wholly grow up out of his own natural habit and grandeur of thought, as in Milton. The sentiments have been attracted to him by a natural affinity of his intellect, and so combined;—but Jonson has taken them by individual and successive acts of choice.

Epistle Dedicatorie to the Odyssey.

All this and the preceding is well felt and vigorously, though harshly, expressed, respecting sublime poetry *in genere;* but in reading Homer, I look about me, and ask how does all this apply here. For surely never was there plainer writing; there are a thousand charms of sun and moonbeam, ripple, and wave, and stormy billow, but all on the surface. Had Chapman read Proclus and Porphyry?

—and did he really believe them,—or even that they believed themselves? They felt the immense power of a Bible, a Shaster, a Koran. There was none in Greece or Rome, and they tried therefore by subtle allegorical accommodations to conjure the poem of Homer into the *βίβλιον θεοπαράδοτον* of Greek faith.

Epistle Dedicatorie to the Batrachomyomachia.

Chapman's identification of his fate with Homer's, and his complete forgetfulness of the distinction between Christianity and idolatry, under the general feeling of some religion, is very interesting. It is amusing to observe, how familiar Chapman's fancy has become with Homer, his life and its circumstances, though the very existence of any such individual, at least with regard to the Iliad and the Hymns, is more than problematic. N.B. The rude engraving in the page was designed by no vulgar hand. It is full of spirit and passion.

Batrachomyomachia.

I am so dull, that neither in the original nor in any translation could I ever find any wit or wise purpose in this poem. The whole humour seems to lie in the names. The frogs and mice are not frogs or mice, but men, and yet they do nothing that conveys any satire. In the Greek there is much beauty of language, but the joke is very flat. This is always the case in rude ages;—their serious vein is inimitable,—their comic low and low indeed. The psychological cause is easily stated, and copiously exemplifiable.

CHALMERS'S LIFE OF DANIEL.

"The justice of these remarks cannot be disputed, though some of them are rather too figurative for sober criticism."

MOST genuine! A figurative remark! If this strange writer had any meaning, it must be:—Headly's criticism is just throughout, but conveyed in a style too figurative for prose composition. Chalmers's own remarks are wholly mistaken;—too silly for any criticism, drunk or sober, and in language too flat for anything. In Daniel's Sonnets there is scarcely one good line; while his Hymen's Triumph,[1] of which Chalmers says not one word, exhibits a continue[1] series of first-rate beauties in thought, passion, and imagery, and in language and metre is so faultless, that the style of that poem may without extravagance be declared to be imperishable English. 1820.

BISHOP CORBET.

I ALMOST wonder that the inimitable humour, and the rich sound and propulsive movement of the verse, have not rendered Corbet a popular poet. I am convinced that a reprint of his poems, with illustrative and chit-chat biographical notes, and cuts by Cruikshank, would take the public uncommonly well. September, 1823.

[1] The reader will find some more elaborate criticisms on Daniel in the *Table Talk*,—under dates *Sept.* 11, 1831, and *March* 15, 1834.

BARCLAY'S ARGENIS.

1803.[1]

HEAVEN forbid that this work should not exist in its present form and language! Yet I cannot avoid the wish that it had, during the reign of James I., been moulded into an heroic poem in English octave stanza, or epic blank verse;—which, however, at that time had not been invented, and which, alas! still remains the sole property of the inventor, as if the Muses had given him an unevadible patent for it. Of dramatic blank verse we have many and various specimens;—for example, Shakspere's as compared with Massinger's, both excellent in their kind:—of lyric, and of what may be called Orphic, or philosophic, blank verse, perfect models may be found in Wordsworth: of colloquial blank verse there are excellent, though not perfect, examples in Cowper;—but of epic blank verse, since Milton, there is not one.

It absolutely distresses me when I reflect that this work, admired as it has been by great men of all ages, and lately,[1] I hear, by the poet Cowper, should be only not unknown to general readers. It has been translated into English two or three times—how, I know not, wretchedly, I doubt not. It affords matter for thought that the last translation

[1] "Communicated by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge."—H. N. C.

[1] Perhaps this comma is an interpolation. A life of Cowper, who died in 1800, appeared in 1803.

(or rather, in all probability, miserable and faithless abridgment of some former one) was given under another name. What a mournful proof of the incelebrity of this great and amazing work among both the public and the people! For as Wordsworth, the greater of the two great men of this age,—(at least, except Davy and him, I have known, read of, heard of, no others,)—for as Wordsworth did me the honour of once observing to me, the people and the public are two distinct classes, and, as things go, the former is likely to retain a better taste, the less it is acted on by the latter. Yet Telemachus is in every mouth, in every schoolboy's and schoolgirl's hand! It is awful to say of a work like the Argenis, the style and Latinity of which, judged (not according to classical pedantry, which pronounces every sentence right which can be found in any book prior to Boetius, however vicious the age, or affected the author, and every sentence wrong, however natural and beautiful, which has been of the author's own combination,—but) according to the universal logic of thought as modified by feeling, is equal to that of Tacitus in energy and genuine conciseness, and is as perspicuous as that of Livy, whilst it is free from the affectations, obscurities, and lust to surprise of the former, and seems a sort of antithesis to the slowness and prolixity of the latter;—this remark does not, however, impeach even the classicality of the language, which, when the freedom and originality, the easy motion and perfect command of the thoughts, are considered, is truly wonderful):—of such a work it is awful to say, that it would have been well if it had been written in English or Italian verse! Yet the event seems to justify the notion. Alas! it is now too late. What modern work, even of the size of the Paradise Lost—much less of the Faery Queene—would be read in the present day, or even bought or be likely to be bought, unless it were an instructive work, as the phrase is, like Roscoe's quartos of Leo X., or entertaining like

Boswell's three of Dr. Johnson's conversations. It may be fairly objected—what work of surpassing merit has given the proof?—Certainly, none. Yet still there are ominous facts, sufficient, I fear, to afford a certain prophecy of its reception, if such were produced.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK.[1]

THERE is more weighty bullion sense in this book, than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer.

Opinion.

"Opinion and affection extremely differ. I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. * * * Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself."

Good! This is the true difference betwixt the beautiful and the agreeable, which Knight and the rest of that πλῆθος ἄθεον have so beneficially confounded, *meretricibus scilicet et Plutoni.*

O what an insight the whole of this article gives into a wise man's heart, who has been compelled to act with the many, as one of the many! It explains Sir Thomas More's zealous Romanism, &c.

Parliament.

Excellent! O! to have been with Selden over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom!

[1] "Communicated by Mr. Cary."—H. N. C.

Poetry.

"The old poets had no other reason but this, their verse was sung to music; otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fettered up themselves."

No one man can know all things: even Selden here talks ignorantly. Verse is in itself a music, and the natural symbol of that union of passion with thought and pleasure, which constitutes the essence of all poetry, as contra-distinguished from science, and distinguished from history civil or natural. To Pope's Essay on Man,—in short, to whatever is mere metrical good sense and wit, the remark applies.

Ib.

"Verse proves nothing but the quantity of syllables; they are not meant for logic."

True; they, that is, verses, are not logic; but they are, or ought to be, the envoys and representatives of that vital passion, which is the practical cement of logic, and without which logic must remain inert.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Religio Medici.

Notes made in 1802.[1]

STRONG feeling and an active intellect conjoined, lead almost necessarily, in the first stage[2] of philosophising, to Spinozism. Sir T. Browne was a Spinozist without knowing it.

If I have not quite all the faith that the author of the Religio Medici possessed, I have all the inclination to it; it gives me pleasure to believe.

The postscript at the very end of the book is well worth reading. Sir K. Digby's observations, however, are those of a pedant in his own system and opinion. He ought to have considered the R. M. in a dramatic, and not in a metaphysical, view, as a sweet exhibition of character and passion, and not as an expression, or investigation, of positive truth. The R. M. is a fine portrait of a handsome man in his best clothes; it is much of what he was at all times, a good deal of what he was only in his best moments. I have never read a book in which I felt greater similarity to my own make of mind—active in inquiry, and yet with

[1] "Communicated by Mr. Wordsworth."—H. N. C. See, also, Coleridge's observations on Sir Thomas Browne, on page 179.

[2] Could Spinoza have read this remark, and Coleridge's poem, *My Baptismal Birthday*,—written in *his* last stage,—it is possible he might have inwardly smiled.

an appetite to believe—in short an affectionate[1] visionary! But then I should tell a different tale of my own heart; for I would not only endeavour to tell the truth (which I doubt not Sir T. B. has done), but likewise to tell the whole truth, which most assuredly he has not done. However, it is a most delicious book.

His own character was à fine mixture of humourist, genius, and pedant. A library was a living world to him, and every book a man, absolute flesh and blood! and the gravity with which he records contradictory opinions is exquisite.

Part I. sect. 9. "Now contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples, &c."

So say I.

S. 15. "I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature; which without further travel I can do in the cosmography of myself; we carry with us the wonders we seek without us. There is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a *compendium* what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume."

This is the true characteristic of genius; our destiny and instinct is to unriddle the world, and he is the man of genius who feels this instinct fresh and strong in his nature; who perceiving the riddle and the mystery of all things, even the commonest, needs no strange and out-of-the-way tales or images to stimulate him into wonder and a deep interest.

[1] This autobiographical touch is more precious than the casual reader may think at first reading. Another of Coleridge's estimates of himself, on quite different lines, will be found in the notes on Junius, later on.

S. 16, 17. All this is very fine philosophy, and the best and most ingenious defence of revelation. Moreover, I do hold and believe that a toad is a comely animal; but nevertheless a toad is called ugly by almost all men, and it is the business of a philosopher to explain the reason of this.

S. 19. This is exceedingly striking. Had Sir T. B. lived now-a-days, he would probably have been a very ingenious and bold infidel in his real opinions, though the kindness of his nature would have kept him aloof from vulgar [1] prating obtrusive infidelity.

S. 35. An excellent burlesque on parts of the Schoolmen, though I believe an unintentional one.

S. 36. Truly sublime—and in Sir T. B.'s very best manner.

S. 39. This is a most admirable passage. Yes,—the history of a man for the nine months preceding his birth, would, probably, be far more interesting, and contain events of greater moment, than all the three score and ten years that follow it.

S. 48. "This is made good by experience, which can from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it into its stalks and leaves again."

Stuff. This was, I believe, some lying boast of Paracelsus, which the good Sir T. B. has swallowed for a fact.

Part II. s. 2. "I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God."

We ought not to relieve a poor man merely because our own feelings impel us, but because these feelings are just and proper feelings. My feelings might impel me to revenge with the same force with which they urge me to

[1] We must read "vulgarly," or "prating of," to make this English.

charity. I must therefore have some rule by which I may judge [1] my feelings,—and this rule is God's will.

S. 5, 6. "I never yet cast a true affection on a woman; but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God."

We cannot love a friend as a woman; but we may love a woman as a friend. Friendship satisfies the highest parts of our nature; but a wife, who is capable of friendship, satisfies all. The great business of real unostentatious virtue is—not to eradicate any genuine instinct or appetite of human nature; but—to establish a concord and unity betwixt all parts of our nature, to give a feeling and a passion to our purer intellect, and to intellectualize our feelings and passions. This a happy marriage, blest with children, effectuates in the highest degree of which our nature is capable, and is therefore chosen by St Paul as the symbol of the union of the church with Christ; that is, of the souls of all good men with God. "I scarcely distinguish," said once a good old man, "the wife of my old age from the wife of my youth;[2] for when we were both young, and she was beautiful, for once that I caressed her with a meaner passion, I caressed her a thousand times with love—and these caresses still remain to us." Besides, there is another reason why friendship is of somewhat less value than love, which includes friendship, it is this —we may love many persons, all very dearly; but we

[1] How absurdly, sometimes, these philosophers allow themselves to talk! Never mind about "God's will." Share your last shilling with anyone who needs it as much as you, and analyse your feelings afterwards at leisure.

[2] Compare Coleridge's remarks in the "The Improvisatore," on an earlier page. Consult, also, the index, under "love" and the like, to Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere, &c.*, as well as that to his *Table Talk and Omniana*, to find numerous lucubrations of our author on these intricate matters.

cannot love many persons all equally dearly. There will be differences, there will be gradations. But our nature imperiously asks a summit, a resting-place; it is with the affections in love as with the reason in religion, we cannot diffuse and equalize; we must have a supreme, a one, the highest. What is more common than to say of a man in love, 'he idolizes her,' 'he makes a god of her?' Now, in order that a person should continue to love another better than all others, it seems necessary that this feeling should be reciprocal. For if it be not so, sympathy is broken off in the very highest point. A. (we will say by way of illustration) loves B. above all others, in the best and fullest sense of the word, love, but B. loves C. above all others. Either, therefore, A. does not sympathize with B. in this most important feeling; and then his love must necessarily be incomplete, and accompanied with a craving after something that is not, and yet might be; or he does sympathize with B. in loving C. above all others—and then, of course, he loves C. better than B. Now it is selfishness, at least it seems so to me, to desire that your friend should love you better than all others,—but not to wish that a wife should.

S. 6. "Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like ourselves, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces: and it is no wonder: for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own."

A thought I have often had, and once expressed it in almost the same language. The fact is certain, but the explanation here given is very unsatisfactory. For why do we never have an image of our own faces—an image of fancy, I mean?

S. 7. "I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to malign

himself, and that the truest way to love another is to despise ourselves."

I thank God that I can, with a full and unfeigning heart, utter Amen to this passage.

S. 10. "In brief, there can be nothing truly alone, and by itself, which is not truly one; and such is only God."

Reciprocity is that which alone gives stability to love. It is not mere selfishness that impels all kind natures to desire that there should be some one human being, to whom they are most dear. It is because they wish some one being to exist, who shall be the resting-place and summit of their love; and this in human nature is not possible, unless the two affections coincide. The reason is, that the object of the highest love will not otherwise be the same in both parties.

S. 11. "I thank God for my happy dreams, &c."

I am quite different from Sir T. B. in this; for all, or almost all, the painful and fearful thoughts that I know, are in my dreams;[1]—so much so, that when I am wounded by a friend, or receive an unpleasant letter, it throws me into a state very nearly resembling that of a dream.

S. 13. "Statists that labour to contrive a commonwealth without any poverty, take away the object of our charity, not only not understanding the commonwealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecies of Christ."

O, for shame! for shame! Is there no fit object of charity but abject poverty? And what sort of a charity must that be which wishes misery in order that it may have the credit of relieving a small part of it,—pulling down the

[1] See Coleridge's poem, *The Pains of Sleep*, and our notes to it, in the Aldine Edition of Coleridge's Poems.

comfortable cottages of independent industry to build almshouses out of the ruins!

This book paints certain parts of my moral and intellectual being, (the best parts, no doubt,) better than any other book I have ever met with;—and the style is throughout delicious.

Notes made during a Second Perusal.[1]

1808.

PART I. S. 1.

"For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might perswade the world I have none at all, *as the generall scandall of my profession*, &c."

The historical origin of this scandal, which in nine cases out of ten is the honour of the medical profession, may, perhaps, be found in the fact, that Ænesidemus and Sextus Empiricus, the sceptics, were both physicians, about the close of the second century.[2] A fragment from the writings of the former has been preserved by Photius, and such as would leave a painful regret for the loss of the work, had not the invaluable work of Sextus Empiricus been still extant.

S. 7.

"A third there is which I did never positively maintaine or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth, and not offensive to my religion, and that is, the prayer for the dead, &c."

Our church with her characteristic Christian prudence does not enjoin prayer for the dead, but neither does she

[1] "Communicated by Mr. Wordsworth."—H. N. C.

[2] "A mistake as to Ænesidemus, who lived in the age of Augustus."—H. N. C.

prohibit it. In its own nature it belongs to a private aspiration; and being conditional, like all religious acts not expressed in Scripture, and therefore not combinable with a perfect faith, it is something between prayer and wish, —an act of natural piety sublimed by Christian hope, that shares in the light, and meets the diverging rays, of faith, though it be not contained in the focus.

S. 13.

"He holds no counsell, but that mysticall one of the Trinity, wherein, though there be three persons, there is but one mind that decrees without contradiction, &c."

Sir T. B. is very amusing. He confesses his part heresies, which are mere opinions, while his orthodoxy is full of heretical errors. His Trinity is a mere trefoil, a 3 = 1, which is no mystery at all, but a common object of the senses. The mystery is, that one is three, that is, each being the whole God.

S. 18.

"'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables, &c."

But a great profanation, methinks, and a no less absurdity. Would Sir T. Browne, before weighing two pigs of lead, A. and B., pray to God that A. might weigh the heavier? Yet if the result of the dice be at the time equally believed to be a settled and predetermined effect, where lies the difference? Would not this apply against all petitionary prayer?—St. Paul's injunction involves the answer:—*Pray always.*

S. 22.

"They who salve this would make the deluge particular, proceed upon a principle that I can no way grant, &c."

But according to the Scripture, the deluge was so gentle as to leave uncrushed the green leaves on the olive tree.

If then it was universal, and if (as with the longevity of the antediluvians it must have been) the earth was fully peopled, is it not strange that no buildings remain in the since then uninhabited parts—in America for instance? That no human skeletons are found may be solved from the circumstance of the large proportion of phosphoric acid in human bones. But cities and traces of civilization?—I do not know what to think, unless we might be allowed to consider Noah a *homo repræsentativus*, or the last and nearest of a series taken for the whole.

S. 33.

"They that to refute the invocation of saints, have denied that they have any knowledge of our affairs below, have proceeded too farre, and must pardon my opinion, till I can throughly answer that piece of Scripture, *At the conversion of a sinner the angels of Heaven rejoyce.*"

Take any moral or religious book, and, instead of understanding each sentence according to the main purpose and intention, interpret every phrase in its literal sense as conveying, and designed to convey, a metaphysical verity, or historical fact:—what a strange medley of doctrines should we not educe? And yet this is the way in which we are constantly in the habit of treating the books of the New Testament.

S. 34.

"And, truely, for the first chapters of *Genesis* I must confesse a great deal of obscurity; though divines have to the power of humane reason endeavoured to make all go in a literall meaning, yet those allegoricall interpretations are also probable, and perhaps, the mysticall method of Moses bred up in the hieroglyphicall schooles of the Egyptians."

The second chapter of Genesis from v. 4, and the third chapter, are to my mind as evidently symbolical as the first chapter is literal. The first chapter is manifestly by Moses himself; but the second and third seem to me of far

higher antiquity, and have the air of being translated into words from graven stones.

S. 48. This section is a series of ingenious paralogisms.

S. 49.

"Moses, that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a grosse absurdity in philosophy, when with these eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his maker, that is, truth itself, to a contradiction."

Bear in mind the Jehovah *Logos*, the Ὁ ὢΝ ἐν κόλπῳ πατρὸς—the person *ad extra*,—and few passages in the Old Testament are more instructive, or of profounder import. Overlook this, or deny it,—and none so perplexing or so irreconcilable with the known character of the inspired writer.

S. 50.

"For that mysticall metall of gold, whose solary and celestiall nature I admire, &c."

Rather anti-solar and terrene nature! For gold, most of all metals, repelleth light, and resisteth that power and portion of the common air, which of all ponderable bodies is most akin to light, and its surrogate in the realm of ἀντιφῶς or gravity, namely, oxygen. Gold is *tellurian* κατ' ἐξοχήν: and if solar, yet as in the solidity and dark *nucleus* of the sun.

S. 52.

"I thank God that with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place; I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, &c."

Excellent throughout. The fear of hell may, indeed, in some desperate cases, like the *moxa*, give the first rouse from the moral lethargy, or like the green venom of copper, by evacuating poison or a dead load from the inner man,

prepare it for nobler ministrations and medicines from the realm of light and life, that nourish while they stimulate.

S. 54.

"There is no salvation to those that believe not in Christ, &c."

This is plainly confined to such as have had Christ preached to them;—but the doctrine, that salvation is in and by Christ only, is a most essential verity, and an article of unspeakable grandeur and consolation. Name[1]—*nomen*, that is, *νούμενον*, in its spiritual interpretation, is the same as power, or intrinsic cause. What? Is it a few letters of the alphabet, the hearing of which in a given succession, that saves?

S. 59.

"*Before Abraham was, I am*, is the saying of Christ; yet is it true in some sense if I say it of myself, for I was not only before myself, but Adam, that is, in the idea of God, and the decree of that synod held from all eternity. And in this sense, I say, the world was before the creation, and at an end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead before I was alive;—though my grave be England, my dying-place was Paradise, and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain."

Compare this with s. 11, and the judicious remark there on the mere accommodation in the *præ* of predestination. But the subject was too tempting for the rhetorician.

Part II. s. 1.

"But as in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them, &c."

Thus 1,965. But why is the 1 said to be placed below the 965?[2]

S. 7.

[1] Read again page 253.

[2] Because "in casting account," Sir Thomas Browne, like a schoolboy, set down, *under*, the figure he had to "carry." Or are we, perhaps, too fanciful?

"Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself, I do not finde the battaile of Lepanto, passion against reason, *reason against faith*, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all."

It may appear whimsical, but I really feel an impatient regret, that this good man had so misconceived the nature both of faith and reason as to affirm their contrariety to each other.

Ib.

"For my originale sin, I hold it to bee washed away in my baptisme; for my actual transgressions, I compute and reckon with God, but from my last repentance, &c."

This is most true as far as the imputation of the same is concerned. For where the means of avoiding its consequences have been afforded, each after transgression is actual, by a neglect of those means.

S. 14.

"God, being all goodnesse, can love nothing but himself; he loves us but for that part which is, as it were, himselfe, and the traduction of his Holy Spirit."

This recalls a sublime thought of Spinoza. Every true virtue is a part of that love, with which God loveth himself.

The Gardeñ of Cyrus,

or the Quincuncial, etc., Plantations of the Ancients, etc.

Ch. III.

"That bodies are first spirits, Paracelsus could affirm, &c."

Effects purely relative from properties merely comparative, such as edge, point, grater, &c., are not proper qualities; for they are indifferently producible *ab extra*, by

grinding, &c., and *ab intra*, from growth. In the latter instance, they suppose qualities as their antecedents. Now, therefore, since qualities cannot proceed from quantity, but quantity from quality,—and as matter opposed to spirit is shape by modification of extension, or pure quantity,—Paracelsus's *dictum* is defensible.

Ib.

"The æquivocall production of things, under undiscerned principles, makes a large part of generation, &c."

Written before Harvey's *ab ovo omnia*. Since his work, and Lewenhock's *Microscopium*, the question is settled in physics; but whether in metaphysics, is not quite so clear.

Ch. IV.

"And mint growing in glasses of water, until it arriveth at the weight of an ounce, in a shady place, will sometimes exhaust a pound of water."

How much did Browne allow for evaporation?

Ib.

"Things entering upon the intellect by a pyramid from without, and thence into the memory by another from within, the common decussation being in the understanding, &c."

This nearly resembles Kant's intellectual *mechanique*.

The Platonists held three knowledges of God;—first, *παρουσία*, his own incommunicable self-comprehension;—second, *κατὰ νόησιν*—by pure mind, unmixed with the sensuous;—third, *κατ' ἐπιστήμην*—by discursive intelligential act. Thus a Greek philosopher:—*τοὺς ἐπιστημονικοὺς λόγους μύθους ἡγήσεται συνοῦσα τῷ πατρὶ καὶ συνεστιωμένη ἡ ψυχὴ ἐν τῇ ἀληθείᾳ τοῦ ὄντος, καὶ ἐν αὐγῇ καθαρᾷ.*—Those notions of God which we attain by processes of intellect, the soul will consider as mythological allegories, when it exists in union with the Father, and is feasting with him

in the truth of very being, and in the pure, unmixed, absolutely simple and elementary, splendor. Thus expound Exod. c. xxxiii. v. 10. *And he said, thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live.* By the 'face of God,' Moses meant the ἰδέα νοητική, which God declared incompatible with human life, it implying ἐπαφὴ τοῦ νοητοῦ, or contact with the pure spirit.

Vulgar Errors.

Address to the Reader.

DR. PRIMROSE.[1]

Is not this the same person as the physician mentioned by Mrs. Hutchinson in her Memoirs of her husband?

Book I. c. 8. s. 1. The veracity and credibility of Herodotus have increased and increase with the increase of our discoveries. Several of his relations deemed fabulous, have been authenticated within the last thirty years from this present 1808.

Ib. s. 2.

"Sir John Mandevill left a book of travels;—herein he often attesteth the fabulous relations of Ctesias."

Many, if not most, of these Ctesian fables in Sir J. Mandevill were monkish interpolations.

Ib. s. 13.

"Cardanus—is of singular use unto a prudent reader; but unto him that only desireth *hoties*, or to replenish his head with varieties,—he may become no small occasion of error.

Hoties—ὅτι s—'whatevers,' that is, whatever is written,

[1] Dr. James Primrose, who published his book, *De Vulgi Erroribus in Medicinâ*, in 1651, died about the same year as Mrs. Hutchinson, 1659. His father was Gilbert Primrose, D.D., "a Scotch divine, minister of the French Church in London, and Chaplain to James I."

no matter what, true or false,—*omniana;* 'all sorts of varieties,' as a dear young lady once said to me.

Ib. c. ix.

"If Heraclitus with his adherents will hold the sun is no bigger than it appeareth."

It is not improbable that Heraclitus meant merely to imply that we perceive only our own sensations, and they of course are what they are;—that the image of the sun is an appearance, or sensation in our eyes, and, of course, an appearance can be neither more nor less than what it appears to be;—that the notion of the true size of the sun is not an image, or belonging either to the sense, or to the sensuous fancy, but is an imageless truth of the understanding obtained by intellectual deductions. He could not possibly mean what Sir T. B. supposes him to have meant; for if he had believed the sun to be no more than a mile distant from us, every tree and house must have shown its absurdity.

In the following books I have endeavoured, wherever the author himself is in a vulgar error, as far as my knowledge extends, to give in the margin, either the demonstrated discoveries, or more probable opinions, of the present natural philosophy;—so that, independently of the entertainingness of the thoughts and tales, and the force and splendor of Sir Thomas Browne's diction and manner, you may at once learn from him the history of human fancies and superstitions, both when he detects them, and when he himself falls into them,—and from my notes, the real truth of things, or, at least, the highest degree of probability, at which human research has hitherto[1] arrived.

[1] That is, up to 1808.

Book II. c. i. Production of crystal. Cold is the attractive or astringent power, comparatively uncounteracted by the dilative, the diminution of which is the proportional increase of the contractive. Hence the astringent, or power of negative magnetism, is the proper agent in cold, and the contractive, or oxygen, an allied and consequential power. *Crystallum, non ex aqua, sed ex substantia metallorum communi confrigeratum dico.* As the equator, or mid point of the equatorial hemispherical line, is to the centre, so water is to gold. Hydrogen is to the electrical azote, as azote to the magnetic hydrogen.

Ib.

"Crystal—will strike fire—and upon collision with steel send forth its sparks, not much inferiourly to a flint."

It being, indeed, nothing else but pure flint.

C. iii.

"And the magick thereof (the lodestone) as not safely to be believed, which was delivered by Orpheus, that sprinkled with water it will upon a question emit a voice not much unlike an infant."

That is:—to the twin counterforces of the magnetic power, the equilibrium of which is revealed in magnetic iron, as the substantial, add the twin counterforces or positive and negative poles of the electrical power, the indifference of which is realized in water, as the superficial—(whence Orpheus employed the term 'sprinkled,' or rather affused or superfused)—and you will hear the voice of infant nature;—that is, you will understand the rudimental products and elementary powers and constructions of the phenomenal world. An enigma this not unworthy of Orpheus, *quicunque fuit*, and therefore not improbably ascribed to him. N. B. Negative and positive magnetism are to attraction and repulsion, or cohesion and dispersion, as

negative and positive electricity are to contraction and dilation.

C. vii. s. 4.

"That camphire begets in men *τὴν ἀναφροδισίαν*, observation will hardly confirm, &c."

There is no doubt of the fact as to a temporary effect; and camphire is therefore a strong and immediate antidote to an overdose of *cantharides*. Yet there are, doubtless, sorts and cases of *ἀναφροδισία*, which camphire might relieve. Opium is occasionally an aphrodisiac, but far oftener the contrary. The same is true of *bang*, or powdered hemp leaves, and, I suppose, of the whole tribe of narcotic stimulants.

Ib. s. 8.

"The yew and the berries thereof are harmless, we know."

The berries are harmless, but the leaves of the yew are undoubtedly poisonous. See Withering's British Plants. *Taxus*.

Book III. c. xiii.

"For although lapidaries and *questuary* enquirers affirm it, &c."

'Questuary'—having gain or money for their object.

B. VI. c. viii.

"The river Gihon, a branch of Euphrates and river of Paradise."

The rivers from Eden were, perhaps, meant to symbolize, or rather expressed only, the great primary races of mankind. Sir T. B. was the very man to have seen this; but the superstition of the letter was then culminant.

Ib. c. x.

"The chymists have laudably reduced their causes—(of colors)—unto *sal*, *sulphur*, and *mercury*, &c."

Even now, after all the brilliant discoveries from Scheele, Priestley, and Cavendish, to Berzelius and Davy, no improvement has been made in this division,—not of primary bodies (those idols of the modern atomic chemistry), but of causes, as Sir T. B. rightly expresses them,—that is, of elementary powers manifested in bodies. Let mercury stand for the bi-polar metallic principle, best imaged as a line or *axis* from north to south,—the north or negative pole being the cohesive or coherentific force, and the south or positive pole being the dispersive or incoherentific force: the first is predominant in, and therefore represented by, carbon,—the second by nitrogen; and the series of metals are the primary and, hence, indecomponible *syntheta* and proportions of both. In like manner, sulphur represents the active and passive principle of fire: the contractive force, or negative electricity—oxygen—produces flame; and the dilative force, or positive electricity—hydrogen—produces warmth. And lastly, salt is the equilibrium or compound of the two former. So taken, salt, sulphur, and mercury are equivalent to the combustive, the combustible, and the combust, under one or other of which all known bodies, or ponderable substances, may be classed and distinguished.

The difference between a great mind's and a little mind's use of history is this. The latter would consider, for instance, what Luther did, taught, or sanctioned: the former, what Luther,—a Luther,—would now do, teach, and sanction. This thought occurred to me at midnight, Tuesday, the 16th of March, 1824,[1] as I was stepping into bed,—my eye having glanced on Luther's Table Talk.

[1] Probably a misprint for 1804. See below.

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favourable impression of you;—if with a little mind, leave him with a favourable opinion of himself.

It is not common to find a book of so early date as this (1658), at least among those of equal neatness of printing, that contains so many gross typographical errors;—with the exception of our earliest dramatic writers, some of which appear to have been never corrected, but worked off at once as the types were first arranged by the compositors. But the grave and doctrinal works are, in general, exceedingly correct, and form a striking contrast to modern publications, of which the late edition of Bacon's Works would be paramount in the infamy of multiplied unnoticed *errata*, were it not for the unrivalled slovenliness of Anderson's British Poets, in which the blunders are at least as numerous as the pages, and many of them perverting the sense, or killing the whole beauty, and yet giving or affording a meaning, however low, instead. These are the most execrable of all typographical errors.

[The volume from which the foregoing notes have been taken, is inscribed in Mr. Lamb's writing—

'C. Lamb, 9th March, 1804. Bought for S. T. Coleridge.' Under which in Mr. Coleridge's hand is written—

'N. B. It was on the 10th; on which day I dined and punched at Lamb's, and exulted in the having procured the *Hydriotaphia*, and all the rest *lucro apposita*. S. T. C.'

That same night, the volume was devoted as a gift to a dear friend[1] in the following letter.—H. N. C.]

[1] This must be Dora Wordsworth, the poet's sister. Coleridge had just parted with the Wordsworths, and was on his way to Malta. We have seen that Wordsworth communicated the notes. We observe, also, that the notes were written in 1808, when Coleridge was residing with the Wordsworths at Grasmere.

March 10th, 1804,
Sat. night, 12 o'clock.

MY DEAR ———,

SIR Thomas Browne is among my first favorites, rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits, contemplative, imaginative; often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though doubtless too often big, stiff, and hyperlatinistic: thus I might without admixture of falsehood, describe Sir T. Browne, and my description would have only this fault, that it would be equally, or almost equally, applicable to half a dozen other writers, from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth to the end of Charles II. He is indeed all this; and what he has more than all this peculiar to himself, I seem to convey to my own mind in some measure by saying,—that he is a quiet and sublime enthusiast with a strong tinge of the fantast, —the humourist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot silk play upon the main dye. In short, he has brains in his head, which is all the more interesting for a little twist in the brains. He sometimes reminds the reader of Montaigne, but from no other than the general circumstances of an egotism common to both; which in Montaigne is too often a mere amusing gossip, a chit-chat story of whims and peculiarities that lead to nothing,—but which in Sir Thomas Browne is always the result of a feeling heart conjoined with a mind of active curiosity,—the natural and becoming egotism of a man, who, loving other men as himself, gains the habit and the privilege of talking about himself as familiarly as about other men. Fond of the curious, and a hunter of oddities and strangenesses, while he conceived himself, with quaint and humourous gravity, a useful inquirer into physical truth and fundamental science, —he loved to contemplate and discuss his own thoughts and feelings, because he found by comparison with other

men's, that they too were curiosities, and so with a perfectly graceful and interesting ease he put them too into his museum and cabinet of varieties. In very truth he was not mistaken:—so completely does he see every thing in a light of his own, reading nature neither by sun, moon, nor candle light, but by the light of the faery glory around his own head; so that you might say that nature had granted to him in perpetuity a patent and monopoly for all his thoughts. Read his *Hydriotaphia* above all;—and in addition to the peculiarity, the exclusive Sir Thomas-Browneness of all the fancies and modes of illustration, wonder at and admire his entireness in every subject which is before him—he is *totus in illo;* he follows it; he never wanders from it,—and he has no occasion to wander;—for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. In that *Hydriotaphia* or Treatise on some Urns dug up in Norfolk—how earthy, how redolent of graves and sepulchres is every line! You have now dark mould, now a thigh-bone, now a scull, then a bit of mouldered coffin! a fragmen' of an old tombstone with moss in its *hic jacet;*—a ghost or a winding-sheet—or the echo of a funeral psalm wafted on a November wind! and the gayest thing you shall meet with shall be a silver nail or gilt *Anno Domini* from a perished coffin top. The very same remark applies in the same force to the interesting, through the far less interesting, Treatise on the Quincuncial Plantations of the Ancients. There is the same attention to oddities, to the remoteness and *minutiæ* of vegetable terms,—the same entireness of subject. You have quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, and quincunxes in the water beneath the earth; quincunxes in deity, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in bones, in the optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in petals, in every thing. In short, first turn to the last leaf of this volume, and read aloud to yourself the last seven paragraphs of Chap. v. beginning with the

words 'More considerables,' &c. But it is time for me to be in bed, in the words of Sir Thomas, which will serve you, my dear, as a fair specimen of his manner.—'But the quincunx of heaven—(the Hyades or five stars about the horizon at midnight at that time)—runs low, and 'tis time we close the five ports of knowledge: we are unwilling to spin out our waking thoughts into the phantasmes of sleep, which often continueth præcogitations,—making tables of cobwebbes, and wildernesses of handsome groves. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' Think you, my dear Friend, that there ever was such a reason given before for going to bed at midnight;—to wit, that if we did not, we should be acting the part of our Antipodes! And then 'the huntsmen are up in America.'—What life, what fancy!—Does the whimsical knight give us thus a dish of strong ɕ een tea, and call it an opiate! I trust that you are quietly asleep—and that

> "All the stars hang bright above your dwelling,
> Silent as tho' they watch'd the sleeping earth!"

FULLER.

Holy State.

B. I. c. 9. Life of Eliezer.

"He will not truant it now in the afternoon, but with convenient speed returns to Abraham, who onely was worthy of such a servant, who onely was worthy of such a master."

On my word, Eliezer did his business in an orderly and sensible manner; but what there is to call forth this hyper-encomiastic—'who only'—I cannot see.

B. II. c. 3. Life of Paracelsus. It is matter of regret with me, that Fuller (whose wit, alike in quantity, quality, and perpetuity, surpassing that of the wittiest in a witty age, robbed him of the praise not less due to him for an equal superiority in sound, shrewd, good sense, and freedom of intellect,) had not looked through the two Latin folios of Paracelsus's Works. It is not to be doubted that a rich and delightful article would have been the result. For who like Fuller could have brought out and set forth this singular compound of true philosophic genius with the morals of a quack and the manners of a king of the gypsies! Nevertheless, Paracelsus belonged to his age—the dawn of experimental science; and a well written critique on his life and writings would present, through the magnifying glass of a caricature, the distinguishing features of the Helmonts, Kirchers, &c., in short, of the host of naturalists

of the sixteenth century. The period might begin with Paracelsus and end with Sir Kenelm Digby.

N. B. The potential (Λόγος θεάνθρωπος), the ground of the prophetic, directed the first thinkers (the *Mystæ*) to the metallic bodies, as the key of all natural science. The then actual blended with this instinct all the fancies and fond desires and false perspective of the childhood of intellect. The essence was truth, the form was folly: and this is the definition of alchemy. Nevertheless, the very terms bear witness to the veracity of the original instinct. The world of sensible experience cannot be more luminously divided than into the modifying powers, τὸ ἄλλο,—that which differences, makes this other than that; and the μετ' ἄλλο,—that which is beyond, or deeper than the modification. *Metallon* is strictly the base of the mode; and such have the metals been determined to be by modern chemistry. And what are now the great problems of chemistry? The difference of the metals themselves, their origin, the causes of their locations, of their co-existence in the same ore—as, for instance, iridium, osmium, palladium, rhodium, and iron with platinum. Were these problems solved, the results who dare limit? In addition to the *méchanique céleste*, we might have a new department of astronomy, the *chymie céleste*, that is, a philosophic astrology. And to this I do not hesitate to refer the whole connection between alchemy and astrology, the same divinity in the idea, the same childishness in the attempt to realize it. Nay, the very invocations of spirits were not without a ground of truth. The light was for the greater part suffocated and the rest fantastically refracted, but still it was light struggling in the darkness. And I am persuaded, that to the full triumph of science, it will be necessary that nature should be commanded more spiritually than hitherto, that is, more directly in the power of the will.

B. IV. c. 19. The Prince.

"He sympathizeth with him that by a proxy is corrected for his offence."

See Sir W. Scott's Fortunes of Nigel. In an oriental despotism one would not have been surprised at finding such a custom, but in a Christian court, and under the light of Protestantism, it is marvellous. It would be well to ascertain, if possible, the earliest date of this contrivance; whether it existed under the Plantagenets, or whether first under the Tudors, or lastly, whether it was a precious import from Scotland with gentle King Jamie.

Ib. c. 21. The King.

"He is a mortal god."

Compare the fulsome flattery of these and other passages in this volume (though modest to the common language of James's priestly courtiers) with the loyal but free and manly tone of Fuller's later works, towards the close of Charles the First's reign and under the Commonwealth and Protectorate. And doubtless this was not peculiar to Fuller: but a great and lasting change was effected in the mind of the country generally. The bishops and other church dignitaries tried for a while to renew the old king-godding *mumpsimus;* but the second Charles laughed at them, and they quarrelled with his successor, and hated the hero who delivered them from him too thoroughly to have flattered him with any unction, even if William's Dutch phlegm had not precluded the attempt by making its failure certain.

Profane State.

B. V. c. 2.

"God gave magistrates power to punish them, else they bear the sword in vain. They may command people to serve God, who herein have no cause to complain."

And elsewhere. The only serious *macula* in Fuller's mind is his uniform support of the right and duty of the civil magistrate to punish errors in belief. Fuller would, indeed, recommend moderation in the practice; but of *upas*, *woorara*, and persecution, there are no moderate doses possible.

Appeal of Injured Innocence.

Part I. c. 5.

"Yet there want not learned writers (whom I need not name) of the opinion that even the instrumental penmen of the Scripture might commit *ἁμαρτήματα μνημόνικα*: though open that window to profaneness, and it will be in vain to shut any dores; *Let God be true, and every man a lyer.*"

It has been matter of complaint with hundreds, yea, it is an old cuckoo song of grim saints, that the Reformation came to its close long before it came to its completion. But the cause of this imperfection has been fully laid open by no party,—*scilicet*, that in divines of both parties of the Reformers, the Protestants and the Detestants, there was the same relic of the Roman *lues*,—the habit of deciding for or against the orthodoxy of a position, not according to its truth or falsehood, not on grounds of reason or of history, but by the imagined consequences of the position. The very same principles on which the pontifical polemics vindicate the Papal infallibility, Fuller *et centum alii* apply to the (if possible) still more extravagant notion of the absolute truth and divinity of every syllable of the text of the books of the Old and New Testament as we have it.

Ib.

"Sure I am, that one of as much meekness, as some are of moroseness, even upright Moses himself, in his service of the essential and increated truth (of higher consequence than the historical truth controverted betwixt us) had notwithstanding *a respect to the reward.* Heb. xi. 26."

In religion the faith pre-supposed in the respect, and as its condition, gives to the motive a purity and an elevation which of itself, and where the recompense is looked for in temporal and carnal pleasures or profits, it would not have.

Church History.

B. I. cent. 5.

PELAGIUS:—"Let no foreiner insult on the infelicity of our land in bearing this monster."

It raises, or ought to raise, our estimation of Fuller's good sense and the general temperance of his mind, when we see the heavy weight of prejudices, the universal code of his age, incumbent on his judgment, and which nevertheless left sanity of opinion the general character of his writings: this remark was suggested by the term 'monster' attached to the worthy Cambrian Pelagius—the teacher *Arminianismi ante Arminium.*

B. II. cent. 6. s. 8.

"Whereas in Holy Writ, when the Apostles (and the Papists commonly call Augustine the English apostle, how properly we shall see hereafter,) went to a foreign nation, *God gave them the language thereof*, &c."

What a loss that Fuller has not made a reference to his authorities for this assertion! I am sure he could have found none in the New Testament, but facts that imply, and, in the absence of all such proof, prove the contrary.

Ib. s. 6.

"Thus we see the whole week bescattered with Saxon idols, whose pagan gods were the godfathers of the days, and gave them their names. *This some zealot may behold as the object of a necessary reformation, desiring to have the days of the week new dipt, and called after other names.* Though indeed this supposed scandal will not offend the wise, as beneath their notice, and cannot offend the ignorant, as above their knowedge."

A curious prediction fulfilled a few years after in the Quakers, and well worthy of being extracted and addressed to the present Friends. Memorandum.—It is the error of the Friends, but natural and common to almost all sects,—the perversion of the wisdom of the first establishers of their sect into their own folly, by not distinguishing between the conditionally right and the permanently and essentially so. For example: It was right conditionally in the Apostles to forbid black puddings even to the Gentile Christians, and it was wisdom in them; but to continue the prohibition would be folly and Judaism in us. The elder church very sensibly distinguished episcopal from apostolic inspiration; the episcopal spirit,—that which dictated what was fit and profitable for a particular community or church at a particular period,—from the apostolic and catholic spirit which dictated truth and duties of permanent and universal obligation.

Ib. cent. 7.

This Latin dedication is remarkably pleasing and elegant. Milton in his classical youth, the æra of Lycidas, might have written it—only he would have written it in Latin verse.

B. x. cent. 17.

Bp. of London. "May your Majesty be pleased, that the ancient canon may be remembered, *Schismatici contra episcopos non sunt audiendi.* And there is another decree of a very ancient council, that no man should be admitted to speak against that whereunto he hath formerly subscribed.

And as for you, Doctor Reynolds, and your sociates, how much are you bound to his Majestie's clemencye, permitting you contrary to the statute *primo Elizabethæ*, so freely to speak against the liturgie and discipline established. Faine would I know the end you aime at, and whether you be not of Mr. Cartwright's minde, who affirmed, that we ought in ceremonies rather to conforme to the Turks than to the Papists. I doubt you approve his position, because here appearing before his Majesty in

Turkey-gownes, not in your scholastic habits, according to the order of the Universities."

If any man, who like myself hath attentively read the Church history of the reign of Elizabeth, and the conference before, and with, her pedant successor, can shew me any essential difference between Whitgift and Bancroft during their rule, and Bonner and Gardiner in the reign of Mary, I will be thankful to him in my heart and for him in my prayers. One difference I see, namely, that the former professing the New Testament to be their rule and guide, and making the fallibility of all churches and individuals an article of faith, were more inconsistent, and therefore less excusable, than the Popish persecutors. 30 Aug. 1824.

N. B. The crimes, murderous as they were, were the vice and delusion of the age, and it is ignorance to lack charity towards the persons, Papist or Protestant; but the tone, the spirit, characterizes, and belongs to, the individual: for example, the bursting spleen of this Bancroft, not so satisfied with this precious arbitrator for having pre-condemned his opponents, as fierce and surly with him for not hanging them up unheard.

At the end.

Next to Shakspere, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous;—the degree in which any given faculty or combination of faculties is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder! Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect. It was the element, the earthen base, the material which he worked in, and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts, for

the beauty and variety of the truths, into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced, great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men. He is a very voluminous writer, and yet in all his numerous volumes on so many different subjects, it is scarcely too much to say, that you will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted for itself—as motto or as maxim. God bless thee, dear old man! may I meet with thee! —which is tantamount to—may I go to heaven! July, 1829.

MILTON.

1807.[1]

Hayley, p. 95. "The sincerest friends of Milton may here agree with Johnson, who speaks of *his controversial merriment as disgusting*."

The man who reads a work meant for immediate effect on one age with the notions and feelings of another, may be a refined gentleman, but must be a sorry critic. He who possesses imagination enough to live with his forefathers, and, leaving comparative reflection for an after moment, to give himself up during the first perusal to the feelings of a contemporary, if not a partizan, will, I dare aver, rarely find any part of Milton's prose works disgusting.

(Hayley, p. 104. Hayley is speaking of the passage in Milton's Answer to Icon Basilice, in which he accuses Charles of taking his Prayer in captivity from Pamela's prayer in the 3rd book of Sidney's Arcadia. The passage begins,—

"But this king, not content with that which, although in a thing holy, is no holy theft, to attribute to his own making other men's whole prayers, &c." Symmons' ed. 1806, p. 407.—H. N. C.[2])

[1] Notes written in a copy of Hayley's Life of Milton (4to. 1796), belonging to Mr. Poole, from whom H. N. Coleridge received them. A portion of these notes we have already given in *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere*, &c. Some remarks on Milton will also be found in our Fourth Division,—"on Unmeasured Language and Intolerance, &c."

[2] H. N. C., or T. P.

Assuredly, I regret that Milton should have written this passage; and yet the adoption of a prayer from a romance[1] on such an occasion does not evince a delicate or deeply sincere mind. We are the creatures of association. There are some excellent moral and even serious lines in Hudibras; but what if a clergyman should adorn his sermon with a quotation from that poem! Would the abstract propriety of the verses leave him "honourably acquitted?" The Christian baptism of a line in Virgil is so far from being a parallel, that it is ridiculously inappropriate,—an absurdity as glaring as that of the bigoted Puritans, who objected to some of the noblest and most scriptural prayers ever dictated by wisdom and piety, simply because the Roman Catholics had used them.

Hayley, p. 107. "The ambition of Milton," &c.

I do not approve the so frequent use of this word relatively to Milton. Indeed the fondness for ingrafting a good sense on the word "ambition," is not a Christian impulse in general.

Hayley, p. 110. "Milton himself seems to have thought it allowable in literary contention to vilify, &c., the character of an opponent; but surely this doctrine is unworthy," &c.

If ever it were allowable, in this case it was especially so. But these general observations, without meditation on the particular times and the genius of the times, are most often as unjust as they are always superficial.

(Hayley, p. 133. Hayley is speaking of Milton's panegyric on Cromwell's government:—)

Besides, however Milton might and did regret the immediate necessity, yet what alternative was there? Was it

[1] Before the reader pronounces judgment, we ask him to read the prayer for himself. We have read it.

not better that Cromwell should usurp power, to protect religious freedom at least, than that the Presbyterians should usurp it to introduce a religious persecution,—extending the notion of spiritual concerns so far as to leave no freedom even to a man's bedchamber?

HENRY MORE'S POEMS.[1]

Written on the fly-leaf at the beginning of the volume:—

AH! what strength might *I* gather, what comfort might *we* derive, from these Proclo-plotinian Platonists' doctrine of the Soul, if only they or their Spinozistic imitators, the Natur-philosophers of present Germany, had told or could tell us what they meant by *I* and *we*, by Pain and Remorse. Poor *we* are nothing in *act* but everything in suffering.

A manuscript note in a different hand, with Coleridge's added remark:—

"Dr. More uses many words that are obsolete, many that are provincial, and many that are entirely his own coinage, which the novelty of the subject may in some degree have rendered necessary. His elisions appear to be more licentious than have either been adopted before or since.

"Spenser he acknowledges in his Dedication was a favourite author with him from childhood, and his partiality is sufficiently obvious from following his antiquated diction, and from writing in the same octave stanza, which Spenser borrowed from the Italian poets."

[1] For the following notes, by Coleridge, written in a copy of Henry More's Poems, we are indebted to H. J. Roby, M.A. Some remarks by Coleridge on the same subject will be found in the *Table Talk and Omniana*, pp. 392-3. See, also, the Essay *On the Prometheus of Æschylus*, p. 80.

Which is not an octave but an ennead (*i.e.* a stanza of nine lines) and which Spenser did *not* borrow from the Italians, but after many and various experiments invented for himself, as a perfect * whole, as it is indeed, and it only.

* That, I mean, to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be removed.

Psychozoia: cant. iii. 55.

> "So bravely we went on withouten dread,
> Till at the last we came *whereas* a hill
> With steep ascent highly lift up his head."

Of very ancient usage for *to where.*

Ib. notes to cant. i., *including the following passage:*—

"Ahad, Aeon, Psyche, the Platonick Triad, is rather the τὸ θεῖον than θεὸς, the Divinity rather than the Deity. For God is but one indivisible immovable self-born Unity, and his first born creature is wisdome, Intellect, *Aeon*, *On* or *Autocalon*, or in a word the intellectual world, whose measure himself is, that is, simple and perfect Goodnesse. Τὸ δε ἐστιν ἀνενδεὲς, ἱκανὸν ἑαυτῷ, μηδενὸς δεόμενον, μέτρον πάντων καὶ πέρας, δοὺς ἐξ αὐτοῦ νοῦν καὶ οὐσίαν καὶ ψυχήν; that is,—for he is without need, self sufficient, wanting nothing, the measure and term of all things, yeilding out of himself Intellect or On and Psyche."

The 3 or 4 preceding pages convince me that H. More was a poetical philosophist who amused himself in calling Aristophelian abstractions by the names of Platonic Ideas; but by no means a philosophic poet, framing in the life-light of a guiding Idea. The very phrase, a first-*born creature*, which is a contradiction in terms, and the applying of creature to the Logos, sophia, and ο ων are * * * (*sic*).

Psychathanasia: Preface.

"So a tender mother if she see a knife stuck to her child's heart, would shreek and swound as if her selfe had been smit; when as if her eye had not beheld that spectacle, she had not

been moved though the thing were surely done. So I do verily think that the mind being taken up in some higher contemplation, if it should please God to keep it in that ecstasie, the body might be destroyed without any disturbance to the soul, for how can there be or sense or pain without animadversion ? "

Doubtless ! but what is that in the body which enforceth the soul to attend ? and where is the middle term between the *act* of attention and the *pass* of Pain or Pleasure ?

Ib. Bk. i., cant. 3., 23-6.

23

" This number suits well with the *universe:*
The number's eight of the Orbs general,
From whence things flow or wherein they converse,
The first we name *Nature Monadicall,*
The second hight *Life Intellectuall,*
Third *Psychicall;* the fourth *Imaginative,*
Fifth *Sensitive,* the sixth *Spermaticall,*
The seventh be fading forms *Quantitative,*
The eighth *Hyle* or *Ananke* perverse, coactive.

24

That last is nought but potentiality,
Which in the lower creature causeth strife,
Destruction by incompossibility
In some, as in the forms *Quantitative.*
All here depend on the Orb *Unitive,*
Which also hight Nature *Monadicall;*
As all those lights and colours did derive
Themselves from lively Phœbus life centrall.
Nought therefore but vain sensibles we see caducall.

25

And that the first *Every-where-Unitie*
Is the true root of all the living creatures,
As they descend in each distinct degree,
That God's the sustentacle of all Natures;
And though those outward forms & gawdy features
May quail like rainbowes in the roseid sky,
Or glistring Parelies or other meteors;
Yet the clear light doth not to nothing flie:
Those six degrees of life stand sure, and never die.

26

So now we plainly see that the dark matter
Is not that needfull prop to hold up life;
And though deaths engins this grosse bulk do shatter
We have not lost our Orb conservative,
Of which we are a ray derivative.
The body sensible so garnished
With outward forms these inward do relieve,
Keep up in fashion and fresh lively-hed;
But this grosse bulk those inward lives stands in no sted."

What mere logomachy! All is first assumed in the definition of body, and then proved by applying the impossible of the definition to 6 or 7 particular instances of this impossibility. The Materialist need make no other answer than: Aye! but this is not what I mean by matter of body: or I defy the truth of your definition.

Ib.: Bk. iii., cant. 1., 21.

"But if't be so, how doth Psyche hear or see,
That hath not eyes nor eares? she sees more clear
Than we that see but secondarily.
We see at distance by a *circular*
Diffusion of that spright of this great sphear
Of th' universe: Her sight is tactuall.
The Sun and all the Starres that do appear
She feels them in herself, can distance all,
For she is at each one purely presentiall."

Still *we*: and in contradistinction from our *Soul.*

Written on the fly-leaf at the end of the volume:—

It would be no trifling convenience in close reasoning on metaphysical subjects if we might dare coin the word *pass* or *pasch*, as the antithet or corresponding opposite of *act.*

The 5 main faults characteristic of our elder poets not of the first class, and of none more than of H. More, are:

1. That in the pursuit of strength and vigour they fall into, nay eagerly rush upon, the hateful and loathsome, and particularly the offensive to the sense of smell, aggravated

by moral disgust and associations of disease, "fed with stinking gore suck'd from corrupted corse" (*Psychathanasia*, Bk. i., cant. i. v. 5.).

2. That from a predilection for the lively and exact in similitudes and descriptions, they recur to the mean, the ludicrous, and the odd.

3. That generally they are regardless of the influence of associations, not merely such as are the accidental growth of a particular age and fashion, but of those that are grounded on the nature of man and his circumstances.

4. That they sacrifice the grand keeping and total impression to particular effects, and if it only be *bene* sonans per se, care not though it should be dissonant in the concert.

5. That they construct their metre in correspondence to their own passionate humouring and often peculiar and mannered mode of reading or reciting their verses—a mode always more influenced by what they intended the words to mean than by the necessary or obvious sense of the words themselves.

FIELDING.[1]

1832.

Tom Jones.

MANNERS change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change,—actually change with some, but appear to change with all but the abandoned. A young man of the present day who should act as Tom Jones is supposed to act at Upton, with Lady Bellaston, &c., would not be a Tom Jones; and a Tom Jones of the present day, without perhaps being in the ground a better man, would have perished rather than submit to be kept by a harridan of fortune. Therefore this novel is, and, indeed, pretends to be, no exemplar of conduct. But, notwithstanding all this, I do loathe the cant which can recommend Pamela and Clarissa Harlowe as strictly moral, though they poison the imagination of the young with continued doses of *tinct. lyttæ*, while Tom Jones is prohibited as loose. I do not speak of young women;—but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited, by aught in this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sun-shiny, breezy spirit, that prevails everywhere, strongly contrasted with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson. Every indiscretion, every immoral act, of Tom Jones, (and it must be remembered that he is in every one taken by surprise—

[1] "Communicated by Mr. Gillman."—H. N. C.

his inward principles remaining firm—) is so instantly punished by embarrassment and unanticipated evil consequences of his folly, that the reader's mind is not left for a moment to dwell or run riot on the criminal indulgence itself. In short, let the requisite allowance be made for the increased refinement of our manners,—and then I dare believe that no young man who consulted his heart and conscience only, without adverting to what the world would say—could rise from the perusal of Fielding's Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or Amelia, without feeling himself a better man ;—at least, without an intense conviction that he could not be guilty of a base act.

If I want a servant or mechanic, I wish to know what he does :—but of[1] a friend, I must know what he is. And in no writer is this momentous distinction so finely brought forward as by Fielding. We do not care what Blifil does ; —the deed, as separate from the agent, may be good or ill ; —but Blifil is a villain ;—and we feel him to be so from the very moment he, the boy Blifil, restores Sophia's poor captive bird to its native and rightful liberty.

Book xiv. ch. 8.

"Notwithstanding the sentiment of the Roman satirist, which denies the divinity of fortune ; and the opinion of Seneca to the same purpose ; Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiser man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary ; and certain it is there are some incidents in life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human skill and foresight in producing them."

Surely Juvenal, Seneca, and Cicero, all meant the same thing, namely, that there was no chance, but instead of it providence, either human or divine.

Book xv. ch. 9.—*The Rupture with Lady Bellaston.*

Even in the most questionable part of Tom Jones, I can-

[1] Possibly a misprint for "if."

not but think, after frequent reflection, that an additional paragraph, more fully and forcibly unfolding Tom Jones's sense of self-degradation on the discovery of the true character of the relation in which he had stood to Lady Bellaston, and his awakened feeling of the dignity of manly chastity, would have removed in great measure any just objections,—at all events relatively to Fielding himself, and with regard to the state of manners in his time.

Book xvi. ch. 5.

"That refined degree of Platonic affection which is absolutely detached from the flesh, and is indeed entirely and purely spiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation; many of whom I have heard declare (and doubtless with great truth) that they would, with the utmost readiness, resign a lover to a rival, when such resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal interest of such lover."

I firmly believe that there are men capable of such a sacrifice, and this, without pretending to, or even admiring or seeing any virtue in, this absolute detachment from the flesh.

Jonathan Wild.

Jonathan Wild is assuredly the best of all the fictions in which a villain is throughout the prominent character. But how impossible it is by any force of genius to create a sustained attractive interest for such a groundwork, and how the mind wearies of, and shrinks from, the more than painful interest, the μισητὸν, of utter depravity,—Fielding himself felt and endeavoured to mitigate and remedy by the (on all other principles) far too large a proportion, and too quick recurrence, of the interposed chapters of moral reflection, like the chorus in the Greek tragedy,—admirable specimens as these chapters are of profound irony and philo-

sophic satire. Chap. VI. Book 2, on Hats,[1]—brief as it is, exceeds any thing even in Swift's Lilliput, or Tale of the Tub. How forcibly it applies to the Whigs, Tories, and Radicals of our own times!

Whether the transposition of Fielding's scorching wit (as B. III. c. xiv.) to the mouth of his hero be objectionable on the ground of *incredulus odi*, or is to be admired as answering the author's purpose by unrealizing the story, in order to give a deeper reality to the truths intended,—I must leave doubtful, yet myself inclining to the latter judgment. 27th Feb. 1832.

[1] 'In which our hero makes a speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the behaviour of one of the gang, perhaps more unnatural than any other part of this history.'

JUNIUS.

1807.

Stat nominis umbra.

AS he never dropped the mask, so he too often used the poisoned dagger of an assassin.

Dedication to the English Nation.

The whole of this dedication reads like a string of aphorisms arranged in chapters, and classified by a resemblance of subject, or a cento of points.

Ib. "If an honest, and I may truly affirm a laborious, zeal for the public service has given me any weight in your esteem, let me exhort and conjure you never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined persevering resistance."

A longer sentence and proportionately inelegant.

Ib. "If you reflect that in the changes of administration which have marked and disgraced the present reign, although your warmest patriots have, in their turn, been invested with the lawful and unlawful authority of the crown, and though other reliefs or improvements have been held forth to the people, yet that no one man in office has ever promoted or encouraged a bill for shortening the duration of parliaments, but that (whoever was minister) the opposition to this measure, ever since the septennial act passed, has been constant and uniform on the part of government."

Long, and as usual, inelegant. Junius cannot manage a long sentence; it has all the *ins* and *outs* of a snappish figure-dance.

Preface.

An excellent preface, and the sentences not so snipt as in the dedication. The paragraph near the conclusion, beginning with "some opinion may now be expected," &c., and ending with "relation between guilt and punishment," deserves to be quoted as a master-piece of rhetorical ratiocination in a series of questions that permit no answer; or (as Junius says) carry their own answer along with them. The great art of Junius is never to say too much, and to avoid with equal anxiety a common-place manner, and matter that is not common-place. If ever he deviates into any originality of thought, he takes care that it shall be such as excites surprise for its acuteness, rather than admiration for its profundity. He takes care? say rather, that nature took care for him. It is impossible to detract from the merit of these Letters: they are suited to their purpose, and perfect in their kind. They impel to action, not thought. Had they been profound or subtle in thought, or majestic and sweeping in composition, they would have been adapted for the closet of a Sidney, or for a House of Lords such as it was in the time of Lord Bacon; but they are plain and sensible whenever the author is in the right, and whether right or wrong, always shrewd and epigrammatic, and fitted for the coffee-house, the exchange, the lobby of the House of Commons, and to be read aloud at a public meeting. When connected, dropping the forms of connection, desultory without abruptness or appearance of disconnection, epigrammatic and antithetical to excess, sententious and personal, regardless of right or wrong, yet well-skilled to act the part of an

honest warm-hearted man, and even when he is in the right, saying the truth but never proving it, much less attempting to bottom it,—this is the character of Junius; —and on this character, and in the mould of these writings, must every man cast himself, who would wish in factious times to be the important and long remembered agent of a faction. I believe that I could do all that Junius has done, and surpass him by doing many things which he has not done: for example,—by an occasional induction of startling facts, in the manner of Tom Paine, and lively illustrations and witty applications of good stories and appropriate anecdotes in the manner of Horne Tooke. I believe I could do it if it were in my nature to aim at this sort of excellence, or to be enamoured of the fame, and immediate influence, which would be its consequence and reward. But it is not in my nature. I not only love truth, but I have a passion for the legitimate investigation of truth. The love of truth conjoined with a keen delight in a strict and skilful yet impassioned argumentation, is my master-passion, and to it are subordinated even the love of liberty and all my public feelings—and to it whatever I labour under of vanity, ambition, and all my inward impulses.

Letter I. From this Letter all the faults and excellencies of Junius may be exemplified. The moral and political aphorisms are just and sensible, the irony in which his personal satire is conveyed is fine, yet always intelligible; but it approaches too nearly to the nature of a sneer; the sentences are cautiously constructed without the forms of connection; the *he* and *it* everywhere substituted for the *who* and *which;* the sentences are short, laboriously balanced, and the antitheses stand the test of analysis much better than Johnson's. These are all excellencies in their kind;—where is the defect? In this;—there is too much of each, and there is a defect of many things, the presence of which would have been not only valuable for

their own sakes, but for the relief and variety which they would have given. It is observable too that every Letter adds to the faults of these Letters, while it weakens the effect of their beauties.

L. III. A capital letter, addressed to a private person, and intended as a sharp reproof for intrusion. Its short sentences, its witty perversions and deductions, its questions and omissions of connectives, all in their proper places, are dramatically good.

L. V. "For my own part, I willingly leave it to the public to determine whether your vindication of your friend has been as able and judicious as it was certainly well intended; and you, I think, may be satisfied with the warm acknowledgments he already owes you for making him the principal figure in a piece in which, but for your amicable assistance, he might have passed without particular notice or distinction."

A long sentence and, as usual, inelegant and cumbrous. This Letter is a faultless composition with exception of the one long sentence.

L. VII. "These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed *imagination;* the melancholy madness of poetry, without the *inspiration.*"

The rhyme is a fault. 'Fancy' had been better; though but for the rhyme, imagination is the fitter word.

Ib. "Such a question might perhaps discompose the gravity of his muscles, but I believe it would little affect the tranquillity of his conscience."

A false antithesis, a mere verbal balance; there are far, far too many of these. However, with these few exceptions, this Letter is a blameless composition. Junius may be safely studied as a model for letters where he truly writes letters. Those to the Duke of Grafton and others, are small pamphlets in the form of letters.

L. VIII. "To do justice to your Grace's humanity, you felt for Mac Quick as you ought to do; and, if you had been contented to assist him indirectly, without a notorious denial of justice, or openly insulting the sense of the nation, you might have satisfied every duty of political friendship, without committing the honour of your sovereign, or hazarding the reputation of his government."

An inelegant cluster of *withouts*. Junius asks questions incomparably well;—but *ne quid nimis*.

L. IX. Perhaps the fair way of considering these Letters would be as a kind of satirical poems; the short, and for ever balanced, sentences constitute a true metre; and the connection is that of satiric poetry, a witty logic, an association of thoughts by amusing semblances of cause and effect, the sophistry of which the reader has an interest in not stopping to detect, for it flatters his love of mischief, and makes the sport.

L. XII. One of Junius's arts, and which gives me a high notion of his genius, as a poet and satirist, is this:—he takes for granted the existence of a character that never did and never can exist, and then employs his wit, and surprises and amuses his readers with analyzing its incompatibilities.

L. XIV. Continual sneer, continual irony, all excellent, if it were not for the 'all;'—but a countenance, with a malignant smile in statuary fixure on it, becomes at length an object of aversion, however beautiful the face, and however beautiful the smile. We are relieved, in some measure, from this by frequent just and well expressed moral aphorisms; but then the preceding and following irony gives them the appearance of proceeding from the head, not from the heart. This objection would be less felt, when the Letters were first published at considerable intervals; but Junius wrote for posterity.

L. XXIII. Sneer and irony continued with such gross

violation of good sense, as to be perfectly nonsense. The man who can address another on his most detestable vices in a strain of cold continual irony, is himself a wretch.

L. XXXV. "To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence in exclusion of your English subjects, who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth."

The words 'upon the throne,' stand unfortunately for the harmonious effect of the balance of 'placed' and 'supported.'

This address to the king is almost faultless in composition, and has been evidently tormented with the file. But it has fewer beauties than any other long letter of Junius; and it is utterly undramatic. There is nothing in the style, the transitions, or the sentiments, which represents the passions of a man emboldening himself to address his sovereign personally. Like a Presbyterian' prayer, you may substitute almost every where the third for the second person without injury. The newspaper, his closet, and his own person, were alone present to the author's intention and imagination. This makes the composition vapid. It possesses an Isocratic correctness, when it should have had the force and drama of an oration of Demosthenes. From this, however, the paragraph beginning with the words 'As to the Scotch,' and also the last two paragraphs, must be honourably excepted. They are, perhaps, the finest passages in the whole collection.

BARRY CORNWALL.[1]

1819.

BARRY CORNWALL is a poet, *me saltem judice;* and in that sense of the term, in which I apply it to C. Lamb and W. Wordsworth. There are poems of great merit, the authors of which I should yet not feel impelled so to designate.

The faults of these poems are no less things of hope, than the beauties; both are just what they ought to be,—
—that is, now.

If B. C. be faithful to his genius, it in due time will warn him, that as poetry is the identity of all other knowledges, so a poet cannot be a great poet, but as being likewise inclusively an historian and naturalist, in the light, as well as the life, of philosophy: all other men's worlds are his chaos.

Hints *obiter:* are—not to permit delicacy and exquisiteness to seduce into effeminacy. Not to permit beauties by repetition to become mannerisms. To be jealous of fragmentary composition,—as epicurism of genius, and apple-pie made all of quinces. *Item,* that dramatic poetry must be poetry hid in thought and passion,—not thought or passion disguised in the dress of poetry. Lastly, to be economic and withholding in similes, figures, &c. They will all find their place, sooner or later, each as the luminary of a sphere

[1] "Written in Mr. Lamb's copy of the 'Dramatic Scenes.'"—H. N. C.

of its own. There can be no galaxy in poetry, because it is language,—*ergo* processive,—*ergo* every the smallest star must be seen singly.

There are not five metrists in the kingdom, whose works are known by me, to whom I could have held myself allowed to have spoken so plainly. But B. C. is a man of genius, and it depends on himself—(competence protecting him from gnawing or distracting cares)—to become a rightful poet,—that is, a great man.

Oh! for such a man worldly prudence is transfigured into the highest spiritual duty! How generous is self-interest in him, whose true self is all that is good and hopeful in all ages, as far as the language of Spenser, Shakspere, and Milton shall become the mother-tongue!

A map of the road to Paradise, drawn in Purgatory, on the confines of Hell, by S. T. C., July 30, 1819.

THE THEORY OF LIFE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE Essay with which we conclude our Volume was first published in 1848. It was edited by, and was, and still is, the property of "Seth B. Watson, M.D., of St. John's College, and formerly one of the Physicians to the Hospital at Oxford." In his "Advertisement" the editor returns his "best acknowledgments to Sir John Stoddart, LL.D., to the Rev. James Gillman, Incumbent of Trinity, Lambeth, and to Henry Lee, Esq., Assistant Surgeon to King's College Hospital, for their great kindness, in regard to" his publication.

In a "Postscript" added to some copies—not all—of his little work, Dr. Watson sets forth that the Manuscript was given to him, "with other papers," by an intimate friend of Coleridge, and that, "from internal evidence," he had been "induced to attribute to that gentleman the entire authorship;" but adds that, when the work was on the eve of publication, circumstances had arisen, "which led to the belief that the work might with more propriety be considered as the joint production of Coleridge and the late James Gillman, of Highgate."

Gillman may have made some verbal changes, or filled up some lacunæ, in the Essay, but we strongly incline to

think that it contains extremely little by his hand. Sara Coleridge seems to have had no suspicion of anything of the kind,—she must have had a copy without the "Post-script." We think it in place to give here a letter she writes to Miss Fenwick, March 29, 1849:—

"My dear Friend—Is it to you that I am indebted for the 'Guardian' of March 21st, containing a review of my father's 'Idea of Life?' If it be, my thanks.

"The best review of the 'Idea of Life,' or what I like the best, as showing most insight into and agreement with my father's views, was in the 'Athenæum.' Another critique has been sent me from America, where, at Philadelphia, the Essay has been republished. This little work, of which we have been deprived, has made a more immediate impression than almost any philosophical production of my father's.

"I marvel at the objections of the 'Guardian' and Dr. W—— to my father's personification of Nature. This seems to me rather old-womanish. Do they suppose my father meant that Nature was an independent, self-subsisting Power, like a pagan deity, walking about the visible universe in a green robe, a sky-blue bonnet, and earth-coloured petticoat?"—*Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, 1873, vol. ii., 162-3.

Dr. Watson's publication perplexes us with no less than five leading headings. We seem to have Gillman's on the top of Coleridge's, and the editor's superadded to his. On the fly-leaf we have "The Idea of Life;" on the title-page, "Hints towards the Formation of a more comprehensive Theory of Life;" on the first page, "The Theory of Life;" —then, beneath, "Physiology of Life;" and, finally, after

the Introduction, "The Nature of Life." Among so many titles, after much hesitation, we have contented ourselves with one. We should have preferred "The Physiology of Life," but have chosen "The Theory of Life," as the one the book is best known by.

The motto, which follows, figures on Dr. Watson's title-page, and probably is of his choosing.

"Magna sunt opera DOMINI exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus."

DR. WATSON'S PREFACE.[1]

THE accompanying pages contain the unfinished Sketch of a Theory of Life by S. T. Coleridge. Everything that fell from the pen of that extraordinary man bore latent, as well as more obvious indications of genius, and of its inseparable concomitant—originality. To this general remark the present Essay is far from forming an exception. No one can peruse it, without admiring the author's comprehensive research and profound meditation; but at the same time, partly from the exuberance of his imagination, and partly from an apparent want of method (though, in truth, he had a method of his own, by which he marshalled his thoughts in an order perfectly intelligible to himself), a first perusal will, to many readers, prove unsatisfactory, unless they are prepared for it by an introduction of a more popular character. This purpose, therefore, I shall endeavour to accomplish; it being to be understood that I by no means make myself responsible either for Mr. Coleridge's speculations, or for the manner in which they are enunciated; and that, on the contrary, I shall occasionally indicate views from which I dissent, and expressions which perhaps the author himself, on revision, would have seen reason to correct.

It is clear that Mr. Coleridge considers the unity of human nature to result from two combined elements, Body and

[1] We have Dr. Watson's permission to reprint, or omit, his Preface. We certainly prefer to reprint it.

Soul; that he regards the latter as the principle of Reason and of Conscience (both which he has largely treated in his published works), and that the "Life," which he here investigates, concerns, in relation to mankind, only the Body. He is far, however, from confining the term "Life" to its action on the human body; on the contrary, he disclaims the division of all that surrounds us into things with life, and things without life; and contends, that the term Life is no less applicable to the irreducible *bases* of chemistry, such as sodium, potassium, &c., or to the various forms of crystals, or the geological strata which compose the crust of our globe, than it is to the human body itself, the acme and perfection of animal organization. I admit that there are certain great powers, such as magnetism, electricity, and chemistry, whose action may be traced, even by the limited means which science at present possesses, in admirable gradation, from purely unorganized to the most highly organized matter: and, I think, that Mr. Coleridge has done this with great ingenuity and striking effect; but what I object to is, that he applies to the combined operation of these powers, in all cases, the term *Life*. If we look back to the early history of language, we shall probably find that this word, and its synonymes in other tongues, were first employed to denote *human* life, that is, the duration of a human being's existence from birth to the grave. As this existence was marked by actions, many of which were common to man with other animals, those animals also were said to "live:" but the extension of the notion of Life to the vegetable creation is comparatively a recent usage,—and hitherto (in this country at least) no writer before Mr. Coleridge, so far as I know, has maintained that rocks and mountains, nay, "the great globe itself," share with mankind the gift of Life. On the other hand, there are well known and energetic uses of the word "Life," to which Mr. Coleridge's speculations, as contained in the accom-

panying pages, are wholly inapplicable. Almost all nations, even the most savage, agree in the belief that individuals of the human race, after they have ceased to exist in this mortal life, will exist in another state, to which also the word Life is universally applied; but to this latter Mr. Coleridge's views of magnetism, electricity, &c., can hardly be thought applicable. Still less can they apply to "Life" in its spiritual sense; as, when Moses says to the Jews, "the words of the law are your *life*," (Deut. xxxii. 47,) and when our Saviour says, "the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are *life*;" (John, vi. 63;) and again, "I am the resurrection and the *life*," (John, xi. 25.) Upon the whole, therefore, I think it would have been advisable in Mr. Coleridge to have adopted a different phraseology, in tracing the operation of certain natural agencies first on unorganized, and then on organized bodies.

Another word, of which I consider an improper use to be made in this Essay, is "Nature." I find this imaginary being introduced on all occasions, and invested with attributes of personality, which may be extremely apt to make a false impression on young or thoughtless minds. At one time, "the life of Nature" is spoken of; then we are informed that "Nature has succeeded. *She* has created the intermediate link between the vegetable world and the animal." Again, it is said that "Nature seems to fall back, and to re-exert *herself* on the lower ground, which *she* had before occupied;"—and elsewhere we are told that "Nature never loses what *she* has once learnt; though in the acquirement of each new power *she* intermits or performs less energetically the act immediately preceding. *She* often drops a faculty, but never fails to pick it up again. *She* may seem forgetful and absent; but it is only to recollect *herself* with additional as well as recruited vigour in some after and higher state." Now the word "Nature," in any intelligible sense, means nothing but that method

and order by which the Almighty regulates the common course of things. Nature is not a person; it is not active; it neither creates nor performs actions more or less energetically, nor learns, nor forgets, nor reexerts itself, nor recruits its vigour. Perhaps it will be said that all this is merely figurative language. Figurative language is very much misplaced in strict philosophical investigations; and these particular figures, which might be quite consistent with the atheistical philosophy of Lucretius, sound ill in the mouth of a pious Christian, which Mr. Coleridge undoubtedly was. He probably adopted them unconsciously from Bacon; but Bacon's use of the word Nature ought rather to have served as a warning than an example; for it has contributed, in no small degree, to the atheistical philosophy of recent times.

The prevalent natural philosophy of the present day is that which is called *corpuscular*, because it assum : the existence of a first matter, consisting of *corpuscula* or atoms, which are supposed to be definite, though extremely small, *quantities*, invested with the *qualities* of extension, impenetrability, and the like; and from certain combinations of these qualities, Life is considered, by some persons, to be a necessary result. This philosophy Mr. Coleridge combats. The supposed atoms, he says, are mere abstractions of the mind; and Life is not a thing, the result of atomic arrangement or action, but is itself an act,[1] or process. He refutes various definitions of Life, such as, that it is the sum of all the functions by which death is resisted; or, that it depends on the faculty of nutrition, or of antiputrescence. His own definition he proposes merely as an hypothesis. Life, he

[1] The third stanza of Coleridge's poem *Youth and Age*, on its first appearance in print, in "Blackwood's Magazine," June, 1832, concluded with these lines:—

"O! might Life cease! and Selfless Mind,
Whose total Being is Act, alone remain behind!"

says, is "the principle of Individuation," that is to say, it is a power which discloses itself from within, combining many qualities into one individual thing. This individualising principle unites, as he conceives, with the cooperating action of magnetism, electricity, and chemistry. At least, such is the inference to be drawn from the present state of science; though it is easily conceivable that future discoveries may bring us acquainted with powers more directly connected with Life. The most general law governing the action of Life, as a tendency to individuation, is here designated *polarity*; for instance, the power termed magnetism (not meaning that there is necessarily an actual tangible magnet in the case) has two poles, the negative, answering to attraction, rest, carbon, &c., and the positive, answering to repulsion, mobility, azote, &c.; and as the magnetic needle which points to the north necessarily indicates thereby the south, so the power disposing to rest has necessarily a counteracting influence disposing to mobility, between which lies the point of indifference. Now this quality, which Mr. Coleridge gives the name of polarity, is in truth nothing more than an exemplification of the doctrine of opposites, the πρός ἀλληλα ἀντικειμένων ἀντίθεσις, which the Eleatic Philosopher, in Plato's 'Sophist,' applies to the idea of existence, and non-existence, and which accompanies every other idea as its shadow, whether in physics, in intellect, or in morals; for the finite is opposed to the infinite, the false to the true, the evil to the good, and so forth; which we say, not to derogate from the value of Mr. Coleridge's application of the doctrine, of which he has very ably availed himself; but merely to explain the term polarity, by referring it, as a species, to a higher genus of intellectual conceptions.

Reverting to the three powers before mentioned, it is not to be understood, that on Mr. Coleridge's hypothesis of Life, they ever act separately; but in the different modifi-

cations of Life, at one time the power of magnetism predominates, at another that of electricity, and at another that of chemistry. Magnetism is stated to act as a line, electricity as a surface, and chemistry as a solid; for all which Mr. Coleridge refers to certain physical experiments. The predominance of magnetism is characterised by reproduction, that of electricity by irritability; an irritability, which first appears as muscle, gradually rises into sensibility as nerve. The limits of a mere introduction will not permit me to examine Mr. Coleridge's first principles more in detail; and I can but briefly notice their application to the successive stages of ascent, from the first rudiments of individualised Life, in the lowest classes of the mineral, vegetable, and animal creation, to its crown and consummation in the human body. Beginning with magnetism, by which, in its widest sense, he means what he improperly calls the first and simplest differential act of *Nature* (he should rather have said the first and simplest conception that we can form of a differential act of God, in the work of creation), he supposes the pre-existence of chaos, not, indeed, in the Miltonic sense—

> "For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
> Strive *there* for mastery, and to battle bring
> Their embryon atoms,—"

but rather as one vast homogeneous fluid, and even *that* he suggests not as a historical fact, but as the appropriate symbol of a great fundamental truth. The first effort of magnetic power, the first step from indifference to difference, from formless homogeneity to independent existence, is seen in the tranquil deposition of crystals; and an increasing tendency to difference is observable in the increasing multitude of strata, till we come to organic life; of which the vegetable and animal worlds may be regarded as opposite poles; carbon prevailing in the former and azote in the latter; and vegetation being characterised by

the predominance of magnetism in its highest power, as reproduction; whilst the animal tribes evince the power of electricity, as shown in irritability and sensibility. Passing over the forms of vegetation, we come to the polypi, corallines, &c., in which individuality appears in its first dawn; for a multitude of animals form, as it were, a common animal, and different genera pass into each other, almost indistinguishably. The tubipora of the corals connects with the serpula of the conchylia. In the *mollusca* the separation of organs becomes more observable; in the higher species there are rudiments of nerves, and an exponent, though scarcely distinguishable, of sensibility. In the snail, and mussel, the separation of the fluid from the solid is more marked, yet the prevalence of the carbonic principle connects these and the preceding classes, in a certain degree, with the vegetable creation. "But the *insect* world, taken at large (says Mr. Coleridge), appears as an intense *Life*, that has struggled itself loose, and become emancipated from vegetation—*Florœ liberti, et libertini!*" In insects we first find the distinct commencement of a separation between the muscular system, that is, organs of irritability, and the nervous system, that is, organs of sensibility; the former, however, maintaining a preeminence throughout, and the nerves themselves being probably subservient to the motory power. With the fishes begins an internal system of bones, but these are the results of a comparatively imperfect formation, being in general little more than mere gristle. In birds we find a sort of synthesis of the powers of fish and insects. In all three, the powers are under the predominance of irritability; but sensibility, which is dormant in the insect, begins to awaken in the fish, and, though still subordinate, is quite awake in the bird, of which no better proof can be given than its power of sound, with the rudiments of modulation, in the large class of singing birds, and in some others a tendency to acquire and to

imitate articulate speech. The next step of ascent brings us to the *mammalia;* and in these, including beasts and men, the complete and universal presence of a nervous system raises sensibility to its due place and rank among the animal powers. Finally, in Man the whole force of organic power attains an inward and centripetal direction, and the "apex of the living pyramid" becomes a fit receptacle for Reason and Conscience.

It is much to be regretted, that the estimable author did not live to put a finishing hand to this Essay; but the part completed involves speculations of so interesting a nature, and presents such striking marks of deep and original thought, that the Editor, to whose hands it was committed, did not feel himself justified in withholding it from the judgment of the public.

THE THEORY OF LIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN we stand before the bust of John Hunter, or as we enter the magnificent museum furnished by his labours, and pass slowly, with meditative observation, through this august temple, which the genius of one great man has raised and dedicated to the wisdom and uniform working of the Creator, we perceive at every step the guidance, we had almost said, the inspiration, of those profound ideas concerning Life, which dawn upon us, indeed, through his written works, but which he has here presented to us in a more perfect language than that of words—the language of God himself, as uttered by Nature.

That the true idea of Life existed in the mind of John Hunter I do not entertain the least doubt; but it may, perhaps, be doubted whether his incessant occupation, and his stupendous industry in the service, both of his contemporaries and of posterity, added to his comparatively slight acquaintance with the arts and aids of logical arrangement, permitted him fully to unfold and arrange it in distinct, clear, and communicable conceptions. Assuredly, however, I may without incurring the charge of arrogance or detraction, venture to assert that, in his writings the light which occasionally flashes upon us seems at other times, and more frequently, to struggle through an unfriendly

medium, and even sometimes to suffer a temporary occultation. At least, in order to dissipate the undeniable obscurities, and to reconcile the apparent contradictions found in his works,—to distinguish, in short, the numerous passages in which without, perhaps, losing sight internally of his own peculiar belief, he yet falls into the phraseology and mechanical solutions of his age,—we must distinguish such passages from those in which the form corresponds to the substance, and in which, therefore, the nature and essential laws of vital action are expressed, as far as his researches had unveiled them to his own mind, without disguise. To effect this, we must, as it were, climb up on his shoulders, and look at the same objects in a distincter form, because seen from the more commanding point of view furnished by himself. This has, indeed, been more than once attempted already, and, in one instance, with so evident a display of power and insight as announces in the asserter and vindicator of the Hunterian Theory a congenial intellect, and a disciple in whom Hunter himself would have exulted. Would that this attempt had been made on a larger scale, that the writer to whom I refer[1] had in consequence developed his opinions systematically, and carried them yet further back, even to their ultimate principle!

But this the scientific world has yet[2] to expect; or it is more than probable that the present humble endeavour would have been superseded, or confined, at least, to the task of restating the opinion of my predecessor with such modifications as the differences that will always exist between men who have thought independently, and each for

[1] Mr. Abernethy.—C.

[2] Abernethy died in 1831,—three years before Coleridge. So that Coleridge's Essay was written before that date, and *wilfully*—as so much else—left unfinished.

himself, have never failed to introduce, even on problems of far easier and more obvious solution.

Without further preface or apology, therefore, I shall state at once my objections to all the definitions that have hitherto been given of Life, as meaning too much or too little, with an exception, however, in favour of those which mean nothing at all;[1] and even these last must, in certain cases, receive an honour they do not merit, and be confuted, or rather detected, on account of their too general acceptance, and the incalculable power of words over the minds of men in proportion to the remoteness of the subject from the cognizance of the senses.

It would be equally presumptuous and unreasonable should I, with a late writer on this subject, "exhort the reader to be particularly on his guard against loose and indefinite expressions;" but I perfectly agree with him that they are the bane of all science, and have been remarkably injurious in the different departments of physiology.

[1] We suspect some leaven of Gillman in the "Introduction,"—the first paragraph is certainly his,—but this one as assuredly is not.

ON THE DEFINITIONS OF LIFE HITHERTO RECEIVED. HINTS TOWARDS A MORE COMPREHENSIVE THEORY.

THE attempts to explain the nature of Life, which have fallen within my knowledge, presuppose the arbitrary division of all that surrounds us into things with life, and things without life—a division grounded on a mere assumption. At the best, it can be regarded only as a hasty deduction from the first superficial notices of the objects that surround us, sufficient, perhaps, for the purpose of ordinary discrimination, but far too indeterminate and diffluent to be taken unexamined by the philosophic inquirer. The positions of science must be tried in the jeweller's scales,[1] not like the mixed commodities of the market, on the weigh-bridge of common opinion and vulgar usage. Such, however, has been the procedure in the present instance, and the result has been answerable to the coarseness of the process. By a comprisal of the *petitio principii* with the *argumentum in circulo*,—in plain English, by an easy logic,

[1] Coleridge probably remembered a proverbial expression among the poets of Shakspere's day:—as, for example, in Fletcher's *The Wild-Goose-Chase*,—

> "One that weighs her words and her behaviours
> In the *gold-weights* of discretion."

which begins with begging the question, and then moving in a circle, comes round to the point where it began, —each of the two divisions has been made to define the other by a mere reassertion of their assumed contrariety. The physiologist has luminously explained Y plus X by informing us that it is a somewhat that is the antithesis of Y minus X; and if we ask, what then is Y—X? the answer is, the antithesis of Y+X,— a reciprocation of great service, that may remind us of the twin sisters in the fable of the Lamiæ, with but one eye between them both, which each borrowed from the other as either happened to want it; but with this additional disadvantage, that in the present case it is after all but an eye of glass. The definitions themselves will best illustrate our meaning. I will begin with that given by Bichat. "Life is the sum of all the functions by which death is resisted," in which I have in vain endeavoured to discover any other meaning than that life consists in being able to live. This author, with a whimsical gravity, prefaces his definition with the remark, that the nature of life has hitherto been sought for in *abstract* considerations; as if it were possible that four more inveterate abstractions could be brought together in one sentence than are here assembled in the words, life, death, function, and resistance. Similar instances might be cited from Richerand and others. The word Life is translated into other more learned words; and this *paraphrase* of the *term* is substituted for the *definition* of the *thing*, and therefore (as is always the case in every *real* definition, as contra-distinguished from a *verbal* definition,) for at least a partial *solution* of the *fact*. Such as these form the *first* class.—The second class takes some one particular function of Life common to all living objects,—nutrition, for instance; or, to adopt the phrase most in vogue at present, assimilation, for the purposes of reproduction and growth. Now this, it is evident, can be an appropriate definition

only of the very lowest species, as of a Fungus or a[1] Mollusca; and just as comprehensive an idea of the mystery of Life, as a Mollusca might give, can this definition afford. But this is not the only objection. For, *first*, it is not pretended that we begin with seeking for an organ evidently appropriated to nutrition, and then infer that the substance in which such an organ is found *lives*. On the contrary, in a number of cases among the obscurer animals and vegetables we infer the organ from the pre-established fact of its life. *Secondly*, it identifies the process itself with a certain range of its forms, those, namely, by which it is manifested in animals and vegetables. For this, too, no less than the former, presupposes the arbitrary division of all things into not[2] living and lifeless, on which as I before observed, all these definitions are grounded. But it is sorry logic to take the proof of an affirmative in one thing as the proof of the negative in another. All animals that have lungs breathe, but it would be a childish oversight to deduce the converse, viz. all animals that breathe have lungs. The theory in which the French chemists organized the discoveries of Black, Cavendish, Priestley, Scheele, and other English and German philosophers, is still, indeed, the reigning theory, but rather, it should seem, from the absence of a rival sufficiently popular to fill the throne in its stead, than from the continuance of an implicit belief in its own stability. We no longer at least cherish that intensity of faith which, before Davy commenced his brilliant career, had not only identified it with chemistry itself, but had substituted its nomenclature, even in common conversation, for the far more philosophic language which the human race had abstracted from the laboratory of Nature.

[1] That is, "one of the Mollusca." The expression is as awkward as saying "a Beetles." A naturalist would now say "a Mollusk" or "a Mollusc."

[2] This "not" would seem to be an intrusion.

I may venture to prophesy that no future Beddoes will make it the corival of the mathematical sciences in demonstrative evidence. I think it a matter of doubt whether, during the period of its supposed infallibility, physiology derived more benefit from the extension, or injury from the misdirection, of its views. Enough of the latter is fresh in recollection to make it but an equivocal compliment to a physiological position, that it must stand or fall with the corpuscular philosophy, as modified by the French theory of chemistry. Yet should it happen (and the event is not impossible, nor the supposition altogether absurd,) that more and more decisive facts should present themselves in confirmation of the metamorphosis of elements, the position that life consists in assimilation would either cease to be distinctive, or fall back into the former class as an identical proposition, namely, that Life, meaning by the word that sort of growth which takes place by means of a peculiar organization, consists in that sort of growth which is peculiar to organized life. *Thirdly*, the definition involves a still more egregious flaw in the reasoning, namely, that of *cum hoc, ergo propter hoc* (or the assumption of causation from mere coexistence); and this, too, in its very worst form. For it is not *cum hoc solo, ergo propter hoc*, which would in many cases supply a presumptive proof by induction, but *cum hoc, et plurimis aliis, ergo propter hoc!* Shell, of some kind or other, is common to the whole order of testacea, but it would be absurd to define the *vis vitæ* of testaceous animals as existing in the shell, though we know it to be the constant accompaniment, and have every reason to believe the constant effect, of the specific life that acts in those animals. Were we (*argumenti causâ*) to imagine shell coextensive with the organized creation, this would produce no abatement in the falsity of the reasoning. Nor does the flaw stop here; for a physiological, that is a real, definition, as distinguished from the verbal definitions

of lexicography, must consist neither in any single property or function of the thing to be defined, nor yet in all collectively, which latter, indeed, would be a history, not a definition. It must consist, therefore, in the *law* of the thing, or in such an *idea* of it, as, being admitted, all the properties and functions are admitted by implication. It must likewise be so far *causal*, that a full insight having been obtained of the law, we derive from it a progressive insight into the necessity and *generation* of the phenomena of which it is the law. Suppose a disease in question, which appeared always accompanied with certain symptoms in certain stages, and with some one or more symptoms in all stages—say deranged digestion, capricious alternation of vivacity and languor, headache, dilated pupil, diminished sensibility to light, &c.—neither the man who selected the one constant symptom, nor he who enumerated all the symptoms, would give the scientific definition *talem scilicet, quali scientia fit vel datur*, but the man who at once named and defined the disease hydrocephalus, producing pressure on the brain. For it is the essence of a scientific definition to be causative, not by introduction of imaginary somewhats, natural or supernatural, under the name of causes, but by announcing the law of action in the particular case, in subordination to the common law of which all the phenomena are modifications or results.

Now in the definition on which, as the representative of a whole class, we are *now* animadverting, a single effect is given as constituting the cause. For nutrition by digestion is certainly necessary to life, only under certain circumstances, but that life is previously necessary to digestion is absolutely certain under all circumstances. Besides, what other phenomenon of Life would the conception of assimilation, *per se*, or as it exists in the lowest order of animals, involve or explain? How, for instance, does it include sensation, locomotion, or habit? or if the two former should

be taken as distinct from life, *toto genere*, and supervenient to it, we then ask what conception is given of *vital* assimilation as contradistinguished from that of the nucleus of a crystal ?

Lastly, this definition confounds the Law of Life, or the primary and universal form of vital agency, with the conception, Animals. For the kind, it substitutes the representative of its degrees and modifications. But the first and most important office of science, physical or physiological, is to contemplate the power in kind, abstracted from the degree. The ideas of caloric, whether as substance or property, and the conceptions of latent heat, the heat in ice, &c., that excite the wonder or the laughter of the vulgar, though susceptible of the most important practical applications, are the result of this abstraction: while the only purpose to which a definition like the preceding could become subservient, would be in supplying a nomenclature with the character of the most common species of a genus —its *genus generalissimum*, and even this would be useless in the pr ent instance, inasmuch as it presupposes the knowledge of the things characterised.

The third class, and far superior to the two former, selects some property characteristic of all living bodies, not merely found in all *animals* alike, but existing equally in all parts of all living things, both animals and plants. Such, for instance, is the definition of Life, as consisting in anti-putrescence, or the power of resisting putrefaction. Like all the others, however, even this confines the idea of Life to those degrees or concentrations of it, which manifest themselves in organized beings, or rather in those the organization of which is apparent to us. Consequently, it substitutes an abstract term, or generalization of effects, for the idea, or superior form of causative agency. At best, it describes the *vis vitæ* by one only of its many influences. It is however, as we have said before, preferable

to the former, because it is not, as they are, altogether unfruitful, inasmuch as it attests, less equivocally than any other sign, the presence or absence of that degree of the *vis vitæ* which is the necessary condition of organic or self-renewing power. It throws no light, however, on the law or principle of action; it does not increase our insight into the other phenomena; it presents to us no *inclusive* form, out of which the other forms may be developed, and finally, its defect as a definition may be detected by generalizing it into a higher formula, as a power which, during its continuance, resists or subordinates heterogeneous and adverse powers. Now this holds equally true of chemical relatively to the mechanical powers; and really affirms no more of Life than may be equally affirmed of every form of being, namely, that it tends to preserve itself, and resists, to a certain extent, whatever is incompatible with the laws that constitute its particular state for the time being. For it is not true only of the great divisions or classes into which we have found it expedient to distinguish, while we generalize, the powers acting in nature, as into intellectual, vital, chemical, mechanical; but it holds equally true of the degrees, or species of each of these genera relatively to each other: as in the decomposition of the alkalies by heat, or the galvanic spark. Like the combining power of Life, the copula here resists for awhile the attempts to dissolve it, and then yields, to reappear in new phenomena.

It is a wonderful property of the human mind, that when once a momentum has been given to it in a fresh direction, it pursues the new path with obstinate perseverance, in all conceivable bearings, to its utmost extremes. And by the startling consequences which arise out of these extremes, it is first awakened to its error, and either recalled to some former track, or receives some fresh impulse, which it follows with the same eagerness, and admits to the same monopoly. Thus in the 13th century the first science

which roused the intellects of men from the torpor of barbarism, was, as in all countries ever has been, and ever must be the case, the science of *Metaphysics* and *Ontology*. We first seek what can be found at home, and what wonder if truths, that appeared to reveal the secret depths of our own souls, should take possession of the whole mind, and all truths appear trivial which could not either be evolved out of similar principles, by the same process, or at least brought under the same forms of thought, by perceived or imagined analogies? And so it was. For more than a century men continued to invoke the oracle of their own spirits, not only concerning its own forms and modes of being, but likewise concerning the laws of external nature. All attempts at philosophical explication were commenced by a mere effort of the understanding, as the power of abstraction; or by the imagination, transferring its own experiences to every object presented from without. By the former, a class of phenomena were in the first place abstracted, and fixed in some general term: of course this could designate only the impressions made by the outward objects, and so far, therefore, having been thus metamorphosed, they were effects of these objects; but then made to supply the place of their own causes, under the name of occult qualities. Thus the properties peculiar to gold, were abstracted from those it possessed in common with other bodies, and then generalized in the term *Aureity*: and the inquirer was instructed that the Essence of Gold, or the cause which constituted the peculiar modification of matter called gold, was the power of aureity. By the latter, i.e. by the imagination, thought and will were superadded to the occult quality, and every form of nature had its appropriate Spirit, to be controlled or conciliated by an appropriate ceremonial. This was entitled its SUBSTANTIAL FORM. Thus, physic became a sort of dull poetry, and the art of medicine (for physiology could scarcely be

said to exist) was a system of magic, blended with traditional empiricism. Thus the forms of thought proceeded to act in their own emptiness, with no attempt to fill or substantiate them by the information of the senses, and all the branches of science formed so many sections of logic and metaphysics. And so it continued, even to the time that the Reformation sounded the second trumpet, and the authority of the schools sank with that of the hierarchy, under the intellectual courage and activity which this great revolution had inspired. Power, once awakened, cannot rest in one object. All the sciences partook of the new influences. The world of experimental philosophy was soon mapped out for posterity by the comprehensive and enterprising genius of Bacon, and the laws explained by which experiment could be dignified into experience.[1] But no sooner was the impulse given, than the same propensity was made manifest of looking at all things in the one point of view which chanced to be of predominant attraction. Our Gilbert, a man of genuine philosophical genius, had no sooner multiplied the facts of magnetism, and extended our knowledge concerning the property of magnetic bodies, but all things in heaven, and earth, and in the waters beneath the earth, were resolved into *magnetic* influences.

Shortly after a new light was struck by Harriott and Descartes, with their contemporaries, or immediate predecessors, and the restoration of ancient geometry, aided by the modern invention of algebra, placed the science of mechanism on the philosophic throne. How widely this domination spread, and how long it continued, if, indeed, even now it can be said to have abdicated its pretensions, the reader need not be reminded. The sublime discoveries of Newton, and, together with these, his not less fruitful

[1] Experiment, as an organ of reason, not less distinguished from the blind or dreaming industry of the alchemists, than it was successfully opposed to the barren subleties of the schoolmen.—C.

than wonderful application of the higher mathesis to the movements of the celestial bodies, and to the laws of light, gave almost a religious sanction to the corpuscular system and mechanical theory. It became synonymous with philosophy itself. It was the sole portal at which truth was permitted to enter. The human body was treated of as an hydraulic machine, the operations of medicine were solved, and alas! even directed, by reference partly to gravitation and the laws of motion, and partly by chemistry, which itself, however, as far as its theory was concerned, was but a branch of mechanics working exclusively by imaginary wedges, angles, and spheres. Should the reader chance to put his hand on the 'Principles of Philosophy,' by La Forge, an immediate disciple of Descartes, he may see the phenomena of sleep solved in a copper-plate engraving, with all the figures into which the globules of the blood shaped themselves, and the results demonstrated by mathematical calculations. In short, from the time of Kepler[1] to that of Newton, and from Newton to Hartley, not only all t' 'ngs in external nature, but the subtlest mysteries of life and organization, and even of the intellect and moral being, were conjured within the magic circle of mathematical formulæ. And now a new light was struck by the discovery of electricity, and, in every sense of the word, both playful and serious, both for good and for evil, it may be affirmed to have electrified the whole frame of natural philosophy. Close on its heels followed the momentous discovery of the principal gases by Scheele and Priestley, the composition of water by Cavendish, and the doctrine of latent heat by Black. The scientific world was prepared for a new dynasty; accordingly, as soon as Lavoisier had reduced the infinite variety of chemical phenomena to the actions, reactions, and interchanges of a few elementary

[1] Whose own mind, however, was not comprehended in the vortex; where Kepler erred it was in the other extreme.—C.

substances, or at least excited the expectation that this would speedily be effected, the hope shot up, almost instantly, into full faith, that it had been effected. Henceforward the new path, thus brilliantly opened, became the common road to all departments of knowledge: and, to this moment, it has been pursued with an eagerness and almost epidemic enthusiasm which, scarcely less than its political revolutions, characterise the spirit of the age. Many and inauspicious have been the invasions and inroads of this new conqueror into the rightful territories of other sciences; and strange alterations have been made in less harmless points than those of terminology, in homage to an art unsettled, in the very ferment of imperfect discoveries, and either without a theory, or with a theory maintained only by composition and compromise. Yet this very circumstance has favoured its encroachments, by the gratifications which its novelty affords to our curiosity, and by the keener interest and higher excitement which an unsettled and revolutionary state is sure to inspire. He who supposes that science possesses an immunity from such influences knows little of human nature. How, otherwise, could men of strong minds and sound judgments have attempted to penetrate by the clue of chemical experiment the secret recesses, the sacred adyta of organic life, without being aware that chemistry must needs be at its extreme limits, when it has approached the threshold of a higher power? Its own transgressions, however, and the failure of its enterprises, will become the means of defining its absolute boundary, and we shall have to guard against the opposite error of rejecting its aid altogether as analogy, because we have repelled its ambitious claims to an identity with the vital powers.

Previously to the submitting my own ideas on the subject of life, and the powers into which it resolves itself, or

rather in which it is manifested to *us*, I have hazarded this apparent digression, from the anxiety to *preclude certain suspicions*, which the subject itself is so fitted to awaken, and while I anticipate the charges, to plead in answer to each a full and unequivocal—not guilty!

In the first place, therefore, I distinctly disclaim all intention of explaining life into an occult quality; and retort the charge on those who can satisfy themselves with defining it as the peculiar power by which death is resisted.

Secondly. Convinced—by revelation, by the consenting authority of all countries, and of all ages, by the imperative voice of my own conscience, and by that wide chasm between man and the noblest animals of the brute creation, which no perceivable or conceivable difference of organization is sufficient to overbridge,—that I have a rational and responsible soul, I think far too reverentially of the same to degrade it into an hypothesis, and cannot be blind to the contradiction I must incur, if I assign that soul which I believe to constitute the peculiar nature of man as the cause of functions and properties, which man possesses in common with the oyster and the mushroom.[1]

Thirdly, while I disclaim the error of Stahl in deriving the phenomena of life from the unconscious actions of the rational soul, I repel with still greater earnestness the assertion and even the supposition that the functions are the offspring of the structure, and "Life[2] the result of

[1] But still less would I avail myself of its acknowledged inappropriateness to the purposes of physiology, in order to cast a self-complacent sneer on the soul itself, and on all who believe in its existence. First, because in my opinion it would be impertinent; secondly, because it would be imprudent and injurious to the character of my profession; and, lastly, because it would argue an irreverence to the feelings of mankind, which I deem scarcely compatible with a good heart, and a degree of arrogance and presumption which I have never found, except in company with a corrupt taste and a shallow capacity.—C.

[2] Vide Lawrence's Lecture.—C.

organization," connected with it as effect with cause. Nay, the position seems to me little less strange, than as if a man should say, that building with all the included handicraft, of plastering, sawing, planing, &c., were the offspring of the house; and that the mason and carpenter were the result of a suite of chambers, with the passages and staircases that lead to them. To make A the offspring of B, when the very existence of B as B presupposes the existence of A, is preposterous in the *literal* sense of the word, and a consummate instance of the *hysteron proteron* in logic. But if I reject the organ as the *cause* of that, of which it is the organ, though I might admit it among the *conditions* of its actual functions; for the same reason, I must reject *fluids* and *ethers* of all kinds, magnetical, electrical, and universal, to whatever quintessential thinness they may be treble distilled, and (as it were) super-substantiated. With these, I abjure likewise all *chemical* agencies, compositions, and decompositions, were it only that as stimulants they suppose a stimulability *sui generis*, which is but another paraphrase for life. Or if they are themselves at once both the excitant and the excitability, I miss the connecting link between this imaginary ether and the visible body, which then becomes no otherwise distinguished from inanimate matter, than by its juxtaposition in mere space, with an heterogeneous inmate, the cycle of whose actions revolves within itself. Besides which I should think that I was confounding metaphors and realities most absurdly, if I imagined that I had a greater insight into the meaning and possibility of a living alcohol, than of a living quicksilver. In short, visible SURFACE and *power* of any kind, much more the *power* of life, are ideas which the very forms of the human understanding make it impossible to identify. But whether the powers which manifest themselves to us under certain conditions in the forms of electricity, or chemical attraction, have any analogy to the power which manifests

itself in growth and organization, is altogether a different question, and demands altogether a different chain of reasoning: if it be indeed a tree of knowledge, it will be known by its fruits, and these will depend not on the mere assertion, but on the inductions by which the position is supported, and by the additions which it makes to our insight into the nature of the facts it is meant to illustrate.

To *account* for Life is one thing; to explain Life another. In the first we are supposed to state something prior (if not in time, yet in the order of Nature,) to the thing accounted for, as the ground or cause of that thing, or (which comprises the meaning and force of both words) as its *sufficient cause, quæ et facit, et subest.* And to this, in the question of Life, I know no possible answer, but GOD. To account for a thing is to see into the principle of its possibility, and from that principle to evolve its being. Thus the mathematician demonstrates the truths of geometry by constructing them. It is an admirable remark of Joh. Bapt. a Vico, in a Tract published at Naples, 1710,[1] "Geometrica ideò demonstramus, quia facimus; physica si demonstrare possimus, faceremus. Metaphysici veri claritas eadem ac lucis, quam non nisi per opaca cognoscimus; nam non lucem sed lucidas res videmus. Physica sunt opaca, nempe formata et finita, in quibus Metaphysici veri lumen videmus." The reasoner who assigns structure or organization as the antecedent of Life, who names the former a cause, and the *latter* its effect, *he* it is who pretends to account for life. Now Euclid would, with great right, demand of such a philosopher to *make* Life; in the same sense, I mean, in which Euclid makes an Icosaedron, or a figure of twenty sides, namely, in the understanding or by an intellectual con-

[1] Joh. Bapt. a Vico, Neapol. Reg. eloq. Professor, de antiquissima Italorum sapientia ex lingua Latina originibus eruendâ: libri tres. Neap., 1710.—C.

struction:—an argument which, of itself, is sufficient to prove the untenable nature of Materialism.

To explain a power, on the other hand, is (the power itself being assumed, though not comprehended, *ut qui datur, non intelligitur,*) to unfold or spread it out: *ex implicito planum facere.* In the present instance, such an explanation would consist in the reduction of the idea of Life to its simplest and most comprehensive form or mode of action; that is, to some characteristic *instinct* or *tendency*, evident in all its manifestations, and involved in the idea itself. This assumed as existing in *kind*, it will be required to present an ascending series of corresponding phenomena as involved *in*, proceeding *from*, and so far therefore explained *by*, the supposition of its progressive intensity and of the gradual enlargement of its sphere, the necessity of which again must be contained in the idea of the tendency itself. In other words, the tendency having been given in *kind*, it is required to render the phenomena intelligible as its different degrees and modifications. Still more perfect will the explanation be, should the necessity of this progression and of these ascending gradations be contained in the assumed idea of life, as thus defined by the general form and common purport of all its various tendencies. This done, we have only to add the conditions common to all its phenomena, and those appropriate to each place and rank, in the scale of ascent, and then proceed to determine the primary and constitutive forms, i. e. the elementary powers in which this tendency realizes itself under different degrees and conditions.[1]

[1] The object I have proposed to myself, and wherein its distinction exists, may be thus illustrated. A complex machine is presented to the common view, the moving power of which is hidden. Of those who are studying and examining it, *one* man fixes his attention on some one application of that power, on certain effects produced by that particular application, and on a certain part of the structure evidently appropriated

What is Life? Were such a question proposed, we should be tempted to answer, what is *not* Life that really *is?* Our reason convinces us that the quantities of things, taken abstractedly as quantity, exist only in the relations they bear to the percipient; in plainer words, they exist only in our minds, *ut quorum esse est percipi.* For if the definite quantities have a ground, and therefore a reality, in the external world, and independent of the mind that perceives them, this ground is *ipso facto* a quality; the very etymon of this world showing that a quality, not taken in its own nature but in relation to another thing, is to be defined *causa sufficiens, entia, de quibus loquimur; esse talia, qualia sunt.* Either the quantities perceived exist only in the perception, or they have likewise a real existence. In the former case

to the production of these effects, neither the one or other of which he had discovered in a neighbouring machine, which he at the same time asserts to be quite distinct from the former, and to be moved by a power altogether different, though many of the works and operations are, he admits, common to both machines. In this supposed peculiarity he places the essential character of the former machine, and defines it by the presence of that which is, or which he supposes to be, absent in the latter. Supposing that a stranger to both were about to visit the two machines, this peculiarity would be so far useful as that it might enable him to distinguish the one from the other, and thus to look in the proper place for whatever else he had heard remarkable concerning either; not that he or his informant would understand the machine any better or otherwise, than the common character of a whole class in the nomenclature of botany would enable a person to understand all, or any one of the plants contained in that class. But if, on the other hand, the machine in question were such as no man was a stranger to, if even the supposed peculiarity, either by its effects, or by the construction of that portion of the works which produced them, were equally well known to all men, in this case we can conceive no use at all of such a definition; for at the best it could only be admitted as a definition for the purposes of nomenclature, which never adds to knowledge, although it may often facilitate its communication. But in this instance it would be nomenclature misplaced, and without an object. Such appears to me to be the case with all those definitions which place the essence of Life in nutrition, con-

the quality (the word is here used in an active sense) that determines them belongs to Life, *per ipsam hypothesin;* and in the other case, since by the agreement of all parties Life may exist in other forms than those of consciousness, or even of sensibility, the *onus probandi* falls on those who assert of any quality that it is *not* Life. For the analogy of all that we know is clearly in favour of the contrary supposition, and if a man would analyse the meaning of his own words, and carefully distinguish his perceptions and sensations from the external cause exciting them, and at the same time from the quantity or superficies under which that cause is acting, he would instantly find himself, if we

tractility, &c. As the second instance, I will take the inventor and maker of the machine himself, who knows its moving power, or perhaps himself constitutes it, who is, as it were, the soul of the work, and in whose mind all its parts, with all their bearings and relations, had pre-existed long before the machine itself had been put together. In him therefore there would reside, what it would be presumption to attempt to acquire, or to pretend to communicate, the most perfect insight not only of the machine itself, and of all its various operations, but of its ultimate principle and its essential causes. The mysterious ground, the efficient causes of vitality, and whether different lives differ absolutely or only in degree, He alone can know who not only said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature, the beast of the earth after his kind, and it was so;" but who said, "Let us make man in our image," who himself "breathed into his nostrils the breath of Life, and *man* became a living soul."

The third case which I would apply to my own attempt would be that of the inquirer, who, presuming to know nothing of the power that moves the whole machine, takes those parts of it which are presented to his view, seeks to reduce its various movements to as few and simple laws of motion as possible, and out of their separate and conjoint action proceeds to explain and appropriate the structure and relative positions of the works. In obedience to the canon,—"Principia non esse multiplicanda præter summam necessitatem cui suffragamur non ideo quia causalem in mundo unitatem vel ratione vel experientiâ perspiciamus, sed illam ipsam indagamus impulsu intellectûs, qui tantundem sibi in explicatione phænomenorum profecisse videtur quantum ab eodem principio ad plurima rationata descendere ipsi concessum est."—C.

mistake not, involuntarily identifying the ideas of Quality and Life. Life, it is admitted on all hands, does not necessarily imply consciousness or sensibility; and we, for our parts, cannot see that the irritability which metals manifest to galvanism, can be more remote from that which may be supposed to exist in the tribe of lichens, or in the helvellæ, pezizee, &c., than the latter is from the phenomena of excitability in the human body, whatever name it may be called by, or in whatever way it may modify itself.[1] That the mere act of growth does not constitute the idea of Life, or the absence of that act exclude it, we have a proof in every egg before it is placed under the hen, and in every grain of corn before it is put into the soil. All that could be deduced by fair reasoning would amount to this only, that the life of metals, as the power which effects and determines their comparative cohesion, ductility, &c., was yet lower on the scale than the Life which produces the first attempts of organization, in the almost shapeless tremella, or in such fungi as grow in the dark recesses of the mine.

If it were asked, to what purpose or with what view we should generalize the idea of Life thus broadly, I should not hesitate to reply that, were there no other use conceivable, there would be *some* advantage in merely destroying an arbitrary assumption in natural philosophy, and in reminding the physiologists that they could not hear the life of metals asserted with a more contemptuous surprise than they themselves incur from the vulgar, when they speak of the Life in mould or mucor. But this is not the case. This wider view not only precludes a groundless assumption, it likewise fills up the arbitrary chasm between physics and physiology, and justifies us in using the former as means of insight into the latter, which would be contrary

[1] The arborescent forms on a frosty morning, to be seen on the window and pavement, must have *some* relation to the more perfect forms developed in the vegetable world.—C.

to all sound rules of ratiocination if the powers working in the objects of the two sciences were absolutely and essentially diverse. For as to abstract the idea of *kind* from that of *degrees*, which are alone designated in the language of common use, is the first and indispensable step in philosophy, so are we the better enabled to form a notion of the *kind*, the lower the *degree* and the simpler the form is in which it appears to us. We study the complex in the simple; and only from the intuition of the lower can we safely proceed to the intellection of the higher degrees. The only danger lies in the leaping from low to high, with the neglect of the intervening gradations. But the same error would introduce discord into the gamut, *et ab abusu contra usum non valet consequentia.* That these degrees will themselves bring forth secondary kinds sufficiently distinct for all the purposes of science, and even for common sense, will be seen in the course of this inquisition: for this is one proof of the essential vitality of nature, that she does not ascend as links in a suspended chain, but as the steps in a ladder; or rather she at one and the same time *ascends* as by a climax, and expands as the concentric circles on the lake from the point to which the stone in its fall had given the first impulse. At all events, a contemptuous rejection of this mode of reasoning would come with an ill grace from a medical philosopher, who cannot combine any three phenomena of health or of disease without the assumption of powers, which he is compelled to deduce without being able to demonstrate; nay, even of material substances as the *vehicles* of these powers, which he can never expect to exhibit before the senses.

From the preceding it should appear, that the most comprehensive formula to which life is reducible, would be that of the internal copula of bodies, or (if we may venture to borrow a phrase from the Platonic school) the *power* which discloses itself from within as a principle of *unity* in the

many. But that there is a physiognomy in words, which, without reference to their fitness or necessity, make unfavourable as well as favourable impressions, and that every unusual term in an abstruse research incurs the risk of being denominated jargon, I should at the same time have borrowed a scholastic *term*, and defined life *absolutely*, as the principle of unity in *multeity*, as far as the former, the unity to wit, is produced *ab intra;* but *eminently* (*sensu eminenti*), I define life as *the principle of individuation*, or the power which unites a given *all* into a *whole* that is presupposed by all its parts. The link that combines the two, and acts throughout both, will, of course, be defined by the *tendency* to *individuation*. Thus, from its utmost *latency*, in which life is one with the elementary powers of mechanism, that is, with the powers of mechanism considered as qualitative and actually synthetic, to its highest manifestation, (in which, as the *vis vitæ vivida*, or life *as* life, it subordinates and modifies these powers, becoming contra-distinguished from mechanism,[1] *ab extra*, under the form of organization,) there is an ascending series of intermediate classes, and of analogous gradations in each class. To a reflecting mind, indeed, the very fact that the powers peculiar to life in living animals *include* cohesion, elasticity, &c. (or, in the words of a late publication, "that living matter exhibits these physical properties,"[2] would demonstrate that, in the

[1] Thus we may say that whatever is organized from without, is a product of mechanism; whatever is mechanized from within, is a production of organization.—C.

[2] "The matter that surrounds us is divided into two great classes, living and dead; the latter is governed by physical laws, such as attraction, gravitation, chemical affinity; and it exhibits physical properties, such as cohesion, elasticity, divisibility, &c. Living matter also exhibits these properties, and is subject, in great measure, to physical laws. But living bodies are endowed moreover with a set of properties altogether different from these, and contrasting with them very remarkably." (Vide Lawrence's Lectures, p. 121.)—C.

truth of things, they are homogeneous, and that both the classes are but degrees and different dignities of one and the same tendency. For the latter are not subjected to the former as a lever or walking-stick to the muscles; the more intense the life is, the less does *elasticity*, for instance, appear *as* elasticity. It sinks down into the nearest approach to its *physical* form by a series of degrees from the contraction and elongation of the irritable muscle to the physical hardness of the insensitive nail. The lower powers are *assimilated*, not merely *employed*, and assimilation presupposes the homogeneous nature of the thing assimilated; else it is a miracle, only not the same as that of a *creation*, because it would imply that additional and equal miracle of annihilation. In short, all the impossibilities which the acutest of the reformed Divines have detected in the hypothesis of transubstantiation would apply, *totidem verbis et syllabis*, to that of assimilation, if the objects and the agents were really heterogeneous. Unless, therefore, a thing can exhibit properties which do not belong to it, the very admission that living matter exhibits *physical* properties, includes the further admission, that those physical or dead properties are themselves vital in essence, really *distinct* but in appearance only *different;* or in absolute contrast with each other.

In all cases that which, *abstractly* taken, is the definition of the *kind*, will, when applied *absolutely*, or in its fullest sense, be the definition of the highest *degree* of that kind. If life, in general, be defined *vis ab intra, cujus proprium est coadunare plura in rem unicam, quantùm est res unica*, the unity will be more intense in proportion as it constitutes each particular thing a whole of itself; and yet more, again, in proportion to the number and interdependence of the parts, which it unites as a whole. But a whole composed, *ab intra*, of different parts, so far interdependent that each is reciprocally means and end, is an individual, and the

individuality is most intense where the greatest dependence of the parts on the whole is combined with the greatest dependence of the whole on its parts; the first (namely, the dependence of the parts on the whole) being absolute; the second (namely, the dependence of the whole on its parts) being proportional to the importance of the relation which the parts have to the whole, that is, as their action extends more or less beyond themselves. For this spirit of the whole is most expressed in that part which derives its importance as an End from its importance as a Mean, relatively to all the parts under the same copula.

Finally, of individuals, the living power will be most intense in that individual which, as a whole, has the greatest number of integral parts, presupposed in it; when, moreover, these integral parts, together with a proportional increase of their interdependence, as *parts*, have themselves most the character of wholes in the sphere occupied by them. A mathematical point, line, or surface, is an *ens rationis*, for it expresses an intellectual act; but a physical atom is *ens fictitium*, which may be made subservient, as ciphers are in arithmetic, to the purposes of hypothetical construction, *per regulam falsi;* but transferred to *Nature*, it is in the strictest sense an *absurd* quantity; for extension, and consequently divisibility, or *multeity*,[1] (for space cannot be divided,) is the indispensable condition, under which alone anything can *appear* to us, or even be *thought* of, as a *thing*. But if it should be replied, that the elementary particles are atoms not positively, but by such a hardness

[1] Much against my will I repeat this scholastic term, *mūlteity*, but I have sought in vain for an unequivocal word of a less repulsive character, that would convey the notion in a positive and not comparative sense in kind, as opposed to the *unum et simplex*, not in degree, as contrasted with the *few*. We can conceive no reason that can be adduced in justification of the word *caloric*, as invented to distinguish the external cause of the sensation heat, which would not equally authorise the introduction of a technical term in this instance.—C. See p. 17.

communicated to them as is relatively invincible, I should remind the assertor that *temeraria citatio supernaturalium est pulvinar intellectûs pigri*, and that he who requires me to believe a miracle of his own dreaming, must first work a miracle to convince me that he had dreamt by inspiration. Add, too, the gross inconsistency of resorting to an immaterial influence in order to complete a system of materialism, by the exclusion of all modes of existence which the theorist cannot in imagination, at least, *finger* and *peep* at! Each of the preceding gradations, as above defined, might be represented as they exist, and are realised in Nature. But each would require a work for itself, co-extensive with the science of metals, and that of fossils (both as geologically applied); of crystallization; and of vegetable and animal physiology, in all its distinct branches. The nature of the present essay scarcely permits the space sufficient to illustrate our meaning. The proof of its probability (for to that only can we arrive by so partial an application of the hypothesis) is to be found in its powers of solving the particular class of phenomena, that form the subjects of the present inquisition, more satisfactorily and profitably than has been done, or even attempted before.

Exclusively, therefore, for the purposes of *illustration*, I would take as an instance of the first step, the metals, those, namely, that are capable of permanent reduction. For, by the established laws of nomenclature, the others (as sodium, potassium, calcium, silicium, &c.) would be entitled to a class of their own, under the name of *bases*. It is long since the chemists have despaired of decomposing this class of bodies. They still remain, one and all, as elements or simple bodies, though, on the principles of the corpuscularian philosophy, nothing can be more improbable than that they really are such; and no reason has or can be assigned on the grounds of that system, why, in no one instance, the contrary has not been proved. But this is at

once explained, if we assume them as the simplest form of unity, namely, the unity of powers and properties. For these, it is evident, may be endlessly modified, but can never be decomposed. If I were asked by a philosopher who had previously extended the attribute of Life to the *Byssus speciosa*, and even to the crustaceous matter, or outward bones of a lobster, &c., whether the ingot of gold expressed *life*, I should answer without hesitation, as the *ingot* of gold assuredly not, for its form is accidental and *ab extra*. It may be added to or detracted from without in the least affecting the nature, state, or properties in the specific matter of which the ingot consists. But as *gold*, as that special union of absolute and of relative gravity, ductility, and hardness, which, wherever they are found, constitute *gold*, I should answer no less fearlessly, in the affirmative. But I should further add, that of the two counteracting tendencies of nature, namely, that of *detachment* from the universal life, which universality is represented to us by gravitation, and that of *attachment* or reduction into it, this and the other noble metals represented the units in which the latter tendency, namely, that of identity with the life of nature, subsisted in the greatest overbalance over the former. It is the form of unity with the least degree of tendency to individuation.

Rising in the ascent, I should take, as illustrative of the second step, the various forms of crystals as a union, not of powers only, but of parts, and as the simplest forms of composition in the next narrowest sphere of affinity. Here the form, or apparent *quantity*, is manifestly the result of the *quality*, and the chemist himself not seldom admits them as infallible characters of the substances united in the whole of a given crystal.

In the first step, we had Life, as the mere *unity* of powers; in the second we have the simplest forms of *totality* evolved. The third step is presented to us in those vast

formations, the tracing of which generically would form the science of Geology, or its history in the strict sense of the word, even as their description and diagnostics constitute its preliminaries.

Their claim to this rank I cannot here even attempt to support. It will be sufficient to explain my reason for having assigned it to them, by the avowal, that I regard them in a twofold point of view: 1st, as the residue and product of vegetable and animal life; 2d, as manifesting the tendencies of the Life of Nature to vegetation or animalization. And this process I believe—in one instance by the peat morasses of the northern, and in the other instance by the coral banks of the southern hemisphere—to be still connected with the present order of vegetable and animal Life, which constitute the fourth and last step in these wide and comprehensive divisions.

In the lowest forms of the vegetable and animal world we perceive totality dawning into *individuation*, while in man, as the highest of the class, the individuality is not only perfected in its corporeal sense, but begins a new series beyond the appropriate limits of physiology. The tendency to individuation, more or less obscure, more or less obvious, constitutes the common character of all classes, as far as they maintain for themselves a distinction from the universal life of the planet; while the degrees, both of intensity and extension, to which this tendency is realised, form the species, and their ranks in the great scale of ascent and expansion.

In the treatment of a subject so vast and complex, within the limits prescribed for an essay like the present, where it is impossible not to say either too much or too little (and too much because too little), an author is entitled to make large claims on the candour of his judges. Many things he must express inaccurately, not from ignorance or oversight, but because the more precise expression would have

involved the necessity of a further explanation, and this another, even to the first elements of the science. This is an inconvenience which presses on the analytic method, on however large a scale it may be conducted, compared with the synthetic; and it must bear with a tenfold weight in the present instance, where we are not permitted to avail ourselves of its usual advantages as a counterbalance to its inherent defects. I shall have done all that I dared propose to myself, or that can be justly demanded of me by others, if I have succeeded in conveying a sufficiently clear, though indistinct and inadequate notion, so as of its many results to render intelligible that one which I am to apply to my particular subject, not as a truth already demonstrated, but as an hypothesis, which pretends to no higher merit than that of explaining the particular class of phenomena to which it is applied, and asks no other reward than a presumption in favour of the general system of which it affirms itself to be a dependent though integral part. By Life I everywhere mean the true Idea of Life, or that most general form under which Life manifests itself to us, which includes all its other forms. This I have stated to be the *tendency to individuation*, and the degrees or intensities of Life to consist in the progressive realization of this tendency. The power which is acknowledged to exist, wherever the realization is found, must subsist wherever the tendency is manifested. The power which comes forth and stirs abroad in the bird, must be latent in the egg. I have shown, moreover, that this tendency to individuate cannot be conceived without the opposite tendency to connect, even as the centrifugal power supposes the centripetal, or as the two opposite poles constitute each other, and are the constituent acts of one and the same power in the magnet. We might say that the life of the magnet subsists in their union, but that it lives (acts or manifests itself) in their strife. Again, if the tendency be at once to individuate

and to connect, to detach, but so as either to retain or to reproduce attachment, the individuation itself must be a tendency to the ultimate production of the highest and most comprehensive individuality. This must be the one great end of Nature, her ultimate object, or by whatever other word we may designate that something which bears to a final cause the same relation that Nature herself bears to the Supreme Intelligence.

According to the plan I have prescribed for this inquisition, we are now to seek for the highest law, or most general form, under which this tendency acts, and then to pursue the same process with this, as we have already done with the tendency itself, namely, having stated the law in its highest abstraction, to present it in the different forms in which it appears and reappears in higher and higher dignities. I restate the question. The tendency having been ascertained, what is its most general law? I answer —*polarity*, or the essential dualism of Nature, arising out of its productive unity, and still tending to reaffirm it, either as equilibrium, indifference, or identity. In its *productive* power, of which the product is the only measure, consists its incompatibility with mathematical calculus. For the full applicability of an abstract science ceases, the moment reality begins.[1] Life, then, we consider as the

[1] For abstractions are the conditions and only subject of all abstract sciences. Thus the theorist (vide Dalton's Theory), who reduces the chemical process to the positions of atoms, would doubtless thereby render chemistry calculable, but that he commences by destroying the chemical process itself, and substitutes for it a *mote dance* of abstractions; for even the powers which he appears to leave real, those of attraction and repulsion, he immediately unrealizes by representing them as diverse and separable properties. We can abstract the quantities and the quantitative motion from masses, passing over or leaving for other sciences the question of what constitutes the masses, and thus apply not to the masses themselves, but to the abstractions therefrom,—the laws

copula, or the unity of thesis and antithesis, position and counterposition,—Life itself being the positive of both; as, on the other hand, the two counterpoints are the necessary conditions of the *manifestations* of Life. These, by the same necessity, unite in a synthesis; which again, by the law of dualism, essential to all actual existence, expands, or *produces* itself, from the point into the *line*, in order again to converge, as the initiation of the same productive process in some intenser form of reality. Thus, in the identity of the two counter-powers, Life *sub*sists; in their strife it *con*sists: and in their reconciliation it at once dies and is born again into a new form, either falling back into the life of the whole, or starting anew in the process of individuation.

Whence shall we take our beginning? From Space, *istud litigium philosophorum*, which leaves the mind equally dissatisfied, whether we deny or assert its real existence. To make it wholly ideal, would be at the same time to idealize all phenomena, and to undermine the very conception of an external world. To make it real, would be to assert the existence of something, with the properties of

of geometry and universal arithmetic. And where the quantities are the infallible signs of real powers, and our chief concern with the masses is as SIGNS, sciences may be founded thereon of the highest use and dignity. Such, for instance, is the sublime science of astronomy, having for its objects the vast masses which "God placed in the firmament of the heaven to be for *signs* and for seasons, for days and years." For the whole doctrine of physics may be reduced to three great divisions: First, *quantitative motion*, which is proportioned to the quantity of matter exclusively. This is the science of weight or statics. Secondly, *relative motion* as communicated to bodies externally by impact. This is the science of mechanics. Thirdly, *qualitative motion*, or that which is accordant to properties of matter. And this is chemistry. Now it is evident that the first two sciences presuppose that which forms the exclusive object of the third, namely, quality; for all quantity in nature is either itself derived, or at least derives its powers from some *quality*, as that of weight, specific cohesion, hardness, &c.; and therefore the attempt to reduce to the distances or impacts of atoms, under the assumptions of

nothing. It would far transcend the height to which a physiologist must confine his flights, should we attempt to reconcile this apparent contradiction. It is the duty and the privilege of the theologian to demonstrate, that *space* is the ideal organ by which the soul of man perceives the *omnipresence* of the Supreme Reality, as distinct from the works, which in him move, and live, and have their being; while the equal mystery of *Time* bears the same relation to his *Eternity*, or what is fully equivalent, his Unity.

Physiologically contemplated, Nature begins, proceeds, and ends in contradiction; for the moment of absolute solution would be that in which Nature would cease to be Nature, i.e. a scheme of ever-varying relations; and physiology, in the ambitious attempt to solve phenomena into absolute realities, would itself become a mere web of verbal abstractions.

But it is in strict connexion with our subject, that we should make the universal FORMS as well as the not less universal LAW of Life, clear and intelligible in the example

two powers, which are themselves declared to be no more than mere general terms for those quantities of motion and impact (the atom itself being a fiction formed by abstraction, and in truth a third occult quality for the purpose of explaining hardness and density), amounts to an attempt to destroy chemistry itself, and at the same time to exclude the sole reality and only positive contents of the very science into which that of chemistry is to be degraded. Now what qualities are to chemistry, *productiveness* is to the science of Life; and this being excluded, physiology or zoonomy would sink into chemistry, chemistry by the same process into mechanics, while mechanics themselves would lose the substantial principle, which, bending the lower extreme towards its apex, produces the organic circle of the sciences, and elevates them all into different arcs or stations of the one absolute science of Life.

This explanation, which in appearance only is a digression, was indispensably requisite to prevent the idea of polarity, which has been given as the universal law of Life, from being misunderstood as a mere refinement on those mechanical systems of physiology, which it has been my main object to explode.—C.

of *Time* and *Space*, these being both the first specification of the principle, and ever after its indispensable symbols. First, a single act of self-inquiry will show the impossibility of distinctly conceiving the one without some involution of the other; either time expressed in space, in the form of the mathematical line, or space within time, as in the circle. But to form the first conception of a *real* thing, we state both as one in the idea, *duration*. The formula is: $\overbrace{A=B+B=A}=\overbrace{A=A}$, or the oneness of space and time, is the predicate of all *real* being.

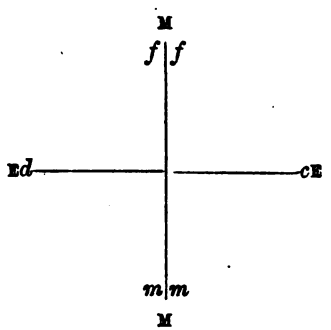
But as little can we conceive the oneness, except as the mid-point producing itself on each side; that is, manifesting itself on two opposite poles. Thus, from identity we derive duality, and from both together we obtain polarity, synthesis, indifference, predominance. The line is Time + Space, under the predominance of Time: Surface is Space + Time, under the predominance of Space, while Line + Surface as the synthesis of units, is the circle in the first dignity; to the sphere in the second; and to the globe in the third. In short, neither can the antagonists appear but as two forces of one power, nor can the power be conceived by us but as the equatorial point of the two counteracting forces; of which the *hypomochlion* of the lever is as good an illustration as anything can be that is thought of *mechanically* only, and exclusively of life. To make it adequate, we must substitute the idea of positive production for that of rest, or mere neutralization. To the fancy alone it is the null-point, or zero, but to the reason it is the *punctum saliens*, and the power itself in its eminence. Even in these, the most abstract and universal forms of all thought and perception—even in the ideas of time and space, we slip under them, as it were, a *substratum;* for we cannot think of them but as far as they are co-inherent, and therefore as reciprocally the measures of each other. Nor, again, can we finish the process without having the

idea of *motion* as its immediate product. Thus we say, that time has one dimension, and imagine it to ourselves as a line. But the line we have already proved to be the productive synthesis of time, with space under the predominance of time. If we exclude space by an abstract assumption, the time remains as a spaceless point, and represents the concentered power of unity and active negation, i.e. retraction, determination, and limit, *ab intra*. But if we assume the time as excluded, the line vanishes, and we leave space dimensionless, an indistinguishable ALL, and therefore the representative of absolute weakness and formlessness, but, for that very reason, of infinite capacity and formability.

We have been thus full and express on this subject, because these simple ideas of time, space, and motion, of length, breadth, and depth, are not only the simplest and universal, but the necessary symbols of all philosophic construction. They will be found the primary factors and elementary forms of every calculus and of every diagram in the algebra and geometry of a scientific physiology. Accordingly, we shall recognize the same forms under other names; but at each return more specific and intense; and the whole process repeated with ascending gradations of reality, *exempli gratiâ*: Time + space = motion; T*m* + space = line + breadth = depth; depth + motion = force; L*f* + B*f* = D*f*; LD*f* + BD*f* = attraction + repulsion = gravitation; and so on, even till they pass into outward phenomena, and form the intermediate link between productive powers and fixed products in light, heat, and electricity. If we pass to the construction of matter, we find it as the product, or *tertium aliud*, of antagonist powers of repulsion and attraction. Remove these powers, and the conception of matter vanishes into space—conceive repulsion only, and you have the same result. For infinite repulsion, uncounteracted and alone, is tantamount to in-

finite, dimensionless diffusion, and this again to infinite weakness; viz., to space. Conceive attraction alone, and as an infinite contraction, its product amounts to the absolute point, viz., to time. Conceive the synthesis of both, and you have matter as a fluxional antecedent, which, in the very act of formation, passes into body by its gravity, and yet in all bodies it still remains as their mass, which, being exclusively calculable under the law of gravitation, gives rise, as we before observed, to the science of statics, most improperly called celestial mechanics.

In strict consistence with the same philosophy which, instead of considering the powers of bodies to have been miraculously stuck into a prepared and pre-existing matter, as pins into a pin-cushion, conceives the powers as the productive factors, and the body or phenomenon as the fact, product, or fixture; we revert again to potentiated length in the power of magnetism; to surface in the power of electricity; and to the synthesis of both, or potentiated depth, in constructive, that is, chemical affinity. But while the two factors are as poles to each other, each factor has likewise its own poles, and thus in the simple cross—



M M being the magnetic line, with *f f* its northern pole, or pole of attraction; and *m m* its south, or pole of repul-

sion, and E E one of the lines that spring from each point of M M, with its east, or pole of contraction, and *d* its west, or pole of diffluence and expansion—we have presented to us the universal quadruplicity, or four elemental forms of power; in the endless proportions and modifications of which, the innumerable offspring of all-bearing Nature consist. Wisely docile to the suggestions of Nature herself, the ancients significantly expressed these forces under the names of earth, water, air, and fire; not meaning any tangible or visible substance so generalized, but the powers predominant, and, as it were, the living basis of each, which no chemical decomposition can ever present to the senses, were it only that their interpenetration and coinherence first constitutes them sensible, and is the condition and meaning of a—*thing*. Already our more truly philosophical naturalists (Ritter, for instance) have begun to generalize the four great elements of chemical nomenclature, carbon, azote, oxygen, and hydrogen: the two former as the positive and negative pole of the magnetic axis, or as the power of fixity and mobility; and the two latter as the opposite poles, or plus and minus states of cosmical electricity, as the powers of contraction and dilatation, or of comburence and combustibility. These powers are to each other as longitude to latitude, and the poles of each relatively as north to south, and as east to west. For surely the reader will find no distrust in a system only because Nature, ever consistent with herself, presents us everywhere with harmonious and accordant symbols of her consistent doctrines. Nothing would be more easy than, by the ordinary principles of sound logic and common sense, to demonstrate the impossibility and expose the absurdity of the corpuscularian or mechanic system, or than to prove the intenable nature of any intermediate system. But we cannot force any man into an insight or intuitive possession of the true philosophy, because we cannot give him abstrac-

tion, intellectual intuition, or constructive imagination; because we cannot organize for him an eye that can see, an ear that can listen to, or a heart that can feel, the harmonies of Nature, or recognize in her endless forms, the thousand-fold realization of those simple and majestic laws, which yet in their absoluteness can be discovered only in the recesses of his own spirit,—not by that man, therefore, whose imaginative powers have been *ossified* by the continual reaction and assimilating influences of mere *objects* on his mind, and who is a prisoner to his own eye and its reflex, the passive fancy!—not by him in whom an unbroken familiarity with the organic world, as if it were mechanical, with the sensitive, but as if it were insensate, has engendered the coarse and hard spirit of a sorcerer. The former is unable, the latter unwilling, to master the absolute prerequisites. There is neither hope nor occasion for him "to cudgel his brains about it, he has no feeling of the business." If he do not see the necessity from without, if he have not learned the possibility from within, of interpenetration, of total intussusception, of the existence of all in each as the condition of Nature's unity and substantiality, and of the latency under the predominance of some one power, wherein subsists her life and its endless variety, as he must be, by habitual slavery to the eye, or its reflex, the passive fancy, under the influences of the corpuscularian philosophy, he has so paralysed his imaginative powers as to be unable—or by that hardness and heart-hardening spirit of contempt, which is sure to result from a perpetual commune with the lifeless, he has so far debased his inward being—as to be unwilling to comprehend the pre-requisite, he must be content, while standing thus at the threshold of philosophy, to receive the results, though he cannot be admitted to the deliberation—in other words, to act upon *rules* which he is incapable of understanding as LAWS, and to reap the harvest with the

sharpened iron for which others have delved for him in the mine.

It is not improbable that there may exist, and even be discovered, higher forms and more akin to Life than those of magnetism, electricity, and constructive (or chemical) affinity appear to be, even in their finest known influences. It is not improbable that we may hereafter find ourselves justified in revoking certain of the latter, and unappropriating them to a yet unnamed triplicity; or that, being thus assisted, we may attain a qualitative instead of a quantitative insight into vegetable animation, as distinct from animal, and that of the insect world from both. But in the present state of science, the magnetic, electric, and chemical powers are the last and highest of inorganic nature. These, therefore, we assume as presenting themselves again to us, in their next metamorphosis, as reproduction (i.e. growth and identity of the whole, amid the change or flux of all the parts), irritability and sensibility; reproduction corresponding to magnetism, irritability to electricity, and sensibility to constructive chemical affinity.

But before we proceed further, it behoves us to answer the objections contained in the following passage, or withdraw ourselves in time from the bitter contempt in which it would involve us. Acting under such a necessity, we need not apologise for the length of the quotation.

1. "If," says Mr. Lawrence, "the properties of living matter are to be explained in this way, why should not we adopt the same plan with physical properties, and account for gravitation, or chemical affinity, by the supposition of appropriate subtile fluids? Why does the irritability of a muscle need such an explanation, if explanation it can be called, more than the elective attraction of a salt?"

2. "To make the matter more intelligible, this vital principle is compared to magnetism, to electricity, and to galvanism; or it is roundly stated to be oxygen. 'Tis like a camel, or like a whale, or like what you please."

3. "You have only to grant that the phenomena of the sciences just alluded to depend on extremely fine and invisible fluids, superadded to the matters in which they are exhibited, and to allow further that Life, and magnetic, galvanic, and electric phenomena correspond perfectly; the existence of a subtile matter of Life will then be a very probable inference."

4. "On this illustration you will naturally remark, that the existence of the magnetic, electric, and galvanic fluids, which is offered as a proof of the existence of a vital fluid, is as much a matter of doubt as that of the vital fluid itself."

5. "It is singular, also, that the vital principle should be like both magnetism and electricity, when these two are not like each other."

6. "It would have been interesting to have had this illustration prosecuted a little further. We should have been pleased to learn whether the human body is more like a loadstone, a voltaic pile, or an electrical machine; whether the organs are to be regarded as Leyden jars, magnetic needles, or batteries."

7. "The truth is, there is no resemblance, no analogy, between Electricity and Life; the two orders of phenomena are completely distinct; they are incommensurable. Electricity illustrates life no more than life illustrates electricity."[1]

[1] I apprehend that by men of a certain school it would be deemed no demerit, even though they should never have condescended to look into

To avoid unnecessary description, I shall refer to the passages by the numbers affixed to them, for that purpose, in the margin.

In reply to No. 1, I ask whether, in the nature of the mind, illustration and explanation must not of necessity proceed from the lower to the higher? or whether a boy is to be taught his addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, by the highest branches of algebraic analysis? Is there any better way of systematic teaching, than that of illustrating each new step, or having each new step illustrated to him by its identity in kind with the step the next below it? though it be the only mode in which this objection can be answered, yet it seems affronting to remind the objector, of rules so simple as that the complex must even be illustrated by the more simple, or the less scrutible by that which is more subject to our examination.

In reply to No. 2, I first refer to the author's eulogy on Mr. Hunter, p. 163, in which he is justly extolled for having

any system of Aristotelian logic. It is enough for these gentlemen that they are experimentalists! Let it not, however, be supposed that they make more experiments than their neighbours, who consider induction as a means and not an end; or have stronger motives for making them, unless it can be believed that Tycho Brähe must have been urged to repeat his sweeps of the heavens with greater accuracy and industry than Herschel, for no better reason than that the former flourished before the theory of gravitation was perfected. No, but they have the honour of being mere experimentalists! If, however, we may not refer to logic, we may to common sense and common experience. It is not improbable, however, that they have both read and studied a book of hypothetical psychology on the assumptions of the crudest materialism, stolen too without acknowledgment from our David Hartley's essay on Man, which is well known under the whimsical name of Condillac's Logic. But, as Mr. Brand has lately observed, "the French are a queer people," and we should not be at all surprised to hear of a book of fresh importation from Paris, on determinate proportions in chemistry, announced by the author in his title-page as a new and improved system either of arithmetic or geometry.—C.

"surveyed the whole *system* of organized beings, from plants to man:" of course, therefore, *as* a *system;* and therefore under some *one common law.* Now in the very same sense, and no other, than that in which the writer himself by implication compares himself as a man to the *dermestes typographicus*, or the *fucus scorpioides*, do I compare the principle of Life to magnetism, electricity, and constructive affinity, —or rather to that power to which the two former are the thesis and antithesis, the latter the synthesis. But if to compare involve the sense of its etymon, and involve the sense of parity, I utterly deny that I do at all compare them; and, in truth, in no conceivable sense of the word is it applicable, any more than a geometrician can be affirmed to compare a polygon to a point, because he generates the line out of the point. The writer attributes to a philosophy essentially vital the barrenness of the mechanic system, with which alone his imagination has been familiarized, and which, as hath been justly observed by a contemporary writer, is contradistinguished from the former principally in this respect; that demanding for every mode and act of existence real or possible visibility, it knows only of distance and nearness, composition (or rather compaction) and decomposition, in short, the relations of unproductive particles to each other; so that in every instance the result is the exact sum of the component qualities, as in arithmetical addition. This is the philosophy of Death, and only of a dead nature can it hold good. In Life, and in the view of a vital philosophy, the two component counter-powers actually interpenetrate each other, and generate a higher third, including both the former, "ita tamen ut sit alia et major."

As a complete answer to No. 3, I refer the reader to many passages in the preceding and following pages, in which, on far higher and more demonstrative grounds than the mechanic system can furnish, I have exposed the

unmeaningness and absurdity of these finer fluids, as applied even to electricity itself; unless, indeed, they are assumed as its product. But in addition I beg leave to remind the author, that it is incomparably more agreeable to all experience to originate the formative process in the *fluid*, whether fine or gross, than in corporeal *atoms*, in which we are not only deserted by all experience, but contradicted by the primary conception of body itself.

Equally inapplicable is No. 4: and of No. 5 I can only repeat, first, that I do not make Life *like* magnetism, or *like* electricity; that the difference between magnetism and electricity, and the powers illustrated by them, is an essential part of my system, but that the animal Life of man is the identity of all three. To whatever other system this objection may apply, it is utterly irrelevant to that which I have here propounded: though from the narrow limits prescribed to me, it has been propounded with an inadequacy painful to my own feelings.

The ridicule in No. 6 might be easily retorted; but as it could prove nothing, I will leave it where I found it, in a page where nothing is proved.

A similar remark might be sufficient for the bold and blank assertion (No. 7) with which the extract concludes; but that I feel some curiosity to discover what meaning the author attaches to the term analogy. Analogy implies a difference in sort, and not merely in degree; and it is the sameness of the end, with the difference of the means, which constitutes analogy. No one would say the lungs of a man were analogous to the lungs of a monkey, but any one might say that the gills of fish and the spiracula of insects are analogous to lungs. Now if there be any philosophers who have asserted that electricity as electricity is the *same* as Life, for that reason they cannot be *analogous* to each other; and as no man in his senses, philosopher or not, is capable of imagining that the lightning which

destroys a sheep, was a means to the same end with the principle of its organization; for this reason, too, the two powers cannot be represented as analogous. Indeed, I know of no system in which the word, as thus applied, would admit of an endurable meaning, but that which teaches us, that a mass of marrow in the skull is analogous to the rational soul, which Plato and Bacon, equally with the "poor Indian," believe themselves to have received from the Supreme Reason.

It would be blindness not to see, or affectation to pretend not to see, the work at which these sarcasms were levelled. The author of that work is abundantly able to defend his own opinions; yet I should be ambitious to address *him* at the close of the contest in the lines of the great Roman poet:

> "Et nos tela, Pater, ferrumque haud debile dextrâ
> Spargimus, et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis."

In Mr. Abernethy's Lecture on the Theory of Life, it is impossible not to see a presentiment of a great truth. He has, if I may so express myself, caught it in the breeze: and we seem to hear the first glad opening and shout with which he springs forward to the pursuit. But it is equally evident that the prey has not been followed through its doublings and windings, or driven out from its brakes and covers into full and open view. Many of the least tenable phrases may be fairly interpreted as illustrations, rather than precise exponents of the author's meaning; at least, while they remain as a mere suggestion or annunciation of his ideas, and till he has expanded them over a larger sphere, it would be unjust to infer the contrary. But it is not with men, however strongly their professional merits may entitle them to reverence, that my concern is at present. If the opinions here supported are the same with those of Mr. Abernethy, I rejoice in his authority. If they

are different, I shall wait with an anxious interest for an exposition of that difference.

Having reasserted that I no more confound magnetism with electricity, or the chemical process, than the mathematician confounds length with breadth, or either with depth; I think it sufficient to add that there are two views of the subject, the former of which I do not believe attributable to any philosopher, while both are alike disclaimed by me as forming any part of my views. The first is that which is supposed to consider electricity identical with life, as it subsists in organized bodies. The other considers electricity as everywhere present, and penetrating all bodies under the image of a subtile fluid or substance, which, in Mr. Abernethy's inquiry, I regard as little more than a mere diagram on his slate, for the purpose of fixing the attention on the intellectual conception, or as a possible *product*, (in which case electricity must be a composite power,) or at worst, as words *quæ humana incuria fudit*. This which, in inanimate Nature, is manifested now as magnetism, now as electricity, and now as chemical agency, is supposed, on entering an organized body, to constitute its vital *principle*, something in the same manner as the steam becomes the *mechanic* power of the steam-engine, in *consequence* of its compression by the steam-engine; or as the breeze that murmurs indistinguishably in the forest becomes the element, the substratum, of melody in the Æolian harp, and of consummate harmony in the organ. Now this hypothesis is as directly opposed to my view as supervention is to evolution, inasmuch as I hold the organized body itself, in all its marvellous contexture, to be the PRODUCT and representant of the power which is here supposed to have supervened to it. So far from admitting a *transfer*, I do not admit it even in electricity itself, or in the phenomena universally called electrical; among other points I ground my explanation of remote sympathy on the directly *contrary* supposition.

But my opinions will be best explained by a rapid exemplification in the processes of Nature, from the first rudiments of individualized life in the lowest classes of its two great poles, the vegetable and animal creation, to its crown and consummation in the human body; thus illustrating at once the unceasing *polarity of life, as the form of its process, and its tendency to progressive individuation as the law of its direction.*

Among the conceptions, of the mere ideal character of which the philosopher is well aware, and which yet become necessary from the necessity of assuming a beginning, the original fluidity of the planet is the chief. Under some form or other it is expressed or implied in every system of cosmogony and even of geology, from Moses to Thales, and from Thales to Werner. This assumption originates in the same law of mind that gave rise to the *prima materia* of the Peripatetic school. In order to *comprehend* and *explain* the *forms* of things, we must imagine a state *antecedent* to form. A chaos of heterogeneous substances, such as our Milton has described, is not only an *impossible* state (for this may be equally true of every other attempt), but it is *palpably* impossible. It presupposes, moreover, the thing it is intended to solve; and makes *that* an *effect* which had been called in as the explanatory *cause*. The requisite and only serviceable fiction, therefore, is the representation of CHAOS as one vast homogeneous drop! In this sense it may be even justified, as an appropriate symbol of the great fundamental truth that all things spring from, and subsist in, the endless strife between indifference and difference. The whole history of Nature is comprised in the specification of the transitional states from the one to the other. The symbol only is fictitious: the thing signified is not only grounded in truth—it is the law and actuating principle of all other truths, whether physical or intellectual.

Now, by magnetism in its widest sense, I mean the first and simplest *differential* act of Nature, as the power which works in *length*, and produces the first distinction between the indistinguishable by the generation of a *line*. Relatively, therefore, to fluidity, that is, to matter, the parts of which cannot be distinguished from each other by figure, magnetism is the power of fixity; but, relatively to itself, magnetism, like every other power in Nature, is designated by its opposite poles, and must be represented as the magnetic axis, the northern pole of which signifies rest, attraction, fixity, coherence, or hardness; the element of EARTH in the nomenclature of *observation* and the CARBONIC principle in that of *experiment;* while the southern pole, as its antithesis, represents mobility, repulsion, incoherence, and fusibility; the element of air in the nomenclature of observation (that is, of Nature as it appears to us when unquestioned by art), and azote or nitrogen in the nomenclature of experiment (that is, of Nature in the state so beautifully allegorized in the Homeric fable of Proteus bound down, and forced to answer by Ulysses, after having been pursued through all his metamorphoses into his ultimate form.[1]) That nothing real does or can exist corresponding to either pole *exclusively*, is involved in the very definition of a THING as the synthesis of opposing energies. That a thing *is*, is owing to the co-inherence therein of any two powers; but that it is *that* particular thing arises from the proportions in which these powers are co-present, either as predominance or as reciprocal neutralization; but under the modification of twofold power to which magnetism itself is, as the thesis to its antithesis.

The correspondent, in the world of the senses, to the

[1] Such is the interpretation given by Lord Bacon. To which of the two gigantic intellects, the poet's or philosophic commentator's, the allegory belongs, I shall not presume to decide. Its extraordinary beauty and appropriateness remains the same in either case.—C.

magnetic axis, exists in the series of metals. The metalleity, as the universal base of the planet, is a necessary deduction from the principles of the system. From the infusible, though evaporable, diamond to nitrogen itself, the metallic nature of which has been long suspected by chemists, though still under the mistaken notion of an oxyde, we trace a series of metals from the maximum of coherence to positive fluidity, in all ordinary temperatures, we mean. Though, in point of fact, cold itself is but a superinduction of the one pole, or, what amounts to the same thing, the subtraction of the other, under the modifications afore described; and therefore are the metals indecomposible, because they are themselves the decompositions of the metallic axis, in all its degrees of longitude and latitude. Thus the substance of the planet from which it *is*, is metallic; while that which is ever *becoming*, is in like manner produced through the perpetual modification of the first by the opposite forces of the second; that is, by the principle of contraction and difference at the eastern extreme- the element of fire, or the oxygen of the chemists; and by the elementary power of dilation, or universality at its western extreme—the ὑδωρ ἐν ὑδατι of the ancients, and the hydrogen of the laboratory.

It has been before noticed that the progress of Nature is more truly represented by the ladder, than by the suspended chain, and that she expands as by concentric circles. This is, indeed, involved in the very conception of individuation, whether it be applied to the different species or to the individuals. In what manner the evident interspace is reconciled with the equally evident continuity of the life of Nature, is a problem that can be solved by those minds alone which have intuitively learnt that the whole *actual* life of Nature originates in the existence, and consists in the perpetual reconciliation, and as perpetual resurgency of the primary contradiction, of which universal polarity is the

result and the exponent. From the first moment of the differential impulse—(the primæval chemical epoch of the Wernerian school)—when Nature, by the tranquil deposition of crystals, prepared, as it were, the fulcrum of her after-efforts, from this, her first, and in part *irrevocable*, self-contraction, we find, in each ensuing production, more and more tendency to independent existence in the increasing multitude of strata, and in the relics of the lowest orders, first of vegetable and then of animal life. In the schistous formations, which we must here assume as in great measure the residua of vegetable creations, that have sunk back into the universal life, and in the later predominant calcareous masses, which are the *caput mortuum* of animalized existence, we ascend from the laws of attraction and repulsion, as united in gravity, to magnetism, electricity, and constructive power, till we arrive at the point representative of a new and far higher intensity. For from this point flow, as in opposite directions, the two streams of vegetation and animalization, the former characterised by the predominance of magnetism in its highest power, as reproduction, the other by electricity intensified —as irritability, in like manner. The vegetable and animal world are the thesis and antithesis, or the opposite poles of organic life. We are not, therefore, to seek in either for analogies to the other, but for counterpoints. On the same account, the nearer the common source, the greater the likeness; the farther the remove, the greater the opposition. At the extreme limits of inorganic Nature, we may detect a dim and obscure prophecy of her ensuing process in the twigs and rude semblances that occur in crystallization of some of the copper ores, and in the well-known *arbor Dianæ*, and *arbor Veneris*. These latter Ritter has already ably explained by considering the oblique branches and their acute angles as the result of magnetic repulsion, from the presentation of the same poles, &c. In

the CORALS and CONCHYLIA, the whole act and purpose of their existence seems to be that of connecting the animal with the inorganic world by the perpetual formation of calcareous earth. For the corals are nothing but polypi, which are characterised by still passing away and dissolving into the earth, which they had previously excreted, as if they were the first feeble effort of detachment. The power seems to step forward from out the inorganic world only to fall back again upon it, still, however, under a new form, and under the predominance of the more active pole of magnetism. The product must have the same connexion, therefore, with azote, which the first rudiments of vegetation have with carbon: the one and the other exist not for their own sakes, but in order to produce the conditions best fitted for the production of higher forms. In the polypi, corallines, &c., individuality is in its first dawn; there is the same shape in them all, and a multitude of animals form, as it were, a common animal. And as the individuals run into each other, so do the different genera. They likewise pass into each other so indistinguishably, that the whole order forms a very network.

As the corals approach the conchylia, this interramification decreases. The tubipora forms the transition to the serpula; for the characteristic of all zoophytes, namely, the star shape of their openings, here disappears, and the tubiporæ are distinguished from the rest of the corals by this very circumstance, that the hollow calcareous pipes are placed side by side, without interbranching. In the serpula they have already become separate. How feeble this attempt is to individuate, is most clearly shown in their mode of generation. Notwithstanding the report of Professor Pallas, it still remains doubtful whether there exists any actual copulation among the polypi. The mere existence of a polypus suffices for its endless multiplication.

They may be indefinitely propagated by cuttings, so

languid is the power of individuation, so boundless that of reproduction. But the delicate jelly dissolves, as lightly as it was formed, into its own product, and it is probable that the Polynesia, as a future continent, will be the gigantic monument, not so much of their life, as of the life of Nature in them. Here we may observe the first instance of that general law, according to which Nature still assimilates her extreme points. In these, her first and feeblest attempts to animalize organization, it is latent, because undeveloped, and merely potential; while, in the human brain, the last and most consummate of her combined energies, it is again lost or disguised in the subtlety[1] and multiplicity of its evolution.

In the class immediately above (Mollusca) we find the individuals separate, a more determinate form, and in the higher species, the rudiment of nerves, as the first scarce distinguishable impress and exponent of sensibility; still, however, the vegetative reproduction is the predominant form; and even the nerves "which float in the same cavity with the other viscera," are probably subservient to it, and extend their power in the increased intensity of the reproductive force. Still prevails the transitional state from the fluid to the solid; and the jelly, that rudiment in which all animals, even the noblest, have their commencement, constitutes the whole sphere of these rudimental animals.

In the snail and mussel, the residuum of the coral reappears, but refined and ennobled into a part of the animal. The whole class is characterised by the separation of the fluid from the solid. On the one side, a gelatinous semifluid; on the other side, an entirely inorganic, though often a most exquisitely mechanised, calcareous excretion! Animalization in general is, we know, contra-distinguished

[1] The Anatomical Demonstrations of the Brain, by Dr. Spurzheim, which I have seen, presented to me the most satisfactory proof of this.—C.

from vegetables in general by the predominance of azote in the chemical composition, and of irritability in the organic process. But in this and the foregoing classes, as being still near the common equator, or the punctum indifferentiæ, the carbonic principle still asserts its claims, and the force of reproduction struggles with that of irritability. In the unreconciled strife of these two forces consists the character of the *Vermes*, which appear to be the preparatory step for the next class. Hence the difficulties which have embarrassed the naturalists, who adopt the Linnæan classification, in their endeavours to discover determinate characters of distinction between the vermes and the insecta.

But no sooner have we passed the borders, than endless variety of form and the bold display of instincts announce, that Nature has succeeded. She has created the intermediate link between the vegetable world, as the product of the reproductive or magnetic power, and the animal as the exponent of sensibility. Those that live and are nourished, on the bodies of other animals, are comparatively few, with little diversity of shape, and almost all of the same natural family. These we may pass by as exceptions. But the insect world, taken at large, appears as an intenser life, that has struggled itself loose and become emancipated from vegetation, *Florœ liberti, et libertini!* If for the sake of a moment's relaxation we might indulge a Darwinian[1] flight, though at the risk of provoking a smile, (not, I hope, a frown) from sober judgment, we might imagine the life of insects an apotheosis of the petals, stamina, and nectaries, round which they flutter, or of the stems and pedicles, to which they adhere. Beyond and above this step, Nature seems to act with a sort of free agency, and to have formed the classes from choice and bounty. Had she proceeded no further, yet the whole

[1] See note to p. 16.

vegetable, together with the whole insect creation, would have formed within themselves an entire and independent system of Life. All plants have insects, most commonly each genus of vegetables its appropriate genera of insects; and so reciprocally interdependent and necessary to each other are they, that we can almost as little think of vegetation without insects, as of insects without vegetation. Though probably the mere likeness of *shape*, in the *papilio*, and the papilionaceous plants, suggested the idea of the former, as the latter in a state of detachment, to our late[1] poetical and theoretical brother; yet a something, that approaches to a graver plausibility, is given to this fancy of a flying blossom, when we reflect how many plants depend upon insects for their fructification. Be it remembered, too, that with few and very obscure exceptions, the irritable power and an analogon of voluntary motion first dawn on us in the vegetable world, in the stamina, and anthers, at the period of impregnation. Then, as if Nature had been encouraged by the success of the first experiment, both the one and the other appear as predominance and general character. THE INSECT WORLD IS THE EXPONENT OF IRRITABILITY, AS THE VEGETABLE IS OF REPRODUCTION.

With the ascent in power, the intensity of individuation keeps even pace; and from this we may explain all the characteristic distinctions between this class and that of the vermes. The almost homogeneous jelly of the animalcula infusoria became, by a vital oxydation, granular in the polypi. This granulation formed itself into distinct organs in the molluscæ;[2] while for the snails, which are the next step, the animalized lime, that seemed the sole final cause of the life of the polypi, assumes all the characters of an ulterior purpose. Refined into a horn-like substance, it

[1] Dr. Erasmus Darwin died in 1802.

[2] Coleridge, it seems, regards *mollusca* as of the singular number, and would thus object to our note on p. 368.

becomes to the snails the substitute of an organ, and their outward skeleton. Yet how much more manifold and definite, the organization of an insect, than that of the preceding class, the patient researches of Swammerdam and Lyonnet have evinced, to the delight and admiration of every reflecting mind.

In the insect, for the first time, we find the distinct commencement of a separation between the exponents of sensibility and those of irritability; i.e. between the *nervous* and the *muscular* system. The latter, however, asserts its pre-eminence throughout. The prodigal provision of organs for the purposes of respiration, and the marvellous powers which numerous tribes of insects possess, of accommodating the most corrupted airs, for a longer or shorter period, to the support of their excitability, would of itself lead us to presume, that here the *vis irritabilis* is the reigning dynasty. There is here no confluence of nerves into one reservoir, as evidence of the independent existence of sensibility *as* sensibility;—and therefore no counterpoise of a vascular system, as a distinct exponent of the irritable pole. The whole muscularity of these animals, is the organ of irritability; and the nerves themselves are probably feeders of the motory power. The petty rills of sensibility flow into the full expanse of irritability, and there lose themselves. The nerves appertaining to the senses, on the other hand, are indistinct, and comparatively unimportant. The multitude of immovable eyes appear not so much conductors of light, as its ultimate recipient. We are almost tempted to believe that they constitute, rather than subserve, their sensorium.

These eye-facets form the sense of light, rather than organs of seeing. Their almost paradoxical number at least, and the singularity of their forms, render it probable that they impel the animal by some modification of its irritability, herein likewise containing a striking analogy

to the known influence of light on plants, than as excitements of sensibility. The sense that is nearest akin to irritability, and which alone resides in the muscular system, is that of touch, or feeling. This, therefore, is the first sense that emerges. Being confined to absolute contact, it occupies the lowest rank; but for that very reason it is the ground of all the other senses, which act, according to the ratio of their ascent, at still increasing distances, and become more and more ideal, from the tentacles of the polypus, to the human eye; which latter might be defined the outward organ of the identity, or at least of the indifference, of the real and ideal. But as the calcareous residuum of the lowest class approaches to the nature of horn in the snail, so the cumbrous shell of the snail has been transformed into polished and moveable plates of defensive armour in the insect. Thus, too, the same power of progressive individuation articulates the tentacula of the polypus and holothuria into antennæ; thereby manifesting the full emersion and eminency of irritability as a power which acts in, and gives its own character to, that of reproduction. The least observant must have noticed the lightning-like rapidity with which the insect tribes devour and eliminate their food, as by an instinctive necessity, and in the least degree for the purposes of the animal's own growth or enlargement. The same predominance of irritability, and at the same time a new start in individuation, is shown in the reproductive power as generation. There is now a regular projection, *ab intra ad extra*, for which neither sprouts nor cuttings can any longer be the substitutes. We have not space for further detail; but there is one point too strikingly illustrative and even confirmative of the proposed system to be omitted altogether. We mean the curious fact, that the same characteristic tendency, *ad extra*, which in the males and females of certain insect tribes is realized in the functions of genera-

tion, conception, and parturiency, manifests and expands itself in the *sexless* individuals (which are always in this case the great majority of the species), as instincts of art, and in the construction of works completely detached and inorganic; while the geometric regularity of these works, which bears an analogy to crystallization, is demonstrably no more than the necessary result of uniform action in a compressed multitude.

Again, as the insect world, averaging the whole, comes nearest to plants, (whose very essence is reproduction,) in the multitude of their germs; so does it resemble plants in the sufficiency of a single impregnation for the evolution of myriads of detached lives. Even so, the metamorphoses of insects, from the egg to the maggot and caterpillar, and from these, through the nympha and aurelia into the perfect insect, are but a more individuated and intenser form of a similar transformation of the plant from the seed-leaflets, or cotyledons, through the stalk, the leaves, and the calyx, into the perfect flower, the various colours of which seem made for the reflection of light, as the antecedent grade to the burnished scales, and scale-like eyes of the insect. Nevertheless, with all this seeming prodigality of organic power, the whole tendency is *ad extra*, and the life of insects, as electricity in the quadrate, acts chiefly on the superficies of their bodies, to which we may add the negative proof arising from the absence of sensibility. It is well known, that the two halves of a divided insect have continued to perform, or attempt, each their separate functions, the trunkless head feeding with its accustomed voracity, while the headless trunk has exhibited its appropriate excitability to the sexual influence.

The intropulsive force, that sends the ossification inward as to the centre, is reserved for a yet higher step, and this we find embodied in the class of *fishes*. Even here, however, the process still seems imperfect, and (as it were)

initiatory. The skeleton has left the surface, indeed, but the bones approach to the nature of gristle. To feel the truth of this, we need only compare the most perfect bone of a fish with the thigh-bones of the mammalia, and the distinctness with which the latter manifest the co-presence of the *magnetic* power in its solid parietes, of the *electrical* in its branching arteries, and of the third greatest power, viz., the *qualitative* and interior, in its marrow. The senses of fish are more distinct than those of insects. Thus, the intensity of its sense of smell has been placed beyond doubt, and rises in the extent of its sphere far beyond the irritable sense, or the feeling, in insects. I say the *feeling*, not the touch; for the touch seems, as it were, a supervention to the feeling, a perfection *given* to it by the reaction of the higher powers. As the feeling of the insect, in subtlety and virtual distance, rises above the solitary sense of taste[1] in the mollusca, so does the smell of the fish rise above the feeling of the insect. In the fish, likewise, the eyes are single and moveable, while it is remarkable that the only insect that possesses this latter privilege, is an inhabitant of the waters. Finally, here first, unequivocally, and on a *large* scale, (for I pretend not to control the freedom, in which the necessity of Nature is rooted, by the precise limits of a system,)—here first, Nature exhibits, in the power of sensibility, the consummation of those vital forms (the *nisus formativi*) the adequate and the sole measure of which is to be sought for in their several organic products. But as if a weakness of exhaustion had attended this advance in the same moment it was made, Nature seems necessitated to fall back, and re-exert herself on the lower ground which she had before occupied, that of the vital

[1] The remark on the feeling of the antennæ, compared with the touch of man, or even of the half-reasoning elephant, is yet more applicable to the taste, which in these gelatinous animals might, perhaps not inappropriately, be entitled the gastric sense.—C.

magnetism, or the power of reproduction. The intensity of this latter power in the fishes, is shown both in their voracity and in the number of their eggs, which we are obliged to calculate by *weight*, not by *tale*. There is an equal intensity both of the *immanent* and the *projective* reproduction, in which, if we take in the comparative number of individuals in each species, and likewise the different intervals between the acts, the fish (it is probable) would be found to stand in a similar relation to the insect, as the insect, in the latter point, stands to the system of vegetation. Meantime, the fish sinks a step below the insect, in the mode and circumstances of impregnation. To this we will venture to add, the predominance of *length*, as the *form* of growth in so large a proportion of the known orders of fishes, and not less of their rectilineal path of motion. In all other respects, the correspondence combined with the progress in individuation, is striking in the whole detail. Thus the eye, in addition to its moveability, has besides acquired a saline moisture in its higher development, as accordant with the life of its element. Add to these the glittering covering in both, the splendour of the scales in the one answering to the brilliant plates in the other,—the luminous reservoirs of the fire-flies,—the phosphorescence and electricity of many fishes,—the same analoga of moral qualities, in their rapacity, boldness, modes of seizing their prey by surprise,—their gills, as presenting the intermediate state between the spiracula of the grade next below, and the lungs of the step next above, both extremes of which seem combined in the structure of birds and of their quill-feathers; but above all, the convexity of the crystalline lens, so much greater than in birds, quadrupeds, and man, and seeming to collect, in one powerful organ, the hundredfold microscopic facettes of the insect's *light* organs; and it will not be easy to resist the conviction, that the same power is at work in both, and reappears

under higher auspices. The intention of Nature is repeated; but, as was to have been expected, with two main differences. First, that in the lower grade the reproductions themselves seem merged in those of irritability, from the very circumstance that the latter constitutes no pole, either to the former, or to sensibility. The force of irritability acts, therefore, in the insect world, in full predominance; while the emergence of sensibility in the fish calls forth the opposite pole of reproduction, as a *distinct* power, and causes therefore the irritability to flow, in part, into the power of reproduction. The second result of this ascent is the direction of the organizing power, *ad intra*, with the consequent greater simplicity of the exterior form, and the substitution of condensed and flexible force, with comparative unity of implements, for that variety of tools, almost as numerous as the several objects to which they are to be applied, which arises from, and characterises, the superficial life of the insect creation. This grade of ascension, however, like the former, is accompanied by an apparent retrograde movement. For from this very accession of vital intensity we must account for the absence in the fishes of all the formative, or rather (if our language will permit it) *fabricative* instincts. How could it be otherwise? These instincts are the surplus and projection of the organizing power in the direction *ad extra*, and could not, therefore, have been expected in the class of animals that represent the first intuitive effort of organization, and are themselves the product of its first movement in the direction *ad intra*. But Nature never loses what she has once learnt, though in the acquirement of each new power she intermits, or performs less energetically, the act immediately preceding. She often drops a faculty, but never fails to pick it up again. She may seem forgetful and absent, but it is only to recollect herself with *additional*, as well as *recruited* vigour, in some after and higher state; as if the sleep of powers, as

well as of bodies, were the season and condition of their growth. Accordingly, we find these instincts again, and with them a wonderful synthesis of fish and insect, as a higher third, in the feathered inhabitants of the air. Nay, she seems to have gone yet further back, and having given B+C=D in the birds, so to have sported with one solitary instance of B+D A in that curious animal the dragon,[1] the anatomy of which has been recently given to the public by Tiedemann; from whose work it appears, that this creature presents itself to us with the wings of the insect, and with the nervous system, the brain, and the cranium of the bird, in their several rudiments.

The synthesis of fish and insect in the birds, might be illustrated equally in detail with the former; but it will be sufficient for our purpose, that as in both the former cases, the insect and the fish, so here in that of the birds, the powers are under the predominance of irritability; the sensibility being dormant in the first, awakening in the second, and awake, but still subordinate, in the third. Of this my limits confine me to a single presumptive proof, viz., the superiority in strength and courage of the female in the birds of prey. For herein, indeed, does the difference of the sexes universally consist, wherever both the forces are developed, that the female is characterised by quicker irritability, and the male by deeper sensibility. How large a stride has been now made by Nature in the progress of individuation, what ornithologist does not know? From a multitude of instances we select the most

[1] We should enjoy risking an encounter with this dragon. Coleridge, however, is alluding to the flying lizards of the Indian Archipelago, described by F. Tiedemann, in his *Anatomie und Natur-geschichte des Drachens*, Nürnburg, 1811; and which have, to quote Van der Hoeven, "a duplicature of skin on each side of the body, supported by the anterior false ribs, which are elongate, straight;" also "canine teeth large, subulate," and so on. Van der Hoeven's plain prose is reassuring.

impressive, the power of sound, with the first rudiments of modulation! That all languages designate the melody of birds as singing (though according to Blumenbach man only sings, while birds do but whistle), demonstrates that it has been felt as, what indeed it is, a tentative and prophetic prelude of something yet to come. With this conjoin the power and the tendency to acquire articulation, and to imitate speech; conjoin the building instinct and the migratory, the monogamy of several species, and the pairing of almost all; and we shall have collected new instances of the usage (I dare not say law) according to which Nature lets fall, in order to resume, and steps backward the furthest, when she means to leap forwards with the greatest concentration of energy.

For lo! in the next step of ascent the power of sensibility has assumed her due place and rank: her minority is at an end, and the complete and universal presence of a nervous system unites absolutely, by instanteity of time what, with the due allowances for the transitional process, had before been either lost in sameness, or perplexed by multiplicity, or compacted by a finer mechanism. But with this, all the analogies with which Nature had delighted us in the preceding step seem lost, and, with the single exception of that more than valuable, that estimable philanthropist, the dog, and, perhaps, of the horse and elephant, the analogies to ourselves, which we can discover in the quadrupeds or quadrumani, are of our vices, our follies, and our imperfections. The facts in confirmation of both the propositions are so numerous and so obvious, the advance of Nature, under the predominance of the third synthetic power, both in the intensity of life and in the intenseness and extension of individuality, is so undeniable, that we may leap forward at once to the highest realization and reconciliation of both her tendencies, that of the most perfect detachment with the greatest possible union, to that last work, in which

Nature did not[1] assist as handmaid under the eye of her sovereign Master, who made Man in his own image, by superadding self-consciousness with self-government, and breathed into him a living soul.

The class of *Vermes* deposit a calcareous stuff, as if it had torn loose from the earth a piece of the gross mass which it must still drag about with it. In the insect class this residuum has refined itself. In the fishes and amphibia it is driven back or inward, the organic power begins to be intuitive, and sensibility appears. In the birds the bones have become hollow; while, with apparent proportional recess, but, in truth, by the excitement of the opposite pole, their exterior presents an actual vegetation. The bones of the mammalia are filled up, and their coverings have become more simple. Man possesses the most perfect osseous structure, the least and most insignificant covering. The whole force of organic power has attained an inward and centripetal direction. He has the whole world in counterpoint to him, but he contains an entire world within himself. Now, for the first time at the apex of the living pyramid, it is Man and Nature, but Man himself is a syllepsis, a compendium of Nature—the Microcosm! Naked and helpless cometh man into the world. Such has been the complaint from eldest time; but we complain of our chief privilege, our ornament, and the connate mark of our sovereignty. *Porphyrigeniti sumus!* In Man the centripetal and individualizing tendency of all Nature is itself concentred and individualized—he is a revelation of Nature! Henceforward, he is referred to himself, delivered up to his own charge; and he who stands the most on himself, and stands the firmest, is the truest, because the most individual, Man. In social and political life this acme is inter-dependence; in moral life it is independence; in intellectual life it is genius. Nor does the form of

[1] We think this "not" should be "but."

polarity, which has accompanied the law of individuation up its whole ascent, desert it here. As the height, so the depth. The intensities must be at once opposite and equal. As the liberty, so must be the reverence for law. As the independence, so must be the service and the submission to the Supreme Will! As the ideal genius and the originality, in the same proportion must be the resignation to the real world, the sympathy and the inter-communion with Nature. In the conciliating mid-point, or equator, does the Man live, and only by its equal presence in both its poles can that life be manifested!

If it had been possible, within the prescribed limits of this essay, to have deduced the philosophy of Life synthetically, the evidence would have been carried over from section to section, and the *quod erat demonstrandum* at the conclusion of one section would appear as the principle of the succeeding—the goal of the one would be the starting-post of the other. Positions arranged in my own mind, as intermediate and organic links of administration, must be presented to the reader in the first instance, at least, as a mere hypothesis. Instead of demanding his assent as a right, I must solicit a suspension of his judgment as a courtesy; and, after all, however firmly the hypothesis may support the phenomena piled upon it, we can deduce no more than a practical rule, grounded on a strong presumption. The license of arithmetic, however, furnishes instances that a rule may be usefully applied in practice, and for the particular purpose may be sufficiently authenticated by the result, before it has itself been duly demonstrated. It is enough, if only it hath been rendered fully intelligible.

In a system where every position proceeds from a scientific preconstruction, a power acting exclusively in length, would be magnetism by virtue of our own definition of the

term. In like manner, a surface power would be electricity, as far as that system was concerned, whether it accorded or not with the facts ordinarily so called. But it is incumbent on us, who must treat the subject *analytically*, to show by experiment that magnetism does in fact act longitudinally, and electricity superficially; and that, consequently, the former is distinguished from, and yet contained in, the latter, as a straight line is distinguished from, yet contained in, a superficies.

First, that magnetism, in its conductors, seeks and follows length only, and by the length is itself conducted, has been proved by Brugmans, in his philosophical Essay on the Matter of Magnetism, where he relates that a magnet capable of supporting a body four times heavier than itself, and which acted as a magnetic needle at the distance of twenty inches, was so weakened by the interposition of three cast-iron plates of considerable thickness, as scarcely to move the magnetic needle from its place at a distance of only three inches. A similar experiment had been made by Descartes. I concluded, therefore, said Brugmans, that if the iron plates were interposed between the magnet and the needle lengthways, instead of breadthways or right across, the action of the magnet on the magnetic needle would, in consequence of this great increase of resistance, become still weaker, or perhaps evanescent. But not less to my surprise than my admiration, I found that the power of the magnet was so far from being *diminished* by this change in the relative position of the iron-plates; that, on the contrary, it now extended to a far greater distance than when no iron at all was interposed. Some time after the same philosopher, out of several iron bars, the sides of which were an inch broad each, composed a single bar of the length of more than ten feet, and observed the magnetism make its way through the whole mass. But, in order to try whether the action could be propagated to any

length indefinitely, after several experiments with bars of intermediate lengths, in all of which he had succeeded, he tried a four-cornered iron rod, more than twenty feet long, and it was at this length that the magnetic power first began to be diminished. So far Brugmans.

But the shortest way for any one to convince himself of this relation of the magnetic power would be, in one and the same experiment, to interpose the same piece of iron between the magnet and the compass needle first *breadthways;* and in this case it will be found that the needle, which had been previously deflected by the magnet from its natural position at one of its poles, will instantly resume the same, either wholly or very nearly so—then to interpose the same piece of iron *lenghthways;* in which case the position of the compass needle will be scarcely or not at all affected.

The assertion of Bernoulli and others, that the absolute force of the artificial magnet increases in the ratio of its superficies, stands corrected in the far more accurate experiments of Coulomb (published in his Treatise on Magnetism), which proves that the increase takes place (in a far greater degree) in the ratio of its length. The same naturalist even found means to determine that the directing powers of the needle, which he had measured by help of his *balance de tortion*, stand to the length of the needle in such a ratio as that, provided only the length of the needle is from forty to fifty times its diameter, the momenta of these directing powers will increase in the very same direct proportion as the length is increased. Nor is this all that may be deduced from the experiment last mentioned. If only the magnet be strong enough, it will show likewise that magnetism *seeks* the length. The proof is contained in the remarkable fact, that the iron interposed between the magnet and the magnetic needle *breadthways* constantly acquires its two opposite poles at both ends *lengthways*. Though the preceding experiments are abundantly sufficient to prove the

position, yet the following deserves mention for the beautiful clearness of its evidence. If the magnetic power is determined exclusively by length, it is to be expected that it will manifest no force, where the piece of iron is of such a shape that no one dimension predominates. Bring a *cube* of iron near the magnetic needle and it will not exert the slightest degree of power beyond what belongs to it as mere iron. By the perfect equality of the dimensions, the magnetism of the earth appears, as it were, perplexed and doubtful. Now, then attach a second cube of iron to the first, and the instantaneous act of the iron on the magnetic needle will make it manifest that with the length thus given, the magnetic influence is given at the same moment.

That electricity, on the other hand, does not act in length merely, is clear, from the fact that every electric body is electric over its whole surface. But that electricity acts both in length and breadth, and *only* in length and breadth, and not in depth; in short, that the (so-called) electrical fluid in an electrified body spreads over the whole surface of that body without penetrating it, or tending *ad intra*, may be proved by direct experiment. Take a cylinder of wood, and bore an indefinite number of holes in it, each of them four lines in depth and four in diameter. Electrify this cylinder, and present to its superficies a small square of gold-leaf, held to it by an insulating needle of gum lac, and bring this square to an electrometer of great sensibility. The electrometer will instantly show an electricity in the gold-leaf, similar to that of the cylinder which had been brought into contact with it. The square of gold-leaf having thus been discharged of its electricity, put it carefully into one of the holes of the cylinder, *so*, namely, that it shall touch only the bottom of the hole, and present it again to the electrometer. It will be then found that the electrometer will exhibit no signs of electricity whatsoever. From this it follows, that the electricity which had been

communicated to the cylinder had confined itself to the *surface*. If the time and the limit prescribed would admit, we could multiply experiments, all tending to prove the same law; but we must be content with the barely sufficient. But that the *chemical process* acts in *depth*, and first, therefore, *realizes* and integrates the fluxional power of magnetism and electricity, is involved in the *term* composition; and this will become still more convincing when we have learnt to regard *decomposition* as a mere co-relative, i.e. as decomposition relatively to the body decomposed, but composition *actually* and in respect of the substances, *into* which it was decomposed. The alteration in the specific gravity of metals in their chemical amalgams, interesting as the fact is in all points, is *decisive* in the present; for gravity is the sole *inward* of inorganic bodies—it *constitutes* their depth.

I can now, for the first time, give to my opinions that degree of intelligibility, which is requisite for their introduction as hypotheses; the experiments above related, understood as in the common mode of thinking, prove that the magnetic influence flows in length, the electric fluid by suffusion, and that chemical agency (whatever the main agent may be) is qualitative and *in intimis*. Now my hypothesis demands the converse of all this. I affirm that a power, acting exclusively in length, is (wherever it be found) *magnetism;* that a power which acts *both* in length and in breadth, and *only* in length and breadth, is (wherever it be found) *electricity;* and finally, that a power which, together with length and breadth, includes depth likewise, is (wherever it be found) *constructive agency*. That is but *one* phenomenon of magnetism, to which we have appropriated and confined the term magnetism; because of all the natural bodies at present known, iron, and one or two of its nearest relatives in the family of hard yet coherent metals, are the only ones, in which all the conditions

are collected, under which alone the magnetic agency can appear in and during the act itself. When, therefore, I affirm the power of reproduction in organized bodies to be magnetism, I must be understood to mean that this power, as it exists in the magnet, and which we there (to use a strong phrase) catch in the very act, is to the same kind of power, working as reproductive, what the root is to the cube of that root. We no more confound the force in the compass needle with that of reproduction, than a man can be said to confound his liver with a lichen, because he affirms that both of them grow.

The same precautions are to be repeated in the identification of electricity with irritability; and the power of depth, for which we have yet no appropriated term, with sensibility. How great the distance is in all, and that the lowest degrees are adopted as the exponent terms, not for their own sakes, but merely because they may be used with less hazard of diverting the attention from the *kind* by peculiar properties arising out of the degree, is evident from the third instance, unless the theorist can be supposed insane enough to apply sensation in good earnest to the effervescence of an acid or an alkali, or to sympathise with the distresses of a vat of new beer when it is working. In whatever way the subject could be treated, it must have remained unintelligible to men who, if they think of space at all, abstract their notion of it from the contents of an exhausted receiver. With this, and with an ether, such men may work wonders; as what, indeed, cannot be done with a plenum and a vacuum, when a theorist has privileged himself to assume the one, or the other, *ad libitum?*—in all innocence of heart, and undisturbed by the reflection that the two things cannot both be true. That both time and space are mere abstractions I am well aware; but I know with equal certainty that what is *expressed* by them as the *identity* of both is the highest reality, and the root of

all power, the power to suffer, as well as the power to act. However mere an *ens logicum* space may be, the *dimensions* of space are real, and the works of Galileo, in more than one elegant passage, prove with what awe and amazement they fill the mind that worthily contemplates them. Dismissing, therefore, all facts of degrees, as introduced merely for the purposes of illustration, I would make as little reference as possible to the magnet, the charged phial, or the processes of the laboratory, and designate the three powers in the process of our animal life, each by two correlative terms, the one expressing the *form*, and the other the *object* and *product* of the power. My hypothesis will, therefore, be thus expressed, that the constituent forces of life in the human living body are—first, the power of length, or REPRODUCTION; second, the power of surface (that is, length and breadth), or IRRITABILITY; third, the power of depth, or SENSIBILITY. With this observation I may conclude[1] these remarks, only reminding the reader that Life itself is neither of these separately, but the copula of all three—that Life, *as* Life, supposes a positive or universal principle in Nature, with a negative principle in every particular animal, the latter, or limitative power, constantly acting to individualize, and, as it were, *figure* the former. *Thus*, then, Life itself is not a *thing*—a self-subsistent *hypostasis*—but an *act* and *process*; which, pitiable as the prejudice will appear to the *forts esprits*, is a great deal more than either my reason would authorise or my conscience allow me to assert—concerning the Soul, as the principle both of Reason and Conscience.

[1] The first line of Dr. Watson's Preface misled us into making our note on p. 364. Coleridge's essay is intended by him to be perfectly complete, and, in fact, is so.

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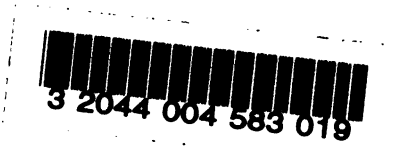

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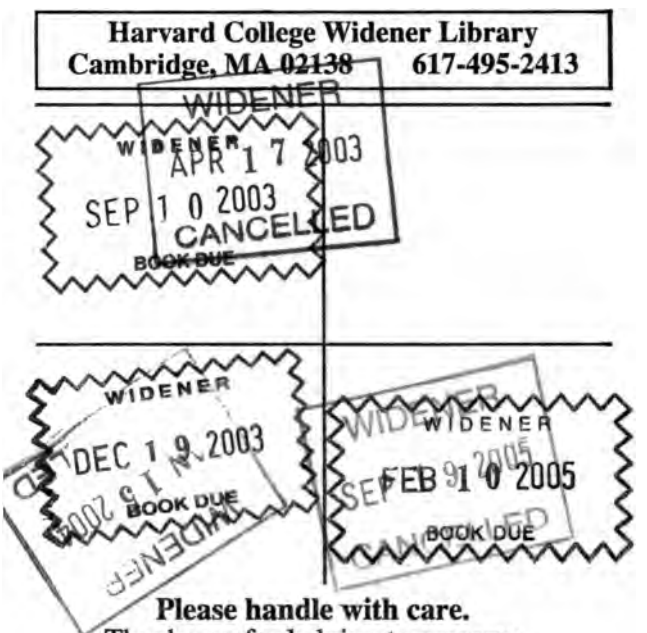

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